COLLECTED WORKS OF KOREAN BUDDHISM

9

詩選集

SEON POEMS

SELECTED WORKS

Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism

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VOLUME 9

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FINAL TRANSLATION AND EDITING BY
RODERICK WHITFIELD

DRAFT TRANSLATION AND ANNOTATION BY
YOUNG-EUI PARK

Preface to *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism*

At the start of the twenty-first century, humanity looked with hope on the dawning of a new millennium. A decade later, however, the global village still faces the continued reality of suffering, whether it is the slaughter of innocents in politically volatile regions, the ongoing economic crisis that currently roils the world financial system, or repeated natural disasters. Buddhism has always taught that the world is inherently unstable and its teachings are rooted in the perception of the three marks that govern all conditioned existence: impermanence, suffering, and non-self. Indeed, the veracity of the Buddhist worldview continues to be borne out by our collective experience today.

The suffering inherent in our infinitely interconnected world is only intensified by the unwholesome mental factors of greed, anger, and ignorance, which poison the minds of all sentient beings. As an antidote to these three poisons, Buddhism fortunately also teaches the practice of the three trainings: *śīla*, or moral discipline, the endurance and self-restraint that controls greed; *samādhi*, the discipline of meditation, which pacifies anger; and *prajñā*, the discipline of wisdom, which conquers ignorance. As human beings improve in their practice of these three trainings, they will be better able to work compassionately for the welfare and weal of all sentient beings.

Korea has a long history of striving to establish a way of life governed by discipline, compassion, and understanding. From the fifth century C.E. onward, the Korean saṅgha indigenized both the traditional monastic community and the broader Mahāyāna school of Buddhism. Later, the insights and meditative practices of the Seon tradition were introduced to the peninsula and this practice lineage lives on today in meditation halls throughout the country. Korea, as a land that has deep affinities with the Buddhist tradition, has thus seamlessly transmitted down to the present the living heritage of the Buddha's teachings.

These teachings begin with Great Master Wonhyo, who made the vast and profound teachings of the Buddhadharma accessible to all through his

various "doctrinal essentials" texts. Venerable Woncheuk and State Preceptor Daegak Uicheon, two minds that shined brightly throughout East Asia, left us the cherished legacy of their annotated commentaries to important scriptures, which helped to disseminate the broad and profound views of the Mahāyāna, and offered a means of implementing those views in practice. The collected writings of Seon masters like Jinul and Hyujeong revealed the Seon path of meditation and illuminated the pure land that is inherent in the minds of all sentient beings. All these works comprise part of the precious cultural assets of our Korean Buddhist tradition. The bounty of this heritage extends far beyond the people of Korea to benefit humanity as a whole.

In order to make Korea's Buddhist teachings more readily accessible, Dongguk University had previously published a fourteen-volume compilation of Korean Buddhist works written in literary Chinese, the traditional lingua franca of East Asia, comprising over 320 different works by some 150 eminent monks. That compilation effort constituted a great act of Buddhist service. From that anthology, ninety representative texts were then selected and translated first into modern vernacular Korean and now into English. These Korean and English translations are each being published in separate thirteen-volume collections and will be widely distributed around the world.

At the onset of the modern age, Korea was subjected to imperialist pressures coming from both Japan and the West. These pressures threatened the continuation of our indigenous cultural and religious traditions and also led to our greatest cultural assets being shuttered away in cultural warehouses that neither the general public nor foreign-educated intellectuals had any interest in opening. For any people, such estrangement from their heritage would be most discomforting, since the present only has meaning if it is grounded in the memories of the past. Indeed, it is only through the self-reflection and wisdom accumulated over centuries that we can define our own identity in the present and ensure our continuity into the future. For this reason, it is all the more crucial that we bring to the attention of a wider public the treasured dharma legacy of Korean Buddhism, which is currently embedded in texts composed in often impenetrable literary Chinese.

Our efforts to disseminate this hidden gem that is Korean Buddhism

reminds me of the simile in the *Lotus Sūtra* of the poor man who does not know he has a jewel sewn into his shirt: this indigent toils throughout his life, unaware of the precious gem he is carrying, until he finally discovers he has had it with him all along. This project to translate and publish modern vernacular renderings of these literary Chinese texts is no different from the process of mining, grinding, and polishing a rare gem to restore its innate brilliance. Only then will the true beauty of the gem that is Korean Buddhism be revealed for all to see. A magnificent inheritance can achieve flawless transmission only when the means justify the ends, not the other way around. Similarly, only when form and function correspond completely and nature and appearance achieve perfect harmony can a being be true to its name. This is because the outer shape shines only as a consequence of its use, and use is realized only by borrowing shape.

As Buddhism was transmitted to new regions of the world, it was crucial that the teachings preserved in the Buddhist canon, this jewel of the Dharma, be accurately translated and handed down to posterity. From the inception of the Buddhist tradition, the Buddhist canon or "Three Baskets" (*Tripiṭaka*), was compiled in a group recitation where the oral rehearsal of the scriptures was corrected and confirmed by the collective wisdom of all the senior monks in attendance. In East Asia, the work of translating Indian Buddhist materials into literary Chinese –the lingua franca for the Buddhist traditions of China, Korea, Japan, and Vietnam– was carried out in translation bureaus as a collective, collaborative affair.

Referred to as the "tradition of multi-party translation," this system of collaboration for translating the Indian Sanskrit Buddhist canon into Chinese typically involved a nine-person translation team. The team included a head translator, who sat in the center, reading or reciting the Sanskrit scripture and explaining it as best he could with often limited Chinese; a philological advisor, or "certifier of the meaning," who sat to the left of the head translator and worked in tandem with him to verify meticulously the meaning of the Sanskrit text; a textual appraiser, or "certifier of the text," who sat at the chief's right and confirmed the accuracy of the preliminary Chinese rendering; a Sanskrit specialist, who carefully confirmed the accuracy of the language

of the source text; a scribe, who transcribed into written Chinese what was often initially an oral Chinese rendering; a composer of the text, who crafted the initial rendering into grammatical prose; the proofreader, who compared the Chinese with the original Sanskrit text; the editor, who tightened up and clarified any sentences that were vague in the Chinese; and finally the stylist, who sat facing the head translator, who had responsibility for refining the final rendering into elegant literary Chinese. In preparing these vernacular Korean and English renderings of Korean Buddhist works, we have thought it important to follow, as much as possible, this traditional style of Buddhist literary translation that had been discontinued.

This translation project, like all those that have come before it, had its own difficulties to overcome. We were forced to contend with nearly-impossible deadlines imposed by government funding agencies. We strained to hold together a meager infrastructure. It was especially difficult to recruit competent scholars who were fluent in literary Chinese and vernacular Korean and English, but who had with the background in Buddhist thought necessary to translate the whole panoply of specialized religious vocabulary. Despite these obstacles, we have prevailed. This success is due to the compilation committee which, with sincere devotion, overcame the myriad obstacles that inevitably arose in a project of this magnitude; the translators both in Korea and abroad; the dedicated employees at our committee offices; and all our other participants, who together aimed to meet the lofty standard of the cooperative translation tradition that is a part of our Buddhist heritage. To all these people, I would like to express my profound gratitude.

Now that this momentous project is completed, I offer a sincere wish on behalf of all the collaborators that this translation, in coming to fruition and gaining public circulation, will help illuminate the path to enlightenment for all to see.

Kasan Jikwan (伽山 智冠)
32nd President of the Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism
President, Compilation Committee of Korean Buddhist Thought
October 10, 2009 (2553rd year of the Buddhist Era)

On the Occasion of Publishing *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism*

The Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism, together with Buddhists everywhere, is pleased to dedicate to the Three Jewels –the Buddha, Dharma, and Saṅgha– the completed compilation of the Korean and English translations of *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism*. The success of this translation project was made possible through the dedication of Venerable Kasan Jikwan, former president of the Jogye Order and president of the Compilation Committee of Korean Buddhist Thought. Both the Korean and English translations are being published through the labors of the members of the Compilation Committee and the many collaborators charged with the tasks of translation, editing, and proofreading the compilation.

The thirteen volumes of *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism* are the products of nearly 1,700 years of Buddhist history in Korea. These Buddhist works are the foundation and pillar of Korean thought more broadly. This compilation focuses on four towering figures in Korean Buddhism: Venerable Wonhyo, posthumously named State Preceptor Hwajaeng, who was renowned for his doctrinal thought; Venerable Uisang, great master of the *Avataṃsaka Sūtra* and pedagogical role model who was respected for his training of disciples; Venerable Jinul, also known as State Preceptor Bojo, who revitalized Seon Buddhism through the Retreat Society movement of the mid-Goryeo dynasty; and Venerable Hyujeong, also known as State Preceptor Seosan, who helped to overcome national calamities while simultaneously regularizing Korean Buddhist practice and education.

Through this compilation, it is possible to understand the core thought of Korean Buddhism, which continued unbroken through the Three Kingdoms, Goryeo, and Joseon periods. Included are annotated translations of carefully selected works introducing the Hwaeom, Consciousness-Only, and Pure Land schools, the Mahāyāna precepts, Seon Buddhism, the travel journals of Buddhist pilgrims, Buddhist cultural and historical writings, and the epitaphs of great monks.

This work is especially significant as the fruition of our critical efforts

to transform the 1,700 years of Korean Buddhist thought and practice into a beacon of wisdom that will illuminate possible solutions to the many problems facing the world today. Śākyamuni Buddha's teachings from 2,600 years ago were transmitted centuries ago to the Korean peninsula, where they have continuously guided countless sentient beings towards truth. *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism* contains a portion of the fruits realized through Koreans' practice of the Buddha's wisdom and compassion.

With the successful completion of this compilation, we confirm the power of the Jogye Order executives' devotion and dedication and benefit from their collective wisdom and power. So too can we confirm through the thought of such great masters as Wonhyo, Uisang, Jinul, Hyujeong and others a key feature of Buddhism: its power to encourage people to live harmoniously with each other through mutual understanding and respect.

The current strengthening of the traditions of Buddhist meditation practice and the revitalization of the wider Korean Buddhist community through education and propagation derive in large measure from the availability of accurate, vernacular translations of the classics of the sages of old, so that we too may be imbued with the wisdom and compassion found in their writings. When the lessons of these classics are made available to a contemporary audience, they can serve as a compass to guide us toward mutual understanding so that we may realize the common good that unifies us all.

Compilation of this thirteen-volume English-language edition of *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism* is an especially monumental achievement. To take on the task of translating these classics into English, global experts on Korean Buddhism were recruited according to their areas of expertise and were asked to consult with the scholars preparing the new Korean translations of these texts when preparing their own renderings. Though some English translations of Korean Buddhist texts have been made previously, this is the first systematic attempt to introduce to a Western audience the full range of Korean Buddhist writing. The compilation committee also sought to implement strict quality control over the translations by employing a traditional multiparty verification system, which encouraged a sustained collaboration between the Korean and English teams of translators.

This English translation of the *Collected Works* will serve as the cornerstone for the world-wide dissemination of knowledge about the Korean Buddhist tradition, which has heretofore not garnered the recognition it deserves. Together with international propagation efforts, Korean traditional temple experiences, and the temple-stay program, the English translation of the *Collected Works* will make an important contribution to our ongoing efforts to globalize Korean Buddhism. To facilitate the widest possible dissemination of both the Korean and English versions of this compilation, digital editions will eventually be made available online, so that anyone who has access to the Internet will be able to consult these texts.

Among all types of giving, the most precious of all is the gift of Dharma, and it is through sharing these teachings that we seek to spread the wisdom and compassion of Korean Buddhism, as well as the spirit of mutual understanding and unity, to people throughout the world. Our efforts to date have been to secure the foundation for the revitalization of Korean Buddhism; now is the time for our tradition to take flight. *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism* appears at an opportune moment, when it will be able to serve as a guiding light, illuminating the way ahead for Korean Buddhism and its emerging contemporary identity.

To all those who worked indefatigably to translate, edit, and publish this collection; to the compilation committee, the researchers, translators, proofreaders, editors, and printers; and to all the administrative assistants associated with the project, I extend my deepest appreciation and thanks. Finally, I rejoice in and praise the indomitable power of Venerable Jikwan's vow to complete this massive compilation project.

With full sincerity, I offer this heartfelt wish: may all the merit deriving from this monumental work be transferred to the Buddhas, the bodhisattvas, and all sentient beings.

Haebong Jaseung (海峰 慈乘)
33rd President of the Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism
President, Compilation Committee of Korean Buddhist Thought
January 20, 2010 (2554th year of the Buddhist Era)

Preface to the English Edition of *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism*

Buddhism has nearly a 1,700-year history in Korea and the tradition continues to thrive still today on the peninsula. Buddhism arrived in Korea from India and China by at least the fourth century C.E. and the religion served as the major conduit for the transmission of Sinitic and Serindian culture as a whole to Korea. But Korean Buddhism is no mere derivative of those antecedent traditions. Buddhists on the Korean peninsula had access to the breadth and depth of the Buddhist tradition as it was being disseminated across Asia and they made seminal contributions themselves to Buddhist thought and meditative and ritual techniques. Indeed, because Korea, like the rest of East Asia, used literary Chinese as the lingua franca of learned communication (much as Latin was used in medieval Europe), Korean Buddhist writings were disseminated throughout the entire region with relative dispatch and served to influence the development of the neighboring Buddhist traditions of China and Japan. In fact, simultaneous with implanting Buddhism on the peninsula, Korean monks and exegetes were also joint collaborators in the creation and development of the indigenous Chinese and Japanese Buddhist traditions. *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism* seeks to make available in accurate, idiomatic English translations the greatest works of the Korean Buddhist tradition, many of which are being rendered for the first time into any Western language.

The thirteen volumes of this anthology collect the whole panoply of Korean Buddhist writing from the Three Kingdoms period (ca. 57 C.E.–668) through the Joseon dynasty (1392–1910). These writings include commentaries on scriptures as well as philosophical and disciplinary texts by the most influential scholiasts of the tradition; the writings of its most esteemed Seon adepts; indigenous collections of Seon *gongan* cases, discourses, and verse; travelogues and historical materials; and important epigraphical compositions. Where titles were of manageable length, we have sought to provide the complete text of those works. Where size was prohibitive, we have instead offered representative selections from a range

of material, in order to provide as comprehensive a set of sources as possible for the study of Korean Buddhism. The translators and editors also include extensive annotation to each translation and substantial introductions that seek to contextualize for an English-speaking audience the insights and contributions of these works.

Many of the scholars of Korean Buddhism active in Western academe were recruited to participate in the translation project. Since the number of scholars working in Korean Buddhism is still quite limited, we also recruited as collaborators Western specialists in literary Chinese who had extensive experience in English translation.

We obviously benefitted enormously from the work of our Korean colleagues who toiled so assiduously to prepare the earlier Korean edition of these *Collected Works*. We regularly consulted their vernacular Korean renderings in preparing the English translations. At the same time, virtually all the Western scholars involved in the project are themselves specialists in the Buddhist argot of literary Chinese and most already had extensive experience in translating Korean and Chinese Buddhist texts into English. For this reason, the English translations are, in the majority of cases, made directly from the source texts in literary Chinese, not from the modern Korean renderings. Since translation always involves some level of interpretation, there are occasional differences in the understanding of a passage between the English and Korean translators, but each translator retained final authority to decide on the preferred rendering of his or her text. For most of the English volumes, we also followed the collaborative approach that was so crucial in preparing the Korean translations of these *Collected Works* and held series of meetings where the English translators would sit together with our Korean counterparts and talk through issues of terminology, interpretation, and style. Our Korean collaborators offered valuable comments and suggestions on our initial drafts and certainly saved us from many egregious errors. Any errors of fact or interpretation that may remain are of course our responsibility.

On behalf of the entire English translation team, I would like to express our thanks to all our collaborators, including our translators Juhn Young

Ahn, Robert Buswell, Michael Finch, Jung-geun Kim, Charles Muller, John Jorgensen, Richard McBride, Jin Y. Park, Young-eui Park, Patrick Uhlmann, Sem Vermeersch, Matthew Wegehaupt, and Roderick Whitfield; as well as our philological consultants Chongdok Sunim, Go-ok Sunim, Haeju Sunim, Misan Sunim, Woncheol Sunim, Byung-sam Jung, and Young-wook Kim. We are also appreciative to Ven. Jaseung Sunim, the current president of the Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism, for his continued support of this project. Our deepest gratitude goes to Ven. Jikwan Sunim (May 11, 1932–January 2, 2012), one of the most eminent monks and prominent scholars of his generation, who first conceived of this project and spearheaded it during his term as president of the Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism. Jikwan Sunim's entire career was dedicated to making the works of Korean Buddhism more accessible to his compatriots and better known within the wider scholarly community. It is a matter of deep regret that he did not live to see the compilation of this English version of the *Collected Works*.

Finally, it is our hope that *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism* will ensure that the writings of Korean Buddhist masters will assume their rightful place in the developing English canon of Buddhist materials and will enter the mainstream of academic discourse in Buddhist Studies in the West. Korea's Buddhist authors are as deserving of careful attention and study as their counterparts in Indian, Tibetan, Chinese, and Japanese Buddhism. This first comprehensive collection of Korean Buddhist writings should bring these authors the attention and sustained engagement they deserve among Western scholars, students, and practitioners of Buddhism.

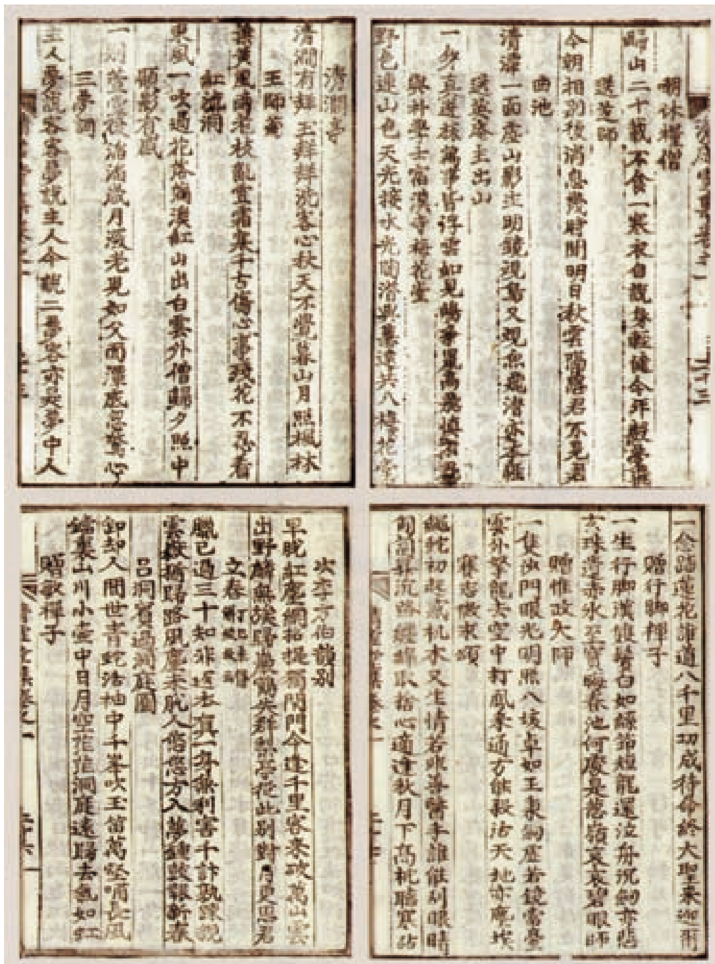
Robert E. Buswell, Jr.
Distinguished Professor of Buddhist Studies, University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA)
Chair, English Translation Editorial Board, *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism*
May 20, 2012 (2556th year of the Buddhist Era)



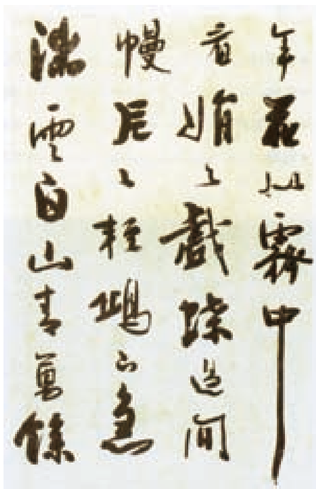




Above: Title page of Poems of Cheongheodang (X) by Hyujeong (1520–1604)
Below left: Woodcut portrait of Cheongheodang Hyujeong
Below right: Autograph preface to Poems of Cheongheodang by Hyujeong



Four pages from Poems of Cheongheodang (X) by Hyujeong, 1520–1604. The first poem on the lower left page, A Reply to Magistrate Ri's Farewell Verse, is translated on pp[266–7]







Above right: Cover of Collected Writings of Gyeongheo (XXVI)
Above left: Poem (not translated in this selection) from Collected Writings of Gyeongheo (XXVI)
Below: Portrait of Gyeongheo (1849–1912)

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Foreword

It has been a most rewarding experience, particularly after visiting many Korean monasteries and absorbing in the course of admittedly brief stays the atmosphere of their buildings, images and the surrounding landscape, and witnessing at first hand the calm concentration and humorous temper of monks practising the dharma, to edit this anthology of poems written (in Chinese) by eminent Korean monks of the Goryeo and Joseon dynasties. I am grateful to the Kasan Buddhist Institute for this opportunity to delve into the experiences of the wandering life as expressed in poetry, to Park Young-eui who provided the initial draft translations into English, and to Lee Jin-oh who has written the historical and literary Introduction. In almost all cases, however, something seemed to be missing, and so I have re-translated them completely from the Chinese text, to the best of my ability, in order to capture as much as possible of the poetic feeling and imagery of the originals. I have also inserted additional footnotes where these seemed necessary to inform the Western reader, although not as many as might be desired. Most of the poems are written in short lines of five or seven characters, often in stanzas of four or six lines, and there is often a break in the rhythm, for example, between the first four and the final three characters in a seven-character line; moreover, within these stanzas, pairs of lines form couplets, with the characters in the second line mirroring those of the first. These features of the poetic structure, not to mention the rhyme scheme and the variety of interpretations that can be put on individual characters, are almost impossible to convey in translation, and inevitably there will be many allusions and nuances of meaning that have been missed. For this reason, the original text is printed following each poem. As far as possible also, the order of the lines is preserved, as well as the order of the characters within the line, so as to retain as much as possible of the writer's thought. In this way it is hoped that the translations do succeed in providing a readable version, that reflects the profound Buddhist feelings of those who composed them.

A problem arises, that is more keenly felt in translation than in the original,

with the repetition of similar imagery. In Chinese, where the individual characters follow one after the other without intervening parts of speech, the reader can instantly appreciate the skill with which the poet has combined the landscape imagery with the philosophical thought. There is often a contrast between features close at hand, such as the window or the couch in the monastic retreat, with others further away, bamboos or pines, streams and rocks, the awesome peaks of distant mountains and the constant procession of drifting clouds. There is often a contrast between the infinitely small and the infinitely large, between the life of a snowflake in the cooking pot and the vastness of the ocean or the sky, echoing ancient Chinese Daoist writings such as the *Zhuangzi*. Other, intangible elements, such as moonlight, the sound of the wind in the branches, or of water cascading past the rocks in the ravines, and the fragrance of flowers, pervade the world of the solitary monk, and serve as metaphors for the essential truths of the Buddha's teaching, while the whiteness of clouds, snow, pear blossom and the writers' own hair vividly portray the brevity of human existence. Some poems, addressed to students or laymen, may help their readers on the road to understanding or to enlightenment; a score or more were written in response to a request from a younger fellow monk. Others speak of return, sometimes to a home long since abandoned for the monastic life, more often to a return to the monastic vocation and to the mountains that have become a place where the writer feels truly at peace. In several instances, either the writer or the recipient has experience of the ordinary world, or even of warfare (in the case of defending the peninsula against Japanese invaders), so there is a sense of the interactions between those who have espoused a life of wandering in the remote hills and valleys and those who have pursued careers in officialdom, or who have experienced the sufferings of the people in wartime.

Because both Buddhism itself, and the formal structure of the poems, came to Korea from China, it is inevitable that there are many instances of Chan masters, Chinese literary figures, and stories from popular literature, that appear in this anthology. The ancient Chinese capitals of Chang'an and Luoyang may do duty to refer to the Goryeo capital Gaegyeong or the Joseon capital, Hanseong; while mention of Gangnam, the region south of the river, may mean

the Jiangnan region south of the Yangzi, or part of the Korean peninsula. References to Handan, or the cooking of a meal, originate in the Tang dynasty Story in a Pillow, where a young man, on his way to the capital, dreams of passing through the hole in the end of the pillow, and of succeeding not merely in the examinations, but in a long and eventful career, before awaking and finding that the millet his host is cooking on the stove is not yet ready.

Both Korean and Chinese monasteries and retreats, but especially the former are frequently mentioned. Together with poems written as a farewell to fellow monks leaving to go to another monastery, or to retreat in the mountains, they provide glimpses of what it was like to be a wandering monk, and occasionally, of the architectural features of the monasteries: one even refers to the nameboard of a monastery, so that one can imagine that some of these poems were actually displayed there. A great number of monasteries, particularly those in Korea, are named in the titles of the poems, and so, to avoid the constant repetition of the word Monastery, the Korean ending –sa has been employed, while Chinese monasteries are similarly designated by the ending –si. All of them, including smaller entities (-am, retreat or hermitage), have been grouped together in the Index under the rubric, Monasteries. Similarly, the many names of mountains and individual peaks have been gathered together in the Index under the rubric, Mountains. The various names for the Diamond Mountain have been cross-referenced to the latter. Finally, with reference to the Meditation School, to which these poems belong, the Korean reading Seon has been employed throughout, except in a few places where the context is explicitly Chinese (Chan) or Japanese (Zen). It is hoped that this volume will inspire its readers to make their own travels to Korea's many monasteries, where the rushing of water over granite rocks, and the soughing of the wind in the pines, are still to be heard in the silence of the meditation hall, and where simple vegetarian fare is still enjoyed by those electing for a monastic life, and by visitors from the world beyond.

Roderick Whitfield
London
12th May, 2012

詩選集

SEON POEMS

SELECTED WORKS

INTRODUCTION

Since the Three Kingdoms period when Buddhism was first introduced to Korea, there has been a variety of styles of Buddhist songs and poems. However, no materials are available for the study of styles of literary works from the Goguryeo and Baekje Dynasties. In the case of the Silla Kingdom, there were poems in Chinese and Korean folksongs, but few of either survive.

Korean folksongs continued to flourish during the early part of the Goryeo Dynasty, and by the late Goryeo, they became an effective means of expressing the stages of Seon meditation (禪, Chinese: Chan; Japanese: Zen). Both in number and quality, the Great Masters Taego Bo'u (太古普愚, 1301–1382) and Naong Hyegeun (懶翁惠勤, 1320–1376) especially distinguished themselves in writing Seon poems. During this period, folksongs in the indigenous language began to appear, in addition to those in Chinese.

According to the surviving materials, Hyegeun was the first monk to compose songs in the indigenous language, which accordingly became one of the most important styles of creative literary writing during the Joseon Dynasty. During the early Joseon Dynasty, in addition to poetry in Chinese, the Gyeonggi style flourished for a time. From the middle of the Joseon dynasty, however, the song style flourished, and proved to be very effective in the dissemination of the Buddhadharma for common people who were unable to read Chinese characters. One of the most typical styles of this kind was *hoesimga* 回心歌, or Song of Regeneration, which is still popular among common people of today.

The predominant literary style during the Joseon Dynasty was *sijo* 時調, or Korean poetry, whose candour and brevity could have been an ideal mode and an effective style in connection with Buddhism, but which somehow developed with little affinity with Buddhism. Instead, during the Joseon Dynasty, as it had during the late Goryeo period, Korean Buddhist poetry flourished. In fact, it became fashionable for Korean monks to leave a collection of poetry written in Chinese when they quit the world. There was, however, some difference in content between the works of the Goryeo and Joseon periods. If the characteristic of poetry written in Chinese during the later period of Goryeo Dynasty was to be faithful to meditation practice, in the Joseon Dynasty it was focused more on the daily lives of the common

people. This variation of sentimental expression in poetry reflects the changing social conditions and the status of Buddhism during Goryeo and Joseon.

The majority of Korean Buddhist poems are preserved in the form of collections of writings by individual monks, of which about one hundred are known, although not all of them are extant today. Chronologically, they date from ancient times to 1910, the year the Joseon Dynasty lost its sovereignty to the Japanese colonial government. Of course poetry in Chinese continued to be produced after 1910 and until the present time, but in this volume have we limited the period to the Joseon Dynasty, when Chinese characters were still in common use in the literary world.

If we look back on the times of Silla, Goryeo, and Joseon, it was during the late Goryeo period that Seon and Seon literature flourished the most, while during the Joseon Dynasty the emphasis was put on literary qualities rather than meditation, and many sentiments and aspects of life were expressed in poems. During the Joseon Dynasty, when Buddhism was repressed, Buddhist intellectuals had to associate with Confucian scholars with the consequent loss of the unique Buddhist tradition of simple yet profound thought, and a tendency towards the pedantry and rhetorical flourishes of Confucianism. In this co-existence with the Confucian literary tradition, there was a loss of uniquely Buddhist traits.

One exception was the case of Great Master Hyujeong (休靜 1520–1604), also known as Seosan (西山, Western Mountain) and whose studio name was Cheongheodang (清虛堂, Pure and Empty Hall), who preserved both practice and literary expression in his Buddhist poetry. This is the reason that I have put more weight on the works of the later period of Goryeo Dynasty and the works of the early period of the Joseon Dynasty in the selection of works. In particular, the greatest emphasis has been on Great Master Hyujeong for his balanced treatment of practice and literary taste. However, I have tried to introduce overall aspects of Korean Buddhist poetry by including the works of Gyeongheon (鏡虛, 1849–1912) who belongs to the last period of the Joseon Dynasty.

I also want to mention that I have tried to minimize the footnotes, because

while they have the merit of conceptual as well as analytical understanding, they hamper the poetic appreciation of the poems. Accordingly, I have made them as brief as possible, so that they will not be too burdensome for the reader. In poetry, ambiguity and roundabout words and expressions sometimes help to stimulate the imagination, but I tried my best to be more distinct and clear; nevertheless it was unavoidable to include some explanations even if they might hamper the aesthetic appreciation of the poems.

A. Background and Development of Korean Buddhist Poetry

Chan Buddhism flourished in China in the Tang Dynasty in the early seventh century, and so did Chan poetry. However, although Chan Buddhism was introduced to Korea in the early eighth century, Buddhist poetry did not appear in Korea until the late Goryeo Dynasty, coming into full bloom in the thirteenth century. There is thus a gap of just two centuries between the introduction of Chan Buddhism to China and its subsequent transmission to Korea, after which a full five centuries elapsed before the first appearance of Seon poetry in Korea. What could have been the reason for the delay?

We find evidence for the rise of Chan poetry in China in an anecdote concerning Huineng (慧能, 638–713), the Sixth Patriarch of Chan Buddhism. While still a student, Huineng was praised by his Master Hongren (弘忍, 602–675), the Fifth Patriarch, when he put up a poem of attaining enlightenment on the wall. Shenxiu (神秀, 606–706) also wrote a poem and put it up on the wall to show to his Master, but his stage of enlightenment was less than that of Huineng, and thus it was Huineng who inherited the patriarchate. This story proves that the practice of Chan poetry to express the experience of meditation was already common among the practitioners at that time.

After Huineng, Chan literature includes the *Song of the Realization of the Way* (證道歌) by Yongjia Xuanjue (永嘉玄覺, 665–713), and the *Song of*

the Treasure Mirror Samadhi (寶鏡三昧歌) by Dongshan Liangjue (洞山良价, 807–869). The *Song of Realization of the Way* consists of 1,858 characters and 267 verses with six or seven lines for each verse. These verses have a very refined technique with elaborate sets of rhymes, a valuable literary device that enhanced the essence of Chan. In addition to all these characteristics, the great Chan masters each established their own schools during the Tang Dynasty, and produced a great number of works with characteristic expressions of their respective schools. The best example is the *Blue Cliff Records* (碧巖錄), first compiled by Xuedou Zhongxian (雪竇重顯, 980–1052), a selection of 100 verses out of 1,700 with his own explanatory verse. It was revised by Yuanwu Keqin (圜悟克勤, 1063–1135) with the addition of an introduction, a short commentary, and a critical comment. It is not only a classic of Chan but also a treasure-house of Chan literature.

During the Tang and Song dynasties, there were some Confucian scholars with a wide range of knowledge of Buddhism, who developed the forms of Chan literature. The best examples are Wang Wei (王維, 701–761) of the Tang Dynasty and Su Shi (蘇軾, 1036–1101) of the Song Dynasty. Especially during the Song Dynasty, almost all the intellectuals were well versed in the knowledge of Buddhism and Chan, so that this time can be characterized as a renaissance of Chan. Hence it was easy to find the characteristics of Chan in the works of even ordinary scholars.

Among both monks and lay people, it was a time when Buddhism became very popular, and accordingly, the practice of poetry also flourished greatly. Some of the monks were almost professional in their skill. The best poets among the monks were: Jiaoran (皎然, 713–804), Lingche (靈澈, ?–816), Guanxiu (貫休, 823–912), Qiji (齊己, 863–937), and others. Among them, Jiaoran was the most prominent. He not only wrote excellent poems, but he also published critical works on poetry, such as *Shishi* (詩式, Poetic Form), *Shiyi* (詩議, Poetic Meaning), and *Shiping* (詩評, Criticism of Poetry): the first of these was especially influential.

The philosophy of Chan poetry was introduced to Korea in the eighth century, but no poetry that can really be called Seon poetry appeared for a long time. All the poems of this period were concerned with Buddhist

doctrine, and the poetic style also was not refined. Good examples are the *Song of the Verification of the Nature of Amitabha Buddha*; the *gathas* (verses) at the end of the *Exposition of the Sutra of Diamond Samadhi*; *gathas* composed by Wonhyo (元曉, 617–686) at Sabok's (蛇福) mother's funeral; and the *Song of Dharma Nature* by Uisang (義湘, 625–702). Their chief purpose was the explication of Buddhist doctrine, and accordingly the artistic side of the works was not so high. For instance, Wonhyo's funeral song for Sabok's mother is very lyrical, but it consists of only two lines. What this means is that the form of Chinese poetry was not well established in Korea during the Silla Dynasty. On the other hand, Korean folksong was an excellent means of expressing Buddhist thought in a literary style, but as mentioned above, there are very few extant works.

During the Goryeo period, the most important author was National Preceptor Daegak (大覺國師), Uicheon (義天, 1055–1101). He wrote a great amount of both prose and poetry, and left a collection of his works. He revived the Cheontae (天台, Ch. Tiantai) School in Korea, and he was also well versed in scholarship. He deserves to be called the first monk-literary artist, but he did not seem to care to indulge himself when writing poetry, and most of his poems are doctrinal or lyrical rather than meditative. He had two eminent disciples, Tanyeon (坦然, 1070–1159) and Hyeso (惠素), both of whom were good at poetry, although very few of their works are now in existence. After Daegak, Seon poems appeared prominently in the writings of Hyesim (慧諶, 1178–1234), a disciple of National Preceptor Jinul (智訥, 1158–1210). In his wake, a great number of monks appeared to form the golden age of the Seon poetry, such as Cheonin (天因, 1205–1248), Cheonchaek (天頙, active late 13th century), Chungji (沖止, 1226–1292), Baeg'un Gyeonghan (白雲景閑, 1299–1375), and Taego Bo'u, who has already been mentioned. They were then succeeded by the writers of the Joseon Dynasty.

Among lay intellectuals who wrote Seon poetry during the Goryeo Dynasty were Yi Jahyeon (李資玄, 1061–1125) and Yi Gyubo (李奎報, 1168–1241). Yi Saek (李穡, 1328–1396) too was well versed in Buddhism, and had a friendly association with the monks, and perhaps for this

reason he was accused of being a flatterer. Generally however, unlike in China, lay intellectuals did not indulge deeply in Buddhism. Moreover, on account of the suppression of Buddhism, there was a strong contrast with the atmosphere in the Tang Dynasty. Then how shall we compare the development of Chan or Seon poetry in the two countries? Wei Chengsi has characterized the rise and development of Chan poetry during the Tang Dynasty as follows:[1]

> Firstly, Buddhist *gathas* can be regarded as the original source of Chan poetry. The *gathas* in sutras have a fixed pattern and rhythm, but they lost their essence when they were translated from Sanskrit into Chinese. When Chan Buddhism came into being, the Chan masters composed *gathas* when they tried to express their enlightenment, or when they tried to explain their state of mind to others, and this gave birth to Chan poetry. A good example is Huineng's famous *gatha* of the "Demonstration of the Law."
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> Secondly, from antiquity and through the Han dynasty and beyond, China had a long tradition of poetry such as the *Book of Songs* and the *Chuci* (Songs of the South), and this tradition became an important forebear of Chan poetry. The relationship between poetry of sublimity and the Chan poetry of the Wei Jin period was especially intimate. Although it was based on Confucian ideas, it had some similarities with Buddhism. There was a progressive move towards Chan as Buddhism became more influential, especially in the landscape poetry of Xie Lingyun (謝靈運, 385–433). We can find that it already had a great influence on the development of meditation. All the more, it can be proved that not only a professional poet like Wang Wei but a poet-monk like Hanshan (寒山, act. 9th century) also wrote poetry with the knowledge of already existing poetical tradition of the previous ages.

1 Wei Chengsi, *Studies on the Culture of Chinese Buddhism*, Shanghai: Shanghai People's Publishing, 1991, pp. 221–4.

Thirdly, the Tang Dynasty was not only the golden age of poetry and songs but also the golden age of Chinese Buddhism, and all these promoted active practice of creative Chan poetry. It was not only during the time of Tang Dynasty, but a great many famous poets such as Li Bai and Du Fu also produced great works to form the most glorious age of poetry and songs in Chinese history. At the same time, Chinese Buddhism, both meditation practice and doctrinal teaching, reached the summit of its progress. The progress of Chan Buddhism was expecially noticeable, laying a firm foundation. Most of the great Chan masters revered in later ages lived during this period. Accordingly it was natural for the lay intellectuals to study Chan Buddhism, and for the monks as well as lay intellectuals to write poetry.

Thus we can summarize that to begin with, verses were commonly added to sutra texts. Secondly, there already was a long tradition of poetry and song in China. Thirdly, both Chan Buddhism and poetry and songs attained their golden ages at the same time and side by side. Such an explanation cannot be exhaustive, but it at least clarifies a portion of the development of Chan poetry in China. Now let us turn to the situation of Korea.

Firstly, the tradition of attaching a verse to the sutra has been a traditional practice ever since the introduction of Buddhism to our country. Even if they did not themselves compose verses, Korean Buddhist monks were familiar with this custom through the study of the sutras. The following works could be regarded as examples: the *Song of Verification of the Nature of Amitabha Buddha*; a verse at the end of the *Explication of the Sutra of the Diamond Samadhi* by Wonhyo; the *Song of Dharma Nature* by Uisang; and the *Ten Invocation Songs of Samantabhadra* by Gyunyeo (均如, 923–973). In other words, they not only had a chance to accumulate a great experience of verses at the end of the sutras, or of brief verse summations of the sutras, they also were doing their own creative writing as well.

Secondly, there must have been a long history of poetry and poems in Korea, but the tradition of Korean poetry written in Chinese is poor in substance compared with that of China. If we take account of the fact that

Seon poetry took shape chiefly from Chinese poetry, it was still inferior in both quality and quantity. There was a distinguished poet such as Choi Chiwon (崔致遠, 857–?) during the Silla Dynasty, but other than Choi, there was no one who could lead a school. The situation was similar during the first period of the Goryeo Dynasty. It was not until the middle of the Goryeo Dynasty that the number of poets began to increase.

We can find one reason why there was so little creative activity during the Silla Dynasty, in the system of the higher state examinations. The primary aim of the system of higher state examinations in the Silla Dynasty was to select well-qualified government officials. Hence there was a close relationship between the education of the intellectuals and the training of government officials. What they read and learned to take the state examination during the Silla Dynasty were mostly Confucian classics such as the *Chunqiu Zuozhuan* (Zuo Commentary on the Spring and Autumn Annals) and the *Liji* (Book of Rites); the *Shijing* (Book of Songs) was not included in the list of texts. The only literary work included in the list of texts was the *Wenxuan* (Selection of Prose), but it is presumed that this work was included not for its literary merits but chiefly for the explications it provided. It appears that during the Silla Dynasty there was little chance to study poetry, and almost none for creative writing. On the other hand, the state examinations of the Goryeo Dynasty, since the reign of King Gwangjong (r. 949–975), not only included the subject of creative writing of poetry, odes, political interrogations and treatises in addition to explications of the Buddhist sutras, but put even more emphasis on these creative writings than on the explications of the sutras, which led the intellectuals to realize the importance of daily practice of the creative writing of poetry.

Even if the writing of poetry was included in the state examinations from the early Goryeo, it still required much time for this art to be widely practised. If we examine Korean poetry only from the viewpoint of its form, it is written in Chinese characters, which had been introduced to Korea in antiquity, but the spread of poetry written in Chinese had to wait till a later age. In other words, when the idea of Seon was introduced to our country, we were not prepared to express our thoughts and experiences in poetic

form. This was the reason why it took some time for the development of poetry in Chinese in Korea. This was also the difference of the circumstances of the two countries for the development of poetry. China already had a long, excellent and varied tradition of creative writing of poetry when Chan Buddhism emerged, but this was not the case in Korea.

Thirdly, what was the connection between the practice of meditation and poetry and song in Korea? The idea of meditation had already been introduced in the last phase of the Silla Dynasty, but it was not powerful enough to dominate at that time. It was not until the time of the National Preceptor Jinul that meditation practice became mainstream. In addition to such social change, there is another aspect to be examined in the study of the development of Seon Buddhism and the poetry written in Chinese in Korea. It is the nature of Seon Buddhism itself. Jinul and his disciple Hyesim established Ganhwa Seon (看話), or the word-contemplation meditation. The written word is disclaimed in Seon Buddhism with its motto, "Not depending on words and letters" (不立文字) but ironically Seon also claimed, "Not departing from words and letters" (不離文字) and took full advantage of them, especially in the practice of Ganhwa Seon, or word-contemplation meditation. Its aim is the achievement of the utmost stage that is beyond words, through words. It is not the method of conveying one's ideas by means of words, but the investigation of words to lead practitioners to realize by themselves the world beyond words. This must have been the ideological and historical background to the positive accommodation of words and poetry in Ganhwa Seon.

The tradition of writing poetry and song continued after Choi Chiwon, mentioned above, who was the father of Korean poetry in Chinese, but its golden age of great development with the participation of a great many practitioners was after the middle period of the Goryeo Dynasty. It is not easy to determine how to establish the precise turning-point of the great development of poetry written in Chinese in Korea, but the publication of the critical work *Pahanjip* (破閑集, *Collected Writings Interrupting My Leisure*) by Yi Inno (李仁老, 1152–1220), published in 1260 by his son, could have provided the momentum for the great development of poetry written in

Chinese in Korea.

B. Characteristics of Korean Buddhist Poetry

a. Seon Poetry and Living Poetry

What is the difference between Korean Buddhist poetry and ordinary Chinese poetry? Without question, Korean Buddhist poetry deals with the truth about Buddha's teaching. But this does not mean that Korean Buddhist poetry deals only with the truth of Buddha's teaching: it also deals many aspects of the lives of people in addition to the Buddhadharma. The lives of ordinary people the poets deal with may or may not have connections with the teachings of Buddha. We can break Korean Buddhist poetry down into the following three categories:

(1) Poetry that deals only with the truth.
(2) Poetry that deals only with the lives of people.
(3) Poetry that deals with both the truth and the lives of people.

What could we expect to gain from such diverse categories of poetry? First of all, the most difficult problem in deciding the criteria of evaluating things is that the truth lies in "not depending on words" or is "beyond words." It is especially true when we talk about the truth from the point of view of Seon Buddhism. If we explain something beyond words by means of poetry in a roundabout way through analytical explanation, the whole process comes to nothing, which could be labelled as an intellectual understanding that Seon Buddhism tries to avoid by all means.

It is the characteristic of Seon Buddhism to claim that only the enlightened can understand the truth discussed in Seon poetry. Does it mean that the unenlightened are not entitled to understand or appreciate Seon poetry at all? A strange thing is that many common people enjoy Seon poetry and feel a great exaltation. Does it means that common people also have some means

of understanding Seon poetry?

The typical Seon Buddhist view is that common people are unable to understand Seon poetry. Poetry consists of language, and meditation discredits the language. "Not depending on words," "an independent transmission apart from doctrine," and "a direct transmission from mind to mind" are the essence of meditation. What is claimed is that right understanding of the realm of Seon is beyond expression and language. In other words, there is no language that corresponds with the signified. It is the fundamental position of Seon Buddhism and meditation to discredit the possibility of a complete correspondence between signified and signifier. They even antagonize the signifier itself.

Common people of the world live all their lives without understanding the true world of the signified, and what they know is only the world of the signifier. In other words, those whom Buddhism calls sentient beings only perceive the world through images without knowing the ultimate reality of the world, because what they perceive is the warped projection of the partial images created by their greed and wicked obsessions. Buddhism calls such warped images "Marks," and Buddhist practice starts with denunciation of the identification of such false marks with the world. It means that the consummation of Buddhist practice can be called the realization of the ultimate reality apart from the false images of marks.

Although there is no way to solve the problem of the deficiency of the signifier, there is a way to solve the problem of estrangement between it and the signified. The biggest dilemma is that there is no way to abandon the signifier completely in spite of its deficiencies. The message to be delivered is beyond words, but without words, there is no way to deliver the message. That is the reason why Seon Buddhism had to devise all kinds of expedients. They can be summarized as follows:

(1) Expression by means of Seon dialogue beyond rationale.

(2) Expression by means of symbol and metaphor.

(3) Description of the object perceived by means of the quietude of mind or insight.

In other words, understanding the ultimate reality of being is the true understanding of the signified, which is also called enlightenment.

Is all Korean Buddhist poetry Seon poetry? Many people think so. It is true that there is a close relationship between meditation and poetry. It is also true that most Korean Buddhist poetry, both quantatively and qualitively, is Seon poetry. But there are many other styles of poems in Korean Buddhist poetry besides Seon poems. In other words, there are many poems that deal with both the truth and the lives of the people, and there are also poems that deal only with the lives of the people without any connection with the truth in Korean Buddhist poetry.

I want to give an example of the works of a monk. The works of Venerable Chungji consist of the following genres:[2]

Poems of Dharma:
Poems that describe the experience of cultivation and attaining enlightenment.
Poems that demonstrate the truth.
Poems of pleasure:
Poems that describe the landscape.
Poems that describe the delights of nature.
Poems that describe the prize of virtue.
Poems of suffering:
Poems that describe the realities of life.
Poems that describe the emotive feelings with others.
Poems that describe daily life.

The above classification is to understand the poetic world of Venerable Chungji. Of these, only "Poems that describe the experience of cultivation and attaining enlightenment," "Poems that demonstrate the truth," "Poems

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2 See the following for more information: Lee Jin-oh, 'The Poetic World of the National Preceptor Wongam Chungji.' *Studies of Korean Buddhist Literature* (Seoul: Minjok Publishing, 1997).

that describe the landscape," and "Poems that describe the delights of nature" belong to the category of Seon poetry or Poems of truth.

However, poems that describe the landscape and those that describe the delights of nature are somewhat difficult to classify, because in many cases it is not clear whether the poems are describing a certain stage or depth of cultivation, or simply the beauty of nature. Hence some interpreters might be tempted to interpret them as religious or philosophical poems, implying that they are more profound, when they are actually simple descriptions of nature. As I just mentioned, the problem is how we treat them; whether they are a mixture of truth and our daily life, or simple descriptions of our daily lives without any implication of philosophy or truth.[3]

Korean Buddhist poetry takes several forms and has different contents. One is the expression of the experience of cultivation; another is the expression of philosophy itself. Then there is another kind that deals with the philosophy of one's actual life. In the case of Venerable Chungji, poems of sentiment and poems that deal with the realities of life (or the problems of society) belong to this category. Poems that deal with humanitarian love and worries about the life of the people must come out of a profound philosophy and cultivation. Yet these poems must be distinguished from poems classified as Seon poetry. Let us examine the following poem by Great Master Hyujeong. He describes his feelings about the autumnal scenery when he was strolling in the mountain:

In the thousand hills, after the leaves have fallen,
On the four seas, when the moon is shining,
The vast skies are all one hue.
So why distinguish us and them?[4]

In a sense, this poem can be classified as a typical nature poem. There are

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3 One advantage of these ambivalent and sometimes ambiguous poems is that they may enhance the aesthetics of the poem with free multiple interpretations.

4 Hujeong, 'Tammil Peak,' Collected Writings of Cheonheo Dang.

the mountains, the trees, the fallen leaves, the moon, and the sky. However, this poem is entirely different from an ordinary poem about nature: the moon is not just an ordinary moon. It could be the truth, because in Buddhism, the moon most of the time symbolizes either the true-thusness or the true self-nature. But in the third line, we see a transformation. The moon is so bright that the sky looks blue even at night. What is more, the sky is not only blue but it is of one colour without any discrimination. In Buddhism, equality without discrimination is the basic premise. This is not just a universal truth: this poem applies to practical matters of the time. When there are ideas of the nobility and barbarians, a governing class and the governed, this in turn divides the people into two groups of the noble and the mean, which again begets all kinds of discrimination. The last line also has an implied criticism of the world view of the Zhu Xi School of Neo-Confucianism, especially of the discriminatory political system of suppressing Buddhism and degradation of monks at that time in Korea.

Korean Buddhist poetry does not always deal with a successful discipline and spiritual practice. It could also deal with the conflicts, agonies, and wishes of the people that they experience during their practice, or the distress people experience when they fail to realize the ideal of Buddhism in the present world. Following is a poem by the Great Master Yujeong (惟政, 1544–1610) addressed to an old Confucian scholar. It is about his feelings, and he wrote it when he was living on the island of Takeshima:

I am a descendant of the Im family of Seoju;
The family was poor and there was nowhere to abide.
As there was no one to depend on to sustain my life,
With foolish ideas and stupidity, I lay among the clouds
and pine trees.
Climbing mountains and crossing rivers with just my
'seven pounds' of dharma robes,
Keeping safe from worldly dangers with my three-foot staff.
This is my 'empty gate,' my proper concern,
No need to flee here and there from devilish obstructions.

The first to the fourth lines describe his motive in leaving home to become a monk. His family were very poor, and he wanted to become a monk because there was no one to depend on. The prime duty of a monk is to go around with nothing but his dharma robes and staff, roaming all over the country to cultivate his mind and realize the ultimate truth of the cosmos so as to be free from suffering. But, he asks himself, what am I doing now? fighting invaders, constructing walls, performing diplomatic negotiations, running this way and that, and not practising. These must be the works of the devil. The author is complaining about his present situation. We understand that Venerable Yujeong regrets that the things he is doing are not proper for a monk.

As we have observed above, Korean Buddhist poetry is not confined to the realm of Seon poems. It can be expressed through a spectrum of topics, such as the problems and anxieties practitioners encounter in everyday life, not abiding only beyond time in the supramundane world of idealism. It is rather an expression of deep concern for the realities of life and the world. It is of course very important to deal with the dharma and discipline, but it is at least equally important to deal in poetic form with all aspects of practice in actual everyday life. In this sense, we can say that Korean Buddhist poetry is both wider and deeper in range than the Seon poems themselves.

C. Aspects of the Development of Korean Buddhist Poetry

a. Three Kingdoms Period

From the Three Kingdoms, with the exception of the Silla Dynasty, the surviving materials are very scarce. Even in the case of the Silla Dynasty, the volume of extant Korean Buddhist poetry is not great, and no trace of philosophical study is to be found in the works, whose literary qualities are more doctrinal rather than concerned with the ideas of meditation.

The poetry of Uisang and Wonhyo belongs to this category. Also of note are the five lyrical poems by Hyecho (慧超) in his travel account, *Wang O*

cheonchuk gukjeon (往五天竺國傳, Record of Travel to Five Indian Countries). This work provides cultural and geographical information about various regions in India. Its chief value as literature lies in the five excellent verses inserted at certain points. Most of the verse produced during the Silla Dynasty was concerned with expressing the truth, and this monotony is somewhat relieved by Hyecho's work.

b. Goryeo Dynasty

Although Seon Buddhism flourished during the late Silla and early Goryeo Dynasty, there is not a trace of Seon poetry during these periods. It was not until the mid-Goryeo that Korean Buddhist poetry became very active, mainly due to National Preceptor Daegak (Uicheon, 1055–1101), quite a number of whose writings have been transmitted in the *Collected Writings of National Preceptor Daegak*. He was a great Master of the Cheontae School, which combined doctrine and meditation, and left a great number of works, but so far there have been few studies of his oeuvre.

The great poet-monks such as Gye-ung (戒應), Hyeso and National Preceptor Daegam Tanyeon (大鑒坦然國師, 1070–1159) succeeded Daegak in the literary field, but not many of their works have survived, and it was not until the later part of the Goryeo Dynasty that we meet the renaissance of Korean Buddhist poetry. Seon Buddhism in the later part of Goryeo Dynasty was firmly established by the National Preceptor Jinul, and this golden age lasted until the fall of the Dynasty in 1392. It is presumed that there would have been quite a number of his literary works, but, as mentioned earlier, none of them have survived. However, his disciples such as Hyesim, Chungji, Gyeonghan, Taego Bo'u, and Hyegeun opened the glorious era of Seon poetry. They not only wrote excellent Seon poems, but they were also devout practitioners. In this sense, it was truly, both in number and quality, a great age of Seon poetry.

Of all these disciples of Master Jinul, Hyesim stands out in many ways. Above all, he was a devout Seon Master, but he also showed great affection

to the individuals around him. During the difficult time under Mongol rule, he not only expressed humanitarian love and social concern in his poems but also his heartbreaking pity towards the distress and misery of the people. In spite of his position as the highly revered National Preceptor, he was so humble that he loved to describe in his poems the true picture of the destitute life of the common people suffering from cold and hunger.

In the late Goryeo Dynasty, the Cheontae School flourished along with Seon Buddhism. The eminent monks of the Cheontae School were Cheonin, Cheonchaek, and Mugi (無寄), who left the *Song of the Consummation of Shakyamuni Buddha* (Xuzangjing vol. 75.1510). It is a great epic song of the life story of Shakyamuni, with detailed footnotes by the author. This book too is sharply critical of the political climate of the time.

However it was Seon that played the major role during the Goryeo Dynasty, and Seon Buddhist poetry achieved the utmost glory. The standard of poetry at that time was so high that it not only attracted non-Buddhist scholars but could stand independently, without the Buddhist element. Poetry of course expressed chiefly the world of truth, but it also combined the truth and daily lives of common people, without relating exclusively to the lives of the latter.

c. Joseon Dynasty

The Joseon Dynasty was a difficult time for Korean Buddhism, internally and externally. Korean Buddhism was consolidated into two distinct schools, the doctrinal and dhyana schools, by the political manipulation of the government. This consolidation policy prohibited the free establishment and activities of Buddhist schools. This was the internal problem. The external problem was the emergence of the Zhu Xi school of Neo-Confucianism.

The ideological dictatorship of the Zhu Xi school threatened the very existence of Buddhism let alone its repression. In such a crisis, it was Preceptor Hamheo Deuktong (涵虛得通, 1376–1433) who expressed an earnest anguish in his poems. He not only resisted the ideological suppression of

Buddhism, he repeatedly expressed his logic and anxiety in his poems. He also united Seon Buddhism with the idea of the Pure Land School to meet the demands of the new age for the survival of the Order. All these concerns were expressed in his poems. He even adapted a new poetic form from the common people, called 'Gyeonggi-style song,' to express his agonies.

After the movement of reform, another attempt to revive Buddhism was made by Master Heoeungdang Bo'u (虛應堂普雨, 1515–1565). It was the merit of Master Bo'u that great monks such as Hyujeong and Yujeong came not only to restore the status of Buddhism but to save the country in the time of great trial. They also served in renovating Korean Buddhist poetry through their creative works.

The efforts of Heoeungdang Bo'u, Hyujeong, and Yujeong for the revival of Buddhism can be assessed as having been manipulated by politics rather than a success. However, Buhyudang Seonsu (浮休堂善修, 1543–1615) and Soyodang Taeneung (逍遙堂太能, 1562–1649) who took another way for the revival of Buddhism, tried to substantiate the inner structure of Buddhism by practice rather than restoration of the status and influence of Buddhism by association with the political power. It was due to such an effort how Buddhism could have survived under the unprecedented suppression of Buddhism of the time. It does not mean that Seosan and Samyeongdang neglected their practice. It was their devotion that sustained unobtrusively the tradition of practice in spite of adverse conditions of suppression of Buddhism and the wartime mobilization of monks for the hard labour and construction of fortifications.

From the literary point of view, the dual agony of resistance to the suppression of Buddhism in the early period of the Dynasty and the maintenance of practice appears in the poetic works. After the middle period of the Dynasty, there emerged another style of dual agony in the literary work. One is the continuation of the maintenance of practice, and the other is how to associate with the Confucian scholars without being contaminated by their style of Chinese poetry. What this means is that Korean Buddhist poetry sometimes became confused in its dual role of preserving its traditional identity and conforming with Confucian Chinese poetry.

One distinct character of the Buddhist literary works of the Joseon Dynasty compared with those of the late Goryeo Dynasty was that the former tended to be more literary than ideological. In other words, in spite of the critical conditions of the time, Buddhism survived by sublimating its life through literature. It became an unspoken rule for monks to leave a collection of their writings. The result is more than eighty collections of writings. The tradition of such assiduous literary activity is still carried on today even after the fall of the Joseon Dynasty. In other words, the only way of understanding the Buddhism of the Joseon Dynasty is through the Korean Buddhist poetry of the time.

Korean monks expressed their thoughts, their life, and their agonies by means of poetry written in Chinese. Of course, in the field of ideas and Buddhist practice compared with the later period of the previous Dynasty, the Joseon Dynasty is lacking in ardour and quality. However, literary does not necessarily depend on practice alone. Rather we may find the highest literary quality in works that express the true nature of life. In this sense, the Korean Buddhist poetry of the Joseon Dynasty deserves careful notice.

D. Buddhist Literary Works in Korea

a. Table of Buddhist Literary Works in Korea

(NB Roman numerals in the second column indicate works represented in this volume)

No.	Chapter in this volume	Title of the collection	Monastic name		Dates
1	I	Collected Writings of National Preceptor Daegak	Uicheon	義天	1055–1101
2		Collected Sayings of National Preceptor Jogye Jingak	Hyesim	慧諶	1178–1234
3	II	Collected Poems of Muuija	Hyesim	慧諶	1178–1234
4		Additional Collected Writings of National Preceptor Jeongmyeong	Cheonin	天因	1205–1248

5	III	Hosanrok: Collected Writings of National Preceptor Jinjeong	Cheonchaek	天頙	early 13th c.
6	IV	Songs of National Preceptor Wongam	Chungji	冲止	1226–1292
7	V	Collected Sayings of Preceptor Baeg'un	Gyeonghan	景閑	1299–1375
8	VI	Collected Sayings of Preceptor Taego	Bo'u	普愚	1301–1382
9		Collected Sayings of Preceptor Naong	Hyegeun	惠勤	1320–1376
10	VII	Songs of Preceptor Naong	Hyegeun	惠勤	1320–1376
11	VIII	Collected Sayings of Preceptor Hamheodang Deuktong	Gihwa	己和	1376–1433
12		Poems of Byeoksongdang Yaro	Jieom	智儼	1464–1534
13	IX	Collected Writings of Heoeungdang	Bo'u	普雨	1515–1565
14		Miscellaneous Writing of Na'am	Bo'u	普雨	1515–1565
15	X	Collected Writings of Cheongheodang	Hyujeong	休靜	1520–1604
16	XI	Collected Writings of Jeonggwan	Ilseon	一禪	1533–1608
17		Collected Writings of Yeongheo	Haeil	海日	1541–1609
18	XII	Collected Writings of Great Master Buhyudang	Seonsu	善修	1543–1615
19	XIII	Collected Writings of Great Master Samyeong	Yujeong	惟政	1544–1610
20		Collected Writings of Great Master Jewoldang	Gyeongheon	敬軒	1544–1633
21	XIV	Collected Writings of Cheongmae	In'o	印悟	1548–1623
22		Collected Writings of Giam	Beopgyeon	法堅	ca.1567–1608
23		Collected Writings of Ungok	Chunghwi	冲徽	?–1613
24	XV	Collected Writings of Soyodang	Taeneung	太能	1562–1649
25		Posthumous Collection of Great Master Junggwan	Haean	海眼	1567–?
26		Collected Writings of Great Master Yeongwol	Cheonghak	清學	1570–1654
27	XVI	Collected Writings of Pyeonyangdang	Eongi	彥機	1581–1644
28	XVII	Collected Poems of Great Master Chwimi	Sucho	守初	1590–1668
29	XVIII	Collected Writings of Heobaekdang	Myeongjo	明照	1593–1661
30	XIX	Collected Writings of Baekgok	Cheoneung	處能	?–1680
31	XX	Collected Writings of Chimgwing	Hyeonbyeon	懸辯	1616–1684
32	XXI	Collected Writings of Wolbong	Chaekheon	策憲	1624–?
33		Collected Writings of Hangye	Hyeonil	玄一	1630–1716
34	XXII	Collected Writings of Baekam	Seongchong	性聰	1631–1700
35		Collected Writings of Donggye	Gyeongil	敬一	1636–95
36		Collected Writings of Aeryeon	Sinhyeon	信玄	17th c.
37	XXIII	Collected Writings of Great Master Woljeodang	Doan	道安	1638–1715

38		Collected Writings of Punggye	Myeongchal	明察	1640–1708
39		Essays of Baeku	Myeongan	明眼	1646–1710
40	XXIV	Collected Poems of Seolam	Chubung	秋鵬	1651–1706
41		Disarrayed Writings of Seolam	Chubung	秋鵬	1651–1706
42		Collected Writings of Muyong	Suyeon	秀演	1651–1719
43		Collected Poems of Hwanseong	Jian	志安	1664–1729
44		Collected Writings of Mugyeong	Jasu	子秀	1664–1737
45		Collected Sayings of Mugyeong	Jasu	子秀	1664–1737
46		Collected Writings of Hoidong	?	?	early 18th c.?
47		Summary of Collected Poems of Great Master Yeonghae	Yaktan	若坦	1668–1754
48		Collected Writings of Duryundang	Cheongseong	清性	early 18th c.
49		Collected Writings of Heojeong	Beopjong	法宗	1670–1733
50		Collected Writings of Namak	Tae'u	太宇	?–1732
51		Collected Writings of Great Seon Master Songgye	Nasik	懶湜	1684–1765
52		Collected Poems of Great Master Sangwol	Saebong	璽封	1687–1767
53		Collected Writings of Cheongyeong	Haewon	海原	1691–1770
54		Collected Writings of Wolpa	Taeyul	兌律	1695–?
55		Collected Writings of Yongdam	Jogwan	慥冠	1700–1762
56		Collected Writings of Pungakdang	Boin	普印	1701–1769
57		Collected Writings of Hoeun	Yugi	有璣	1707–1785
58		Collected Poems of Great Seon Master Muha	?	?	18th c.(?)
59		Collected Writings of Seoldam	Ja'u	自優	1709–1770
60		Collected Writings of Great Seon Master Yaun	Siseong	時聖	1710–1776
61		Collected Writings of Oam	Uimin	毅旻	1710–1792
62		Posthumous Writings of Yongamdang	Chejo	體照	1713–1779
63		Collected Writings of Great Master Daewon	?	?	1714-?
64		Collected Writings of Mukam	Choinul	最訥	1717–1774
65		Collected Writings of Chupa	Hongyu	泓宥	1718–1774
66		Collected Writings of Wolseong	Bi'eun	費隱	?-1778
67		Collected Writings of Gwalheo	Chwiyeo	取如	1720–1789
68		Collected Writings of Jinheo	Palgwan	捌關	?–1782
69		Records of Great Master Yeondam Imha	Yuil	有一	1720–1799
70		Collected Writings of Great Master Mongam	?	?	late 18th c.?

71		Posthumous Collection of Great Master Chungheo	Jichaek	指冊	1721–1785
72		Records of Undam Imgan	Jeongil	鼎馹	1741–1804
73		Collected Writings of Gyeongam	Ungyun	應允	1743–1804
74		Collected Writings of Inak	Uicheom	義沾	1746–1796
75		Collected Writings of Sambong	Jitak	知濯	1750–1839
76		Collected Poems of Great Master Jingwol	Jeonghun	正訓	1751–1823
77		Collected Writings of Baekpa	Geungseon	亘璇	1767–1852
78		Collected Writings of A-am	Hyejang	惠藏	1772–1811
79		Collected Writings of Haebung	Jeonryeong	展翎	?–1826
80		Collected Poems of Nammyeong	Jeonryeong	展翎	?–1826
81		Posthumous Records of Ungun Gongyeo	Gongyeo	空如	early 19th c.
82		Collected Writings of Gasan	Gye-o	戒悟	1773–1849
83		Collected Writings of Hwagok	Gyecheon	誡天	early 19th c.
84		Posthumous Writings of Choeom	Bokcho	復初	c.1834–1863
85	XXV	Collected Poems of Choui	Uisun	意恂	1786–1866
86		Collected Writings of Iljiam	Uisun	意恂	1786–1866
87		A Draft of Cheolseon	Hyejeup	惠楫	1791–1858
88		Collected Writings of Yeoksan	Seonyeong	善影	1792–1880
89		Collected Writings of Hamhongdang	Chineung	致能	1805–1878
90		Collected Poems of Seon Master Beomhae	Gakan	覺岸	1820–1896
91		Collected Writings of Seon Master Beomhae	Gakan	覺岸	1820–1896
92		Records of Udam Imha	Honggi	洪基	1822–1881
93		Collected Poems of Seoldu	Yugyeong	有炯	1824–1889
94		Records of Sanji	Simyeo	心如	1828–1875
95		Collected Writings of Yongakdang	Hyegyeon	慧堅	1830–1908
96		Collected Writings of Geukam	Saseong	師誠	1836–1910
97		Collected Writings of Nongmuk	Beoplin	法璘	1843–1902
98	XXVI	Collected Writings of Gyeongheo	Seongu	惺牛	1849–1912
100		Collected Writings of Honwon	Sehwan	世煥	1853–1889
100		Collected Writings of Uiryong	?	?	late 19th c.
101		Collected Writings of Chodang	?	?	?

b. A Brief Explication of the Buddhist Literary Works in Korea

The following provides brief additional biographical details for the authors of the works translated in this volume.

1. The *Collected Writings of National Preceptor Daegak* contains the works of Uicheon (1055–1101), the fourth son of Munjong, the eleventh King of the Goryeo Dynasty. He left home when he was eleven to become a monk, and received the full precepts from the Royal Teacher Nanwon at Yeongtongsa (靈通寺) in the same year. He then studied the Flower Garland Sutra under the Royal Teacher Nanwon.

He went to Song China in 1084 and attained the profound knowledge of the Huayan and Tiantai canons from the Dharma instructor Youcheng at Qishengsi, and then kept on studying the Buddhadharma, visiting many monasteries. Upon returning home in 1086, he set up the Gyojang Dogam (教藏都監), or Superintendency of the Doctrine and Sutras,[5] to publish the 4,700 volumes of sutras and Confucian classics he had collected from Song, Liao, and Japan. He advocated the unification of the doctrine and meditation schools when the two orders were at odds, and founded the Cheontae School.

His *Collected Writings* are composed of 23 volumes.[6] In addition there are a further 13 volumes of *Outer Collection of National Preceptor Daegak*, but these are in fact a part of his *Collected Writings*. There are many missing pages in both editions, and it is very difficult to see the whole extent of the work. Volumes 1 to 16 contain prose in various forms, while volumes 17 to 23 are all poems. Volumes 1 to 9 of the Outer Collection are prose, volumes 10 and 11 are poems, and volumes 12 and 13 are inscriptions.

2. *Collected Sayings of National Preceptor Jogye Jingak* contains the works

5 A special government system that controls the translation of sutras and other sacred writings.

6 'Volume' *gwon* 卷, means a 'chapter' in the modern sense, while *chaek* 冊 is close to the modern conception of 'volume.' *Min* 文 in the original text indicates 'prose' in the modern sense.

of Hyesim (1178–1234). It is chiefly composed of discourses, both prose and poetry. His posthumous title conferred by King Kojong is National Preceptor Jingak (眞覺, "true awakening"). He was originally a Confucian scholar, and passed the higher civil service state examination, but decided to become a monk, studied under Master Jinul, and led the renaissance of Seon Buddhism. He also edited *Seonmun Yeomsong*, or collection of *gathas* for Seon monasteries, which greatly contributed to the establishment of Ganhwa Seon, word-contemplation meditation.

3. *Collected Poems of Muuija* (II) is also by Hyesim (see no.2), under his pen name Muuija (無衣子, Unclothed One). Despite the title, the collection also includes prose writings.

4. *Additional Collected Writings of National Preceptor Jeong Myeong, Second Patriarch of the White Lotus Society on Mt Mandeok*, contains the works of Cheonin (1205–1248). According to the title, there must have been another collection of his work. This collection contains the gatha of Amitābha Buddha and the gatha of Supplementary Sections of the Lotus Sutra.

5. *Collected Writings of Hosan, National Preceptor Jinjeong, Fourth Patriarch of the White Lotus Society on Mt Mandeok* (III), contains the works of Cheonchaek (born in the early 13th century). It is composed of two volumes. The first volume contains poems, and the second volume contains prose.Cheonchaek passed the higher civil service state examinations, but disillusioned by the impermanence of life, went to Baengnyeongsa on Mt Mandeok to become a monk and studied under National Preceptor Wonmyo (圓妙國師, 1163–1245). He also revived the Cheontae School, and many great scholars studied under him. His posthumous title conferred by the King is National Preceptor Jinjeong (眞靜國師).

6. *Songs of National Preceptor Wongam, Sixth Patriarch of Haedong Jogye* (IV), contains the works of Chungji (1226–1292). He first studied Confucianism, passed the higher civil service state examination at seventeen,

and served as an official until he was twenty-eight, before giving up office to become a monk under National Preceptor Won-o Cheonyeong (圓悟天英, 1218–1256). Thereafter, he intended to devote himself solely to meditation. However, he became the abbot of Gamrosa in Kimhae in 1266, and then in 1286 became the sixth Patriarch of Suseonsa, which was the centre of Seon Buddhism during the later period of the Goryeo Dynasty. It was an extremely difficult time under the rule of the Mongols. He was responsible for the management of Buddhism in the country, and showed grave concern for the hard life of the people. His posthumous title conferred by the King was National Preceptor Wongam (圓鑑, Round Mirror).

7. *Collected Sayings of Preceptor Baeg'un* (V) contains the works of Gyeonghan (1299–1375), and is composed of two volumes. Volume 1 contains Dharma talks, and volume 2 is a mixture of Dharma talks, poetry, and prose.

He became a monk at a young age, and studied with a teacher. He then went to Yuan China and returned home after studying the mind dharma (心法) under Preceptor Shiwu (石屋, 1272–1352) the 19th Patriarch of the Linji (臨濟) School. His main practice was Ganhwa Seon or word-contemplation meditation, but he tried to go beyond this by combining doctrine and meditation. His pen name was Baeg'un, or White Cloud, and he is well known for compiling the *Essential Passages Directly Pointing at the Essence of Mind* (佛祖直指心體要節), consisting of 307 collected writings of the seven past Buddhas, twenty-eight Indian Patriarchs, and 110 Chinese Chan Masters. It is the oldest work printed with metal type, predating Gutenberg by seventy-eight years, and was designated as a Memory of World Heritage by UNESCO in 2001.

8. *Collected Sayings of Preceptor Taego* (VI) contains the works of Bo'u (1301–1382). It is in two volumes, and contains the Dharma talks, *gatha*, and prose. He became a monk under the guidance of Gwangji (廣智, Broad Wisdom) at Hoeamsa (in Gyonggi Province) when he was thirteen years old. He went to Yuan China when he was forty-six, and returned home after

receiving the law from Preceptor Shiwu. His pen name is Taego: as the Royal Teacher, he led the Buddhism of his day, and played a great role in the revival of the meditation tradition, which has been handed down even to the present time.

9. *Collected Sayings of Preceptor Naong* contains works of Hyegeun (1320–1376). It is composed exclusively of Dharma talks without any poetry or other kinds of prose. When he was twenty years old, a friend of his died. The shock made him aware of the impermanency of life, and led him to decide to leave home. Thereupon he went to see Seon Master Yoyeon (了然) at Myojeok Hermitage (妙寂庵), and became a monk. He travelled to China in 1348 and studied under the Indian monk Dhyānabhadra, (Zhikong 指控, ?–1363) at Fayuansi (法源寺) in the Yuan capital. He then roamed around China for fourteen years before returning home, where he discoursed mostly at Hoeamsa (檜巖寺), and played a major role in the revival of the meditation tradition.

10. *Songs of Preceptor Naong* (VII) contains the collected songs and verses of Hyegeun (see no.9).

11. *Collected Sayings of Preceptor Hamheodang Deuktong* (VIII) contains the works of Gihwa (1376–1433). It contains 29 pieces of prose (mainly Dharma talks, not history or epistles), eleven songs and commendations, and 88 poems.

Gihwa's pen name is Deuktong, and his studio name[7] is Hamheodang. He was a student of the Confucian Academy and became a monk when he was twenty-one, after witnessing the death of his friend. He studied the dharma under the Great Master Muhak (無學大師, 1327–1405) at Hoeamsa. He lived in the transitional time between the Goryeo and Joseon Dynasties, and campaigned actively against the Confucian suppression of Buddhism by the Joseon Dynasty.

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7 The studio name means the name a writer takes from the name of his residence.

12. *Poems of Byeoksongdang Yano* is the collected works of Jieom (1464–1534). It is a short text composed of only verses with neither a preface nor a postscript.

13. *Collected Writings of Heoeungdang* (IX) contains the works of Heoeungdang Bo'u (1515–1565) in two volumes, and consists entirely of poems. He entered the monastic life at Mahayeonsa in the Diamond Mountain in 1530, and practised for six years at several monasteries nearby before coming out of the mountain. But the suppression of Buddhism was very severe. Not only were monasteries being destroyed, but monks were being apprehended and imprisoned, so he had to return to the mountain. Fortunately he won the confidence of Queen Munjeong, the mother of King Myongjong, in 1548, and played a decisive role in reinstating Buddhism. He was not only able to select 4,000 monks but also able to establish a system of acknowledging the qualifications of monks. He also established the higher state examinations for the monastic course to educate capable monks to revive the influence of Buddhism. His pen name was Na'am, and his studio name Heoeungdang.

14. *Miscellaneous Writings of Na'am* is also by Heoeungdang Bo'u. While *Collected Writings of Heoeungdang* contains only poems, this is exclusively a collection of prose.

15. *Collected Writings of Cheongheodang* (X) contains the works of Hyujeong (1520–1604), whose pen name is Cheongheo, and who is also known as Great Master Seosan. *Collected Writings of Cheongheodang* was compiled and published by his chief disciple Jongbong (鍾峰) in 1612, and reprinted several times again at various places in later ages. The Myohyangsan (妙香山) edition comprises about 600 poems and Buddhist doctrines.

Hyujeong's native home was Anju, South Pyeongyang Province. His mother passed away when he was eight years old, and then his father also passed away two years later. The orphaned boy was adopted by the local magistrate Yi Sajung, followed his adopted father to Seoul, and took the

higher civil service state examination when he was fifteen, but without success. After this examination failure, he went south as far as Mt Jiri, and had a good opportunity to listen to the discourse of Great Master Buyong Yeonggwan (芙蓉靈觀大師), which stimulated him to study Buddhism, and ultimately led him to become a monk under the guidance of Elder Seungin. After his ordination, he practised at numerous monasteries on Dosol and Diamond Mountain, and passed the higher state examination for Buddhist monks in 1549.

After becoming Daeseonsa, or Great Seon Master, he was appointed the Principal Master of the Consolidated School of the Doctrine and Dhyana by the government. However, in 1556, he thought that this office was not appropriate for a monk and resigned. He then set out on a rambling tour of practice and teaching in the Diamond, Duryu, Taebaek, Odae, and Myohyang Mountains.

When the Japanese invaded Korea in 1592, King Seonjo appointed Hyujeong the Supreme Commander of the Volunteer Sangha Army to defend the country. Accepting the order of the King, he encouraged the monks by despatching a manifesto to all the monasteries in the country to rise up and defeat the invading enemy. The war lasted for seven years. Because of his advancing years, he transferred his authority to his chief disciple Samyeongdang Yujeong (四溟堂惟政, 1544–1610), and entered Nirvana six years after the war at the age of eighty-four on Mt Myohyang, the Master's permanent abode in his later life. The King conferred the title 國一都大禪師禪教都總攝扶宗樹教普濟登階尊者 (Venerable National Great Seon Preceptor and Supreme Head of the Seon Order) on him for his distinguished patriotism and extraordinary achievements.

The Master's basic principle was based on the transcendental truth of the mind dharma of meditation, yet he did not fall into neither mysticism nor pessimism. The Master was not only well versed in Daoism, which had been avoided in the history of philosophy in Korea, but also in the ideas of the theory of cosmic dual force and the configuration of the ground, which had a close relation with the faith of common people. However, he criticised the reliance on the mysticism of prophesy in the solving of the problems of

life, preferring intellectual analysis and insight based on practical experience and wisdom. The Master also showed the global view of a pioneer based on equanimity of the world refuting the idea of dominance of a culture based on the Neo-Confucian philosophy of human nature and the rule of Heaven. The Master also showed by himself a good example for the protection of the life and safety of the people against the cruelty of foreign invasion.

The Master studied both doctrine and meditation, and tried to unify them, but he never deviated from his main stand of meditation, and this attempt of harmony between doctrine and meditation centred on meditation became the tradition of the Buddhism of Joseon Dynasty, with more than 1,000 disciples. The most distinguished among them were: Jeonggwan Ilseon (see no.16), Yujeong (see no.19), Jewol Gyeongheon (霽月敬軒, see no.20), Cheongmae In'o (青梅印悟, see no.21), Giam Beopgyeon (寄巖法堅, see no.22), Pyeonyang Eongi (鞭羊彦機, see no.27), Soyo Taeneung (逍遙太能, see no.24), Junggwan Haean (中觀海眼, see no.25), Hyeonbin Inyeong (玄賓印英), Wandang Wonjun (阮堂圓俊), Giheo Yeonggyu (騎虛靈圭), Noimuk Cheoyeong (雷默處英), and others. Among them, Yujeong, Eongi, Taeneung, and Ilseon stand out, and established four branch schools under the lineage of their Master.

16. *Collected Writings of Jeonggwan* (XI) contains the works of Ilseon (一禪, 1533–1608), whose pen name is Jeonggwan (靜觀). He inherited the mind dharma of Hyujeong (see no.15). His collection of writings is composed of poems and miscellaneous articles in one book. He was at first fascinated by the *Lotus Sutra*, and recited it day and night until he met Hyujeong. He even wrote a book on this sutra for distribution. After meeting the Master, he completely understood the principle of meditation, and established one of the four branch schools under Hyujeong's lineage. During the Japanese invasion of Korea, he witnessed the monks heading to the battleground, and he could not stop thinking that it was not appropriate for the practitioners of Buddha's teaching.

17. *Collected Writings of Yeongheo* contains the works of Haeil (1541–

1609). His pen name is Yeongheo, and he is also known as Boeungdang. He inherited the law of his Master Hyujeong (see no.15). His *Collected Writings* was published in 1635, but the publisher is not identifiable.

18. *Collected Writings of Great Master Buhyudang* (XII) contains the works of Seonsu (1543–1615). His pen name is Buhyu, and like his teacher Hyujeong, he inherited the lineage of Great Master Buyong Yeonggwan (see under Hyujeong, no.15). The work is composed of five volumes in one book: volumes one to four are all composed of poems, and volume five consists of prose.

Seonsu was born in Namwon, North Jeolla Province. At the age of twenty, he obtained permission from his parents to become a monk, went into Mt Jiri, and became a student of Sinmyeong. After attaining enlightenment under Great Master Buyong, he practised in seclusion at the monasteries in Deokyu, Gaya, Songli, and Diamond Mountains, then went to Seoul and spent seven years reading the works of No Sujin (盧守愼, 1515–1590, a scholar and high official who had graduated first in the state examinations in 1543). When the Japanese invaded the country, he did not join his Master's Volunteer Sangha Armed Forces. Instead he hid himself at a small hermitage in Mt Deokyu. He was found by the enemy, but they released him without harm. Ever since he roamed around in Gaya, Deokyu, and Jogye Mountains until he entered Nirvana at Chilbulsa on Mt Jiri. There were about seven hundred disciples under him, among them some of the most distinguised were Byeokam (see under Sucho, no.28), Noijeong (雷靜), Daega (待價), Songgye (Nasik, see no.51), Hwanjeok (幻寂), Poheo (抱虛) and Gohan (孤閑), who between them established seven out of the eleven schools of Buddhism in Korea in the middle period of the Joseon Dynasty. Master Seonsu was one of the two pillars of Buddhism of the time with Great Master Hyujeong (see no.15) succeeding to unorthodox tradition of meditation practice (格外禪).

19. *Collected Writings of Great Master Samyeong* (XIII) contains the works of Yujeong (1544–1610). The work is composed of seven volumes in one book, and its first edition was published in 1612, but is no longer extant:

what we have now is the second edition with no definite date of publication. The first volume contains eulogies and old-style verse; volume two contains five-character eight-line poems in Chinese characters; volume three contains seven-character eight-line poems in Chinese characters; volume four contains quatrains with five or seven Chinese characters in each line; volume five contains gathas; volume six contains miscellaneous writings; and volume seven contains verses in various styles, written when he was an envoy in Japan.

The Master was born in Miryang, South Gyeongsang Province. His pen name is Samyeongdang (四溟堂), or Song'un (松雲), and his Dharma name is Jongbong (鍾峯). He studied the outline of history when he was around seven years old, and Mencius when he was thirteen. In 1558, when he was fourteen, his mother died, and his father the following year, whereupon he became a student of Sunmuk at Jikjisa (直指寺). Three years later, the Master passed the higher state examination for the Buddhist course, and this provided him not only a good occasion to associate with many good friends, but he also earned an occasion to learn Laozi, Zhuangzi, Liezi, and the poetry of Minister No Sujin (see under no.18).

After his study of the Confucian classics, the Master assumed the duty of abbot of Jikjisa; in 1575 he was recommended as abbot of Bongunsa, but declined, and went to see Hyujeong (see no.15) at Bohyeonsa to study meditation. The next year, the Master stayed at Haeinsa for a while, and then returned to Hyujeong and practised the law under him. Thereafter, from 1578 he roamed the country visiting the Palgong, Diamond, Cheongryang, and Taebaek Mountains to practise meditation, and finally attained enlightenment at Sangdongsa on Mt Okcheon in 1586.

Returning to Diamond Mountain in 1590, the Master was practising the law when the Japanese invaded our country in 1592. Accepting the request of the royal court and a strong recommendation from Great Master Hyujeong, he joined the battle and achieved a great many victories against the invaders. His merit did not end in the battle. He was sent to Japan as a chief delegate to negotiate the termination of the war, another great political achievement. After the war, he was sent to Japan again as a political emissary, and brought

about 3,000 prisoners of war back home. Finally his health declined, and he entered Nirvana in 1610 in the lotus position while recuperating at Haeinsa on Mt Gaya.

The Master always regretted his participation as a monk in the war, wishing to return to his original position of a monastic, and expressing his feelings of remorse in his poems. He also tendered many petitions to the King for the reform of economic policy as well as the reinforcement of National defence policy to enhance National power and the welfare of the subjects. However, none of his petitions was accepted.

20. *Collected Writings of Great Master Jewoldang* contains the works of Gyeongheon (敬軒, 1544–1633), whose pen name is Jewol (霽月), and who also called himself Layman Heohan (虛閑居士). He studied sutras under Woncheol and Hyeonun, and attained the mind-dharma from the Great Master Hyujeong. The work is composed of two volumes in one book, and the style of the sayings of meditation in the later period of the Goryeo Dynasty is well preserved in those poems.

21. *Collected Writings of Cheongmae* (XIV) contains the works of In'o (印悟, 1548–1623), whose pen name is Cheongmae (青梅, Green Plum), and who inherited the law of Hyujeong (see no.15). The work is composed of two volumes: volume 1 contains verses about the patriarchs; volume 2 contains both verse and prose.

22. *Collected Writings of Giam* contains the works of Beopgyeon (法堅, active in the reign of King Seonjo, 1567–1608). His pen name is Giam (奇岩), and he was the student of Hyujeong (see no.15). The work is composed of three volumes in one book. Volume 1 contains poems, and Vols. 2 and 3 contain prose.

23. *Collected Writings of Ungok* contains the prose writings of Chunghwi (?–1613), whose pen name is Ungok, and who inherited the dharma from Ilseon (see no.16).

24. *Collected Writings of Soyodang* (XV) contains the works of Taeneung (1562–1649), whose pen name is Soyo. He studied sutras under Seonsu (see no.18), and studied meditation under Hyujeong (see no.15). The work is composed of one volume in one book, and there is only one article of commentary. His distinguished disciples are Hyeonbyeon (see no.31), Gyeou (繼愚), Gyeongyeol (敬悅), Hakneul (學訥), Cheou (處愚), Cheonhae (天海), Guklin (克璘), and Gwanghae (廣海). In addition to these disciples, there were hundreds of disciples who belonged to the so-called Soyo School.

25. *Posthumous Collection of Great Master Junggwan* contains the works of Haean (1567–?), whose pen name is Junggwan. He inherited the dharma from Hyujeong (see no.15), but established his own sect. He also studied under Noimukdang (雷默堂) and Cheoyeong. The first part of his Collected Writing contains miscellaneous styles of verse, but the later part of the Collection contains prose.

26. *Collected Writings of Great Master Yeongwol* contains the works of Cheonghak (1570–1654) whose pen name is Yeongwol, and who inherited in the lineage of Hyujeong (see no.15). The work is composed of one volume in on book, but there is not only no distinct division of the volume but the structure of the Collection is also not neatly organized. The first part contains poems, the middle part, the prose, and the last part contains odes and poems.

27. *Collected Writings of Pyeonyangdang* (XVI) contains the works of Eongi (1581–1644), whose pen name is Pyeonyang. The work is composed of three volumes in one book, and the existing Collection is the 1647 edition. Volume 1 contains poems with various styles of a quatrain with five Chinese characters in each line, a verse with five words in each line composed of eight lines, a quatrain with seven Chinese characters in each line, and a verse with seven words in each line composed of eight lines. Vols. 2 and 3 contain only prose.

Eongi became a monk when he was eleven years old, and received the precepts from Hyeonbin, a disciple of Great Master Hyujeong (see no.15). He studied both doctrine and meditation abiding in the Diamond Mountain,

and about the time when the Japanese invasion of our country was to end, he studied meditation under Hyujeong, and inherited the dharma from him. Thereafter, he roamed the country to the southern region calling upon the enlightened to verify his enlightenment without abiding at one place. When he was abiding at Cheondeuksa on Diamond Mountain, Daeseungsa on Mt Guryong, and Cheongisa on Mt Myohyang, he distinguished himself by teaching both the doctrine and meditation at the same time.

As Eongi's studio name, Pyeonyang "Raising Sheep," implies, he often came down from the mountain to the market place to teach sentient beings. He sometimes sold water and charcoal to practise and teach sentient beings, and there are many interesting episodes about him. He also left hundreds of disciples until he entered Nirvana at Naewonsa on Mt Myohyang, and distinguished disciples among them were: Pungdam Uisim (楓潭義諶), Seokmin (釋敏), Hongbyeon (弘辯), Gyejin (契真), Hyesang (惠常), and Cheonsin (天信).

28. *Collected Writings of Great Master Chwimi* (XVII) contains the works of Sucho (1590–1668), whose pen name is Chwimi, and who received the law from Byeokam Gakseong (碧巖覺性, 1575–1660), a disciple of Hyujeong, the most renowned monk of the time (see no.15).

Chwimi was born of a noble family in Seoul, but was orphaned at an early age. The lonely boy wanted to became a monk, but he could not get the permission from his elder brother. So he sneaked out of the house to enter into Mt Seolak, and shaved his head. He received the precepts from Hyujeong in 1606. Perceiving that he was not an ordinary boy, Hyujeong asked his disciple Gakseong to pay special attention to him. Afterward he went to Seoul, and called upon distinguished Confucian scholars to expand his knowledge of Confucianism. He inherited the dharma from his teacher Gakseong in 1629, and taught a great number of disciples at Yeongchuksa in Okcheon, including Seongchong (性聰, see no. 34), Haehwal (海闊), and Milgi (敏機).

29. *Collected Writings of Heobaektang* (XVIII) contains the works of Myeongno (1593–1661), whose pen name is Heobaek, and who studied

under Yujeong, Hyeonmin (玄賓), and Wanheo (玩虛), and inherited the dharma from Songwoldang Eungsang (松月堂應祥, d.1645), a disciple of Yujeong (see no.19).

30. *Collected Writings of Baekgok* (XIX) contains the works of Cheoneung (?–1680), whose pen name is Baekgok. There were many editions besides the one published in 1683, and it also appears under different titles, such as *Collected Writings of Daegak Deungye Baekgok*, and *Collected Writings of Daegak Deungye*.

When he was studying under Uihyeon (義賢, 1527–1562) at the age of twelve, he had a chance to read the sutras and was so impressed that he decided to become a monk. He became a monk when he was fifteen years old, but even after this, he continued to study the Chinese classics, the writings of all philosophers and literary scholars, and the collections of poetry under the instruction of Shin Ikseong. He then called upon Gakseong (see under Chwimi, no.28) who was residing at Sanggyesa on Mt Jiri, and studied the sutras and meditation for twenty-three years to inherit the dharma from the Master.

Afterward he opened the Dharma assembly on Sokri, Cheongyong, Seongju and Gyerong Mountains to teach aspiring young students. The place where he stayed the longest was Ansim (安心, "peaceful mind") Hermitage at Daedunsa (present Daeheungsa, the 22nd District Head Temple of the Jogye Order). He was renowned for tendering a petition in the name of all the monks to King Hyeonjong (r. 1659–1674), protesting against the king's policy of repression of Buddhism.

31. *Collected Writings of Chimgwaeng* (XX) contains the works of Hyeon Byeon (1616–1684), whose pen name is Chimgwaeng, and who inherited the dharma from Taeneung (see no.24). The work comprises two volumes in one book. Included at the end are songs entitled Gwisan (Return to the Mountain), Taepeong (Peace), and Cheonghak Dong (Blue Crane Cave) in Korean, not in Chinese, which is characteristic of this Collection.

32. *Collected Writings of Wolbong* (XXI) contains the works of Chaekheon (1624–?), whose pen name is Wolbong, also Soheonja. He studied under Chwiam, Gakseong, Uisim (see under Eongi, no.27), and some others. The work comprises three volumes in one book: one volume of prose, and two of poetry.

33. *Collected Writings of Hangye* contains the works of Hyeonil (1630–1716). He inherited the dharma from Byeokam, who wrote in the Preface that Baekgok (see no.30) and Hangye are the only ones who were well qualified in the Three Teachings. The work is composed of one volume in one book, and there is no prose in the Collection.

34. *Collected Writings of Baekam* (XXII) contains the works of Seongchong (1631–1700), whose pen name is Baekam, and who inherited the dharma from Sucho (see no.28). The work comprises two volumes in one book: vol. 1 contains poems, and vol. 2 contains prose.

35. *Collected Writings of Donggye* contains the works of Gyeongil (1636–1695). whose pen name is Donggye, and who studied under Byeokam (see under Sucho, no.28). He had a wide range of association with contemporary gentlemen of noble birth.

36. *Collected Writings of Aeryeon* contains the works of Sinhyeon (17th century), but is no longer extant. However, we find its Preface in the *Collected Writings of Baekam* (Seongchong, see no. 34), and we presume that he probably was a contemporary. According to this Preface, the Collection included fifty-eight five- and seven-character verses.

37. *Collected Writings of Great Master Woljeo* (XXIII) contains the works of Doan (1638–1715), whose pen name is Woljeo. He was a authority in the study of the Avataṃsaka sūtra and inherited the dharma from Eongi (see no.27).

38. *Collected Writings of Punggye* contains the works of Myeongchal (1640–1708), whose pen name is Punggye, and who inherited the dharma from Uisim (see under Eongi, no.27).

39. *Essays of Baeku contains the works of Myeongan* (1646–1710). Baeku (百愚) is his alias, and his pen name is Soksil (石室). He inherited the dharma from Muyeon Danheon (無影亶憲), the Dharma heir of In'o (see no.21). We see that he is using the term "essay," but its style is quite different from the modern style of essay. It carries a small volume of invocations, Buddhist chants, the performing chart of four teachings, six verses, four notes, and four memorial addresses.

40-41. *Miscellaneous Works and Disarrayed Writings of Seolam* (XXIII) are the works of Chubung (1651–1706), whose pen name is Seolam, and who inherited the dharma from Doan (see no.37). His works are composed of three volumes in three books, The characteristic editing style of the works is that they are intermixed, not classified into different genres. His *Spontaneous Writings* is composed of two volumes in one book, and they are all poems.

42. *Collected Writings of Muyong* contains the works of Suyeon (1651–1719), whose pen name is Muyong (無用), and who was the disciple of Seongchong (see no. 34).

43. *Collected Poems of Hwanseong* contains the works of Jian (1664–1729), whose pen name is Hwanseong, and who inherited the dharma from Woldam Seoljae (月潭雪霽, 1632–1704). The work is, as its title suggests, all poems, composed of one volume in one book.

44-45. *Collected Writings of Mugyeong and Collected Sayings of Muggyeongsil* are the works of Jasu (1664–1737). His pen name is Mugyeong, and he inherited the dharma from Chugye Yumun (秋溪有文).

46. *Collected Writings of Hoidong* is believed to be written by a monk named

Hoidong, but the work itself is no longer extant. As the Preface to this work is included in the *Collected Writings of Mugyeong* by Jasu (see no.44), it is presumed that the author was a contemporary of Jasu.

47. *Summary of Collected Poems of Great Master Yeonghae* contains the works of Yaktan (1668–1754), whose pen name is Yeonghae, and who studied under Suyeon (see no.42). The Summary is composed of one volume in one book. According to the preface there originally were three collected works of the author, but only one has survived, and the Summary represents only a selection of the text.

48. *Collected Writings of Duryuntang* contained the works of Cheongseong (active early 18th c.). He too was a disciple of Suyeon (see no.42), and studied with Yaktan (see no.47). The *Biographical Series of the Eastern Masters* mentions the existence of a volume of *Collected Writings of Duryundang*, and its Preface is included in *Collected Writings of the Seon Master Beomhae*, but the Collection itself no longer survives.

49. *Collected Writings of Heojeong* contains the works of Beopjong (1670–1733), whose pen name is Heojeong, and who inherited the dharma from Chubung (see no. 41).

50. *Collected Writings of Namak* contains the works of Taeyul (?–1732), whose pen name is Namak, and who inherited the dharma from Chubung (see no.41). The work is composed of one volume in one book, and it is mostly poems with a few pieces of prose.

51. *Collected Writings of Great Seon Master Songgye* contains the works of Nasik (1684–1765), who had two pen names, Songgye and Hoeam. He received the Dharma from Preceptor Daeam, the Dharma heir of Jian (see no.43).

52. *Collected Poems of Great Master Sangwol* contains the works of Saebong (1687–1767), whose pen name is Sangwol, and who inherited the dharma

from Chubung (see no.41). The work is composed of one volume in one book. It is presumed to have been published in 1780. As the title suggests, it is all poems.

53. *Collected Writings of Cheongyeong* contains the works of Haewon (1691–1770). He has two aliases, Cheongyeong and Hamwol, and inherited the dharma from Jian (see no.43).

54. *Collected Writings of Wolpa* contains the works of Taeyul (1695–?), whose pen name is Wolpa. He states in his own work, the *Lifelong Tracks of Wolpa* (月波平生行蹟), that he studied under Hwanmong Gwanhwal (幻夢宏濶), Hoam Geumha (虎岩錦霞), and others. The work is composed of one volume in one book, mostly poems.

55. Collected *Writings of Yongdam* contains the works of Jogwan (1700–1762). whose pen name is Yongdam, and who is the disciple of Saebong (see no.52).

56. *Collected Writings of Pung'akdang* contains the works of Boin (1701–1769), whose pen name is Pung'ak (楓岳, Maple Peak [in the Diamond Mountain]), and who inherited the dharma from Hoam Chejeong (虎岩體靜). The work is listed in the *Bibliography of Ancient Joseon*, but no longer exists.

57. *Collected Writings of Hoeun* contained the works of Yugi (1707–1785). He has two pen names, Hoeun and Haebong, and who inherited the dharma from Nakam. Only the preface has survived.

58. *Collected Writings of Great Seon Master Muha* contained the works of Muha (18th c.?). Nothing is known about him except that he was a pupil of Buyong Yeonggwan (see under Hyujeong, no.15). The Collection itself is not extant.

59. *Collected Writings of Seoldam* contains the works of Ja'u (1709–1770),

whose pen name is Seoldam, and who inherited the dharma from Moeun Jihun (暮隱智薰).

60. *Collected Writings of Great Master Yaun* contains the works of Siseong (1710–1776), whose pen name is Yaun, and who inherited the dharma from Yeongwol Eungjin (影月應真).

61. *Collected Writings of Oam* contains the works of Uimin (1710–1792), whose pen name is Oam, and who inherited the dharma from Gyeyeong (桂影, Cassia Shadow).

62. *Posthumous Writings of Yongamtang* contains the works of Chejo (1713–1779), whose pen name is Yongam, and who inherited the dharma from Ilam. The work is composed of one volume in one book, mostly poems.

63. *Collected Writings of Great Master Daewon* (1714–?). Daewon's Dharma name is unknown, but he is presumed to be a disciple of Ilam (see under no.62). The work is composed of one volume in one book, containing 105 verses and 10 pieces of prose.

64. *Collected Writings of Mukam* contains the works of Choinul (1717–1774), whose pen name is Mukam, and who inherited the dharma from Pungam Sechal (楓岩世察).

65. *Collected Writings of Chupa* contains the works of Hongyu (1718–1774), who inherited the dharma from Hamam Seongan (寒岩性眼).

66. *Collected Writings of Wolseong* contains the works of Bi'eun (?–1778), whose pen name is Wolseong. It is not known from whom he inherited the dharma.

67. *Collected Writings of Gwalheo* contains the works of Chwiyeo (1720–1789), whose pen name is Gwalheo, and who inherited the lineage of

Hwaneung Damsuk (喚應曇淑).

68. *Collected Writings of Jinheo* contains the works of Palgwan (?–1782), whose pen name is Jinheo: no further details of his life are known.

69. *Records of Great Master Yeondam Imha* contains the works of Yuil (1720–1799), whose pen name is Yeondam, and who studied under Hoam Chejeong (see under Boin, no.56) and many others.

70. *Collected Writings of Great Master Mongam* (late 18th c.?), contains the works of a monk whose pen name is Mongam, and whose Dharma name is unknown. According to the contents of the Collection, he seems to have been a contemporary of Yugi (see no.77) or Yuil (see no.69).

71. *Posthumous Collection of Great Master Chungheo* contains the works of Jichaek (1721–1785), whose pen name is Chungheo, and who inherited the dharma from Ssangun Geumhwa (雙運錦華).

72. *Records of Undam Imgan* contains the works of Jeongil (1741–1804), whose pen name is Undam, and who inherited the dharma from Ja'u (see no.59). It is not known whether the work still exists.

73. *Collected Writings of Gyeongam* contains the works of Ungyun (1743–1804). His original Dharma name was Gwansik, and his pen name is Gyeongam. He studied under Chupa Hongyu and Preceptor Hwanam.

74. *Collected Writings of Inak* contains the works of Uicheom (1746–1796), whose pen name is Inak, and who studied under Seoak, Byeokbong, and other Masters, and inherited the dharma from Seolpa Sangeun.

75. *Collected Writings of Sambong* contains the works of Jitak (1750–1839). He has two pen names, Hwa-ak and Sambong, and inherited the dharma from Hanam. The first part of the Collection contains the impressions he

received when he was rambling around the country visiting famous sights and monasteries both in verse and prose. The middle part of the Collection contains poems, and the last part contains prose.

76. *Collected Writings of Great Master Jingwol* contains the works of Jeonghun (1751–1823), whose pen name is Jinwol, and who inherited the dharma from Seolpa Yongam.

77. *Collected Writings of Baekpa* contains the works of Geungseon (1767–1852), whose pen name is Baekpa, and who inherited the dharma from the Seon Master Seolbong. He left four volumes of work, but they are not extant.

78. *Collected Writings of A-am* contains the works of Hyejang (1772–1811). A-am is the pen name he called himself, and he inherited the dharma from Jeongam Jeukwon.

79. *Collected Writings of Haebung* contains the works of Jeonryeong (?–1826), whose pen name is Haebung, and who inherited the dharma from Mukam Choinul (see no.64).

80. *Collected Poems of Nammyeong* contains the works of Jeonryong (?–1826). The Collection itself is not existent. The Preface alone is included in the *Collected Writings of Great Seon Master Songgye* by Nasik (see no.51).

81. *Posthumous Records of Ungun Gongyeo* contains the works of Gongyeo (early 19th c.). It is not known who exactly the author is, but he left some works written in 1842, and because of his association with Kim Josun (金祖淳, 1765–1831), it is presumed that he was active in the early part of the 19th century. The Records are all poems composed of one volume in one book in a manuscript edition.

82. *Collected Writings of Gasan* contains the works of Gye-O (1773–1849), whose pen name is Wolha, and who inherited the dharma from Preceptor

Jibong (智峰). The work is composed of four volumes in one book.

83. *Collected Writings of Hwagok* contains the works of Gyecheon (early 19th c.). He is a contemporary of Gye-O, and it is presumed that Hwagok must have been his pen name. The work is no longer extant; the Preface alone is included in the *Collected Writings of Gasan* (see no.82).

84. *Posthumous Writings of Choeop* contains the works of Bokcho (active mid-19th century), whose pen name is Choeop. It is specified in the Preface that he lived during the period of the reigns of King Heonjong and King Cheoljong (1834–1863).

85. *Collected Poems of Seolam* (XXIV) in a wood-block printed edition is by Uisun (意恂, 1786–1866). The poems are arranged in chronological order.

Uisun was born on April 5, 1786 in Muan, North Jeolla Province. He shaved his hair when he was sixteen years old, under the instruction of Preceptor Byeokbong Minseong (碧峰敏性, dates not known) who was abiding at Unheungsa in Nampyeong. It is unknown what he studied before he became a monk, and what was his motive to become a monk. He attained enlightenment by watching the rising moon when he was nineteen years old. After attaining enlightenment, he roamed the country visiting the enlightened, and mastered the Tripitaka. He inherited the dharma from Wanho Yunu (玩虎倫佑, 1758–1826), and received the transmission of Seon from Geumdam (金潭).

In his mid-twenties, after having mastered Buddhist studies, he began to take interest in Confucianism. The momentum was provided by his meeting with Dasan 茶山, Jeong Yakyong (丁若鏞, 1762–1836). This meeting with a great scholar as well as a great poet of the time, was a turning point for Uisun. Uisun not only learned Confucianism from Dasan but learned the skill of writing poetry from him as well. The influence of Dasan was decisive in Uisun's great success as a great poet and as a monk who unified Buddhism with Confucianism.

When Uisun was thirty years old, he met with several eminent Confucian

scholars of the time who were returning to Seoul after an excursion to Diamond Mountain. They were Gweon Donin (權敦仁, 1783–1859), Hong Hyeonju (洪顯周), the calligrapher Kim Jeonghui (金正喜, 1786–1856), Shin Wi (申緯, 1769–1845), and Yun Chiyeong (尹致英).

After forty years of age, he entered into the quiet and settled life. He built a small hermitage called "Iljiam" (Hermitage of a Single Branch) near Daedunsa (see under no.30), and spent his last forty years here practising tranquility and insight. He wrote two books on tea, the *Story of the Tea God* and the *Verses on Korean Tea*. He also wrote a critical book on the logic of Seon called *Seonmun Sabyeon Maneo* 禪門四辨漫語, a refutation of the logic of the Three Schools Meditation by Seon Master Baekpa (see no.77).

He tried to mediate the ideological conflict between Buddhism and Confucianism in the early nineteenth century. He also tried mutual understanding and harmony between Seon and art. The objective of such efforts to achieve mutual understanding of the cultural differences was a new trend to be free from the fixity of logic and overcome the polar opposition and cessation for diversity and consolidation to invigorate the cultural power. The representative members of the group were Dasan, Kim Jeonghui, and Shin Wi. Uisun had a close association with all these members, and was at the centre of the group.

As mentioned above, Uisun not only tried to harmonize Confucianism and Buddhism, but he also tried to mediate between meditation and art, so that by means of cultural activities he might disseminate the profound world of philosophy and practise naturally, in addition to promoting mutual understanding among Confucianism, Buddhism, and other diverse ideologies and values to overcome the rigidity of the cultural situation of the time.

86. *Collected Poems of Choui* (XXV) is also by Uisun (意恂, 1786–1866, see no.85). The work exists in the form of a manuscript copy.

87. *A Draft of Cheolseon* contains the works of Hyejeup (1791–1858), whose pen name is Cheolseon, and who inherited the dharma from Surong (袖龍). The *Draft* is composed of one volume in one book, and it is available

in manuscript form with Preface written in 1875.

88. *Collected Writings of Yeoksan* contains the works of Seonyeong (1792–1880). He had two pen names, Yeongheo and Yeoksan, and inherited the lineage of Inbong Deokjun (仁峰德俊, 1792–1880).

89. *Collected Writings of Hamhongtang* contains the works of Chineung (1805–1878), whose pen name is Hamhongtang, and who inherited the dharma from Songam Uitan (松庵義坦).

90-91. *Collected Poems and Writings of the Seon Master Beomhae* are the works of Gakan (1820–1896), whose pen name is Beomhae, and who inherited the dharma from Hou'i Yeo'o (縞衣如悟). His poems and prose are divided into two separate books.

92. *Records of Udamimha* contains the prose writings of Honggi (1822–1881), whose pen name is Udam, and who inherited the dharma from Seon Master Yeonwol (運月).

93. *Collected Poems of Seoldu* contains the works of Yugyeong (1824–1889), whose pen name is Seoldu, and who inherited the dharma from Baekam Dowon (see no.34). This work is mentioned in the Separate Biography of the Instructor Seoldu in the *Biographies of Korean Masters*, but the text is not extant.

94. *Records of Sanji* contains the works of Simyeo (1828–1875). It contains sixty-three poems in one volume in one book.

95. *The Private Collected Writings of Yongaktang* contains the works of Hyegyeon (1830–1908), whose pen name is Yongak. The work is composed of one volume in one book, with 224 poems and fifteen pieces of prose.

96. *Collected Writings of Geukam* contains the works of Seong (1836–1910),

whose pen name is Geumam, and who inherited the dharma from Haeun (霞隱). The work is composed of three volumes in one book. It was published in a woodblock-printed edition after the author's death, although it was edited while the author was still alive.

97. *Collected Writings of Nongmuk* contains the works of Beoplin (1843–1902), whose pen name is Hwadan (Flower Clouds), and studio name Nongmuk (Deaf Silence). The *Collected Writings* contains fifty-five poems and four pieces of prose in one volume in one book.

98. *Collected Writings of Gyeongheo* (XXVI) contains the works of Seongu (1849–1912), whose pen name is Gyeongheo (Reflecting the Void), and who inherited the dharma from Yongam. Seongu (Awakened Ox) was born in Jeonju, North Jeolla Province. His father passed away the year he was born, and he became a novice when he was nine at Cheonggyesa in Gwacheon near Seoul. He spent five years doing all kinds of odd works such carrying water and chopping wood under Gyeheo. From the summer of 1862, he started learning Chinese classics including the Four Books and Three Classics, and the basic Buddhist sutras and treatises. And then under the guidance of Manhwa, he studied again the Buddhist sutras and treatises at Donghaksa, and mastered not only all the Buddhist scriptures, but the Confucian sacred books, and all the philosophers and scholars for nine years as well. His reputation spread far and wide, and ultimately was recommended as an instructor at the monastery where he has been studying for so long.

Then he decided to pay a visit to his old Master, and on the way he happened to stop to stay overnight at a village where an epidemic was raging furiously. But the villagers chased him out of the village for his own sake. After the incident, he really strived hard for three months and attained great awakening. After attaining enlightenment, his eccentric behaviour surprised the people. He not only drank wine. It was rumoured that he was even playing with women. He was nevertheless a great Master who revived the modern Korean Buddhism at the time of Japanese colonial occupation of the country. He also had great disciples such as Mangong (滿空, Filling

the Void, 1871–1946), Hyewol (慧月, Wisdom Moon), and Suwol (水月, Water Moon), who played great roles in the revival of the modern Buddhism in our country. At the end of his life, the Master returned to lay life in the remote countryside, teaching Chinese literature to country boys. Such was his eccentric life even in his last years, and he entered Nirvana without even letting it be known to the world.

99. *Collected Writings of Honwon* contains the works of Sehwan (1853–1889), whose pen name is Honwon, and who inherited the dharma from Geukam Saseong (see no.96). The work is composed of two volumes in one book, and the writings are all prose with no verse.

100. Nothing is known about the author of the *Collected Writings of Uiryong*. As it contains a piece written in 1895, it is presumed that he lived in the later period of the nineteenth century. The work is mostly composed of writings in relation to Dharma talks.

101. The author of *Collected Writings of Chodang* is also unidentifiable. There is nothing about the author in the Collected Writings, which contains sixteen pieces of prose with no verse.

I

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF NATIONAL PRECEPTOR DAEGAK (1055–1101)

大覺國師文集

I. Collected Writings of National Preceptor Daegak (1055–1101) 大覺國師文集

To Himself

Sheep are lost simply because of too many paths
Losing the Way is on account of erroneous views.
One's principles must border on the divine to acquire understanding,
Anxiously striving for this, one is blocked by a host of doubts.

偶書自省

亡羊只爲路多岐 喪道從來語有枝 精義入神方領會 悠悠爭得析群疑

Chongmyeongsa

Chongmyeong lies deep and spotless in the mountain
Just as clear as the serried peaks and streams.
There lives a venerable monk with greying brows
Who has quite forgotten worldly dreams.

摠明院

摠明深院無塵處 重疊山川一樣淸 中有高僧眉半雪 尋常忘却世間情

Staying with Minister Gukweon[8] in a Mountain Monastery on an Autumn Day

After the bustle and crowds, the night turns calm

---

8 Gukweon: honorary title bestowed on one of his ministers by King Seonjong (1049–1094) of the Goryeo Dynasty on the King's accession to the throne. Minister Gukweon welcomed National Preceptor Daegak with great ceremony when the latter returned from China after his study there, and became his patron.

How fine to rest on a high pillow and nourish life!
By the pine window, the lone lamp casts a pale shadow
On the windy steps, a lonesome rustle of falling leaves.
Around the cloister, woods and streams add elegance
Close by the gate, animals and birds further enhance.
After wandering around, on entering Hongryeonsa
All the glories of the world seem light as mustard seed.

和國原公秋日宿山寺
群動岑然夜轉清 愛閑高枕適願生 松窓冷淡孤燈影 風砌蕭踈落葉聲 繞檻林泉供雅趣 狎門猨鳥伴幽情 遊來己入紅蓮社 世上榮華一芥輕

Leaving Word at Hongbeopsa

Spotless, the ancient cloister rests on the green hill,
Its two-fold gate opens and closes among white clouds.
A bottle and a staff are all that's needful still,
Years go by and years may come, but that's all one.

留題洪法院
古院無塵枕碧山 雙扉開閉白雲間 一甁一錫爲生計 年去年來也等閒

Self-Admonition

Anxious yet without a settled aim,
Heedless of the passing of time,
Though he says he studies the sutras,
Rather you should know his eyes face the wall.[9]

9 I.e., after the manner of Bodhidharma.

自誡

悠悠無定志 不肯惜陰光 雖曰攻經論 寧知目面墻

II

COLLECTED POEMS OF MUUIJA (1178–1234)

無衣子詩集

II. Collected Poems of Muuija[10] (1178–1234) 無衣子詩集

An Exhortation to the Assembly to Expel the Foe[11]

When each first reaches the bodhi-mind
It is not for self that they seek release.
Now the war is worsening day by day
And the peoples of the four seas suffer from killing each other.
Sitting at ease, hiding one's head, is fine for love of self
But wisdom without compassion is not the Bodhisattva way.
I dare to ask you to join together and repel the enemy
Let your hearts thirst with love for King and country!

爲鎭兵作偈告衆
各曾初發菩提心 不爲一身求獨脫 方今干戈日競起 四海人民苦相殺 藏頭穩坐愛自便 有智無悲豈菩薩 敢請叢誠力鎭兵 愛君憂國心如渴

To Venerable Hun of Seonamsa[12]

A decade and more I have lived so near,
Hearing of an immortal cliff but never yet to see.
Today with my staff I enter the valley for the first time;
Both place and people fill my heart with glee.

---

10 Literally, the unclothed monk.

11 Muuija died in 1231. Three years before, the Mongol army had invaded Korea, so this poem should be dated to the latter years of his life.

12 Seonamsa was first established by National Preceptor Ado in 542, in the third year of the reign of King Jinpyeong of the Silla dynasty. It was then called Bilosa (Vairocana Monastery), and was renovated and renamed Seonamsa by National Preceptor Doseon in 875, the first year of the reign of King Hyeongang. It was again renovated by National Preceptor Daegak in 1092, the ninth year of King Seonjong of the Goryeo dynasty. Daegak's portrait is enshrined in the monastery. This poem predates his restoration of the precincts.

On the horizon, rows of peaks form a screen
Without the gate, a clear stream plays its music.
Two sacred pagodas make a matching pair[13]
And five hundred Buddhas a dense forest[14].

贈仙巖訓長老
十餘年在比隣住 聞有仙巖未暫尋 今與杖倶初入洞 境兼人好可開心 天涯列岫排屛簇 門外淸溪鼓瑟琴 靈塔一雙成對偶 眞僧五百作叢林

To Venerable Seobaek[15]

When you have reached the ultimate truth, your mind can rest
But until then, still through Buddha must you search.
Pure mind begins with the unlearned way
Do not brusquely fret with confused ideas.

示栖白上座
眞源一了便心休 不得還依有佛求 純一始爲無學道 亂心麤過莫悠悠

On Receiving Notice of Master Byeon's Demise

When you came, you came ahead of me
Now you go, you go before me.
My dear respected brother Byeon
You travel alone to the next world
So how can I remain for long?

13 A number of Korean monasteries still retain a pair of matching stone pagodas.

14 Although few Goryeo Buddhist images survive today, Buddhism was the state religion in the Goryeo period, so such a reference to a forest of Buddha images is no mere hyperbole, witness many monasteries in Japan that still contain hundreds of images.

15 To Seobaek *Sangjwa*; sangjwa indicates the high seat of an abbot or a monk of high rank.

Our floating life is like a journey:
Look back where you have been or stayed,
You will not find the slightest trace.

聞辨禪師訃
來時先我來 去時先我去 珎重辨師兄 冥冥獨遐擧 而我豈久存 浮生如逆旅
返觀去住蹤 不得絲毫許

A Banana

At its heart a green wax candle, yet no flame
Its leaves spread a blue robe with sleeves that dance.
This is what the poet sees with drunken eye
But just give me back my banana plant.

芭蕉
心抽綠蠟燭無烟 葉展藍衫袖欲舞 此是詩人醉眼看 不如還我芭蕉樹

Responding to Ten verses by Sarok Gyeong of Geumseong

Man
Man,
By karma
Acquires a body,
Fruit of bitterness and joy,
Result of good and evil deeds.
Not following evil and delusion,
Always acting upright and true.
Mere husks are wealth and fame,
Armour and helmet, principles and humanity.
Still you must fathom the impenetrable for directions,
Then naturally you will change your bones and clear your mind.

The body is not fire, wind, earth or water,
The mind too is not to be soiled by care.
The seamless stupa shines to dispel the night,
The rootless tree blooms with everlasting spring.
Is it the keen wind or the white moonlight, that brings sickness or cure?
Of the clouds and the green mountains, which is old and which is new?
The one way has always been the one the sages trod,
A thousand carts in the same ruts have ever followed the same road.

次錦城慶司祿從一至十韻

人 人 隨業 受身 苦樂果 善惡因 不循邪妄 常行正眞 粃糠兮富貴 甲冑兮義仁 況須參玄得旨 自然換骨清神 體不是火風地水 心亦非緣慮客塵 沒縫塔中燈燃不夜 無根樹上花發恒春 風磨月白兮誰病誰藥 雲合青山也何舊何新 一道通方爲聖賢之所履 千車共轍故古今而同道

A Pond

The pond lies beside the bamboo,
Its mirror is ever open before my eyes.
Upside down, a thousand stems of green jade,
Sunk in a circle, the limitless blue sky.

盆池

盆池陷在竹邊 鏡匣常開目前 倒卓千竿碧玉 圓滿萬里青天

Thanking Elder Mun for Transplanting Bamboos

Many thanks to Master Mun
Who has brought several stems of bamboo.
Before my eyes, they dispel the summer heat,
Outside my window, they help the wind to sound.
At evening, they blend with the green mist,

By night, they shine in the moonlight.
Best of all, in the cold rain
Every leaf drops with pearls.

謝文先輩移竹
多謝文夫子 移來竹數莖 眼前消暑氣 窓外助風聲 簿暮和煙碧 清宵漏月明 更憐寒雨裡 葉葉泣珠成

Envoi for a Monk

Leaving home, one must be self-aware
Through several stages and passes.
Pacing alone beyond the bounds,
Soaring above the mundane world.
Like a wisp of cloud, with body lithe,
Like the moon revealed, with mind at ease.
One bowl and one tattered robe:
A bird flying among the myriad mountains.

送僧
出家須自在 幾個透重關 獨步遊方外 高懷慠世間 片雲身快活 齋月性清閑 一鉢一殘衲 鳥飛千萬山

A Song of Gisanoi[16]

See the bird that brings grief or joy[17]
High among the emerald peaks?
When it hears a funny thing

---

[16] It is not quite evident what exactly "Gisanoi" means. It probably indicates the Chinese translation of the old folk song composed of ten phrases.

[17] In Korean, *uhuijo*.

It breaks into loud laughter.
Once it followed a famished owl
On a distant excursion to some village.
But suddenly it was caught in a net
And to save itself there was no way.
Mind and body should abide by their limits;
Within that valley it were better to stay.

巻詞腦歌

君看憂喜鳥 高在碧山嶠 聞世可笑事 放聲時一笑 偶隨貪肉鵄 聚落遠遊嬉 忽爾入羅網 出身無可期 心生須托境 窮谷宜捿遲

Elder Cheonjo's Request for a Verse on the Rain

Along the eaves, the rain, drop follows drop,
Beyond the gate, the sounding stream rushes by.
Its not the hard study and the strenuous practice
Rather seek a single spot to return to quietude.

天照上座因雨請頌

簷頭雨滴滴相續 門外溪聲聲轉急 不在多聞苦修習 只求一處成休復

The Pleasure of Knowing What is Enoug

Those fleeting clouds, wealth and fame, what are they to us?
My station and sphere in life are also fine for me.
When no worries come, what need of wine?
Where my mind is at peace, that should be my home.

知足樂

浮雲富貴奈吾何 隨分生涯亦自佳 但不愁來何必酒 得安心處便爲家

The Water Clock

The autumn wind is keen
The autumn frost is cruel.
Time goes by as we have seen,
Now we look at season's close.
From a host of trees there fall
Leaves that yellow the mountains all,
Pine and bamboo alone stay green.
Man can only live how many years
Passing in a lightning flash.
You must well use your power of thought
So as to escape the delusions of this life.

更漏
秋風急 秋霜苦 歲月看 看向暮 群木落 四山黃葉 松筠獨蒼蒼 人間世能幾歲
忽忽光陰電逝 須猛省細思量 無來一夢場

Mind-Calming Chant

The years pass swiftly with the flow
See how my head has aged like snow.
If even this body is not really mine
Beyond this body, what need to seek?

息心偈
行年忽忽急如流 老色看看一上頭 只此一身非我有 休休身外更何求

Chance Reverie on the Pond

A light breeze stirs the pine needles
Lonesomely clear and sad.

Bright moonlight ripples on my mind
Wholly limpid and glad.
Sound and sight are pure delight
Composing as I wander round.
And when joy is over and I quietly sit
My mind is cold as ashes spent.

池上偶吟
微風引松籟 肅肅清且哀 皎月落心波 澄澄淨無埃 見聞殊爽快 嘯咏獨徘徊 與盡却靜坐 心寒如死灰

Staying at Ilam

At the window of the darkened hall, there hangs the lonesome moon,
As happy as when sleep is done, meeting a familiar friend.
Save for the early cockerel proclaiming the sound of dawn,
I might have been a butterfly[18] dreaming the balmy spring.
Sir Bamboo and ample moon in chill encounter,
Elder Pine and humming wind in simple friendship.
Such an experience is truly unworldly,
And shivers of joy run right through me.

信宿慈悲寺逸庵
夜樓窓外掛孤輪 睡罷欣欣得舊隣 賴有早鷄報聲曉 免敎胡蝶夢酣春 竹君飽月冷相對 松叟吟風淡以親 只此見聞殊不俗 凄然爽氣一通身

On the Way to Bokseong

Slow, slow is the traveller's road beside the river

18 Referring to the story in the *Zhuangzi* of the philosopher dreaming that he was a butterfly, and unable to know which was which.

Full of joy he chants aloud with carefree thought.
Fallen leaves spread coloured sails on the stream,
Duckweed dots the water with the green of scattered coin.
Mountains sink in the cool jade as inverted ranges,
Ducks play in the shallows spying out small fry.
Suddenly and with a sigh, a light shower goes by,
Rinsing the woodland spring with new autumnal tints.

福城道中
漫漫客路傍長川 乘興高吟思豁然 落葉泛流飄彩舫 浮萍點水撒青錢 山沈寒碧倒疊嶂 鴨戲淺清窺小鮮 忽有蕭蕭微雨過 洗新秋色入林泉

The Noble Bamboo

I love the noble bamboo
So undeterred by cold and heat.
In the frost, with sturdy joints,
All day keeping its empty heart.
Beneath the moon, casting a pure shadow
Before the wind, sending a clear sound.
Hoary-topped, bearing the snow,
It is the very image of the brotherhood.

竹尊者
我愛竹尊者 不容寒暑侵 經雪彌勵節 終日自虛心 月下分清影 風前送梵音 皓然頭載雪 標致生叢林

Pine Hill after Rain

When the rain clears, its cool like after bathing,
When the breeze ceases, the hills drip in the shade.
After sound sleep I feel moved to sing,

My whole body is changed to cool jade.

雨後松巒
雨霽冷出浴 嵐凝翠欲滴 熟瞪發情吟 渾身化寒碧

Verse Composed on Taking Orders and Leaving Home

I aspire to the law of the empty gate,
And learn with ashen mind to meditate.
Achievement and fame are a broken pitcher
And those in business cannot escape the trap.[19]
For wealth and honour one strives in vain,
And to be poor is right as rain.
I shall forgo my village home,
Beneath a pine I'll sleep at peace.

得度時辭家詩
志慕空門法 灰心學坐禪 功名一墮甑 事業恨忘筌 富貴徒爲爾 貧窮亦自然 吾將捨閭里 松下寄安眠

Venerable Jinin

The Venerable Jinin came and said: "My nature is restless and confused, and I cannot calm my fear. And when I am in a quiet place, then I fall into depression. My trouble is just these two ills. I wish to have a Buddhist hymn so that I can put them right."

The true substance is originally profoundly silent,
The function of mind is naturally mystic and bright.

---

[19] One of the tenets of Seon Buddhism is that sutras and images are merely aids to enlightenment, just as a net or fish trap is of no further use, after one has caught the fish.

Just forget attachments and follow nature,
No need then to fall in such a plight.[20]
Being alert and unforgetting, that is truth,
Being silent and undivided, that is oneness.
If you are only able to deny your name[21]
There will be no need of any other prowess.

眞一上人來言曰“某乙賦性散亂 未能調攝. 或於靜處捺伏 則便落昏沈. 惟此二病是患 請得法偈 爲對治方”實際本來湛寂 神機自爾靈明 任運忘懷虛浪 何關沈掉兩極 惺惺無忘曰眞 寂寂不分是一 但能不負汝名 何用別他術

Song of Loneliness and Indignation

Man lives between heaven and earth,
His bones and orifices are all alike.
Yet there are rich and poor, men of high and low estate,
Some fair and some ugly: why should this be?
I have heard that the Creator is impartial,
But now I know that these are empty words.
The tiger has claws, but it cannot fly,
The bull has horns, but it has no fangs.
How clever the mosquito and the gadfly
That can both fly and bite!
The crane's neck is long, the duck's is short,[22]
Birds have two feet, animals four.
Fish are lithe in the water and clumsy on land,
While otters are agile in both.

---

20 I.e. the problems identified by Jinin in his question.

21 I.e. forget your identity.

22 The comparison derives from the *Zhuangzi* waibian, chapter on Webbed Toes, see note to the poem addressed to Yeonsin, see note 74 below.

Dragon, snake, turtle and crane live for a thousand years,
But the mayfly born at dawn must die in the evening.
All of them live in this one world,
So how come these countless differences?
We do not know why, that's the way it is.
And as to who has made it so,
I have enquired of heaven above,
I have demanded of earth below,
But both are silent and do not speak.
With whom shall I discuss this matter?
In my breast my indignation swells,
Days and months it gnaws at my bones.
The long night passes so slowly, when will come the dawn?
No matter how much I write, my keen cry has no end.

孤憤歌

人生天地間 百骸九竅都相似 或貧或富或貴賤或妍或醜緣何事 曾聞造物本無私 乃今知其虛語耳 虎有爪兮不得翅 牛有角兮不得齒 蚊虻有何功 旣翅而又觜 鶴脛長兮鳧脛 鳥足二兮獸足四 魚巧於水拙於陸 獺能於陸又能水 龍蛇龜鶴數千年 蜉蝣朝生暮當死 俱生一世中 胡奈千般萬般異 不知然而然 夫誰使之使 上以問於天 下以難於地 天地默不言 與誰論此理 胸中積孤憤 日長月長銷骨髓 長夜漫漫何時曉 頻向書䆫啼不已。

An Answer on Behalf of Heaven and Earth

The myriad and thousand differences
Are all born of false thought.
If you can abandon these distinctions,
There is no creature that is not equal.

代天地答

萬別千差事 皆從妄想生 若離此分別 何物不齊平

Inscribed at Geumsan

Trust my Geumsan[23] to be made of stone,
Were it not so, how could I be at ease?
Look at all that other, fertile zone:
From toiling and ploughing, there is no release.

題金山

賴我金山是石山 不然何以得空閑 看他遠近膏腴地 燒玄耕來無歇間

Inscribed on Choeun Terrace at Geumgang'am

Pine-sheltered beneath the cliff, humble and secluded,
My stone couch and mossy seat are where I hide my head.
People today love to walk in fragrant places,[24]
Could they abide this simple leisure in the hills?

題金剛庵招隱臺

松覆岩隈僻更幽 石床苔座穩藏頭 時人愛走芳菲地 能信山中淡閑不

Reply to Official[25] Jeon

You went to the city, and I to the green mountains,
Meeting again, we have not been separated for an instant.
Now that from dark night, its bright day in this empty world,
Who can tell the retired official from the aged monk?

---

23 Geumsan, literally: gold mountain.

24 I.e., they like to gratify their senses, in pursuit of wealth and honours.

25 Noksa, manager or secretary, official title used in the Goryeo dynasty.

答田祿事

君去城市我青山 相見無虧頃刻間 夜暗日明空色界 誰非居士老僧顏

On Seeing a Faceless Stone Statue at the Roadside

I saw a stone statue without a face or eyes. Next to it was a tablet with no characters on it. I composed this in response to the ancient artist's idea.

A stone man with no face or eyes;
How to comprehend his achievements?
Even a sea of ink would not suffice,
Only this sign: a stela with no writing.[26]

路畔見無面目石人 傍立沒字碑 因感古人之意 有作

石人無面目 功德叵思議 海墨書難盡 惟標沒字碑

On the Full Moon at the Mid-Autumn Festival

Bright pearls, white jades in the world of men
Those who strive for power will not forgo.
If only the disc in the water were treasured now,
Why not reflect the endless peaks as well?

中秋翫月

明珠白璧在人間 勢奪權爭不放閑 若使水輪爲世寶 豈容垂照到窮山

Written on Gomyodae[27]

---

26 In China, Qianling, the tomb of the Tang Empress Wu (d.705) and her husband Emperor Gaozong, is marked with a massive uninscribed stela, conveying the idea that her merits were too numerous to write down.

The cloud on the peak lingers and does not move
The water in the creek runs in such a rush.
Beneath the pines, I collect the cones
And boil like tea, but with quite another scent.

妙高臺上作
嶺雲閑不徹 澗水走何忙 松下摘松子 烹茶茶愈香

Walking in the Mountains on a Spring Day

On a spring day, so warm and fair
Taking a walk is restful to the mind.
Picking ferns on the sunny bank,
Sampling the spring in the shady vale.
The mountain rill flies chill and clear,
The streamside flowers dip red in green.
I sing aloud, a quick and lively song,
Strolling through the quiet ways so dear.

春日遊山
春日正暄姸 出遊心自適 陽崖採蕨薇 陰谷尋泉石 巖溜冷飛淸 溪花紅蘸碧 高吟快活歌 散步愛幽僻

Naengchuidae[28]

The sparse pines suit the pale moon
The quiet vale sates the pure wind.
Feel free to laugh at these little jokes:
High and low, all places are on a level.

---

27 Terrace of Sublime Heights.

28 Cool Jade Terrace.

冷翠臺
疎松宜月白 幽峽足風清 笑傲縱遊戲 高低隨處平

Waterfall

A cascade falls from the scary cliff,
Its chill sound echoes down the valley.
Not even one fine speck of dust,
Can find a place to settle here.

瀑沛
迅瀑落危層 冷聲聞還壑 纖纖一點塵 無處可栖泊

Clear Pool

Colder than ice before the melt,
Bright as a newly-polished glass,
Yet with its one-taste purity
Well it responds to a thousand different shadows.

清潭
寒於未釋氷 瑩若新磨鏡 只將一味清 善應千差影

Wandering in the Mountains

Into the stream I dip my feet
Gazing at the hills refreshes my eyes.
Not to dream of fame nor shame,
More than this I have no wish.

遊山

臨溪濯我足 看山清我目 不夢閑榮辱 此外更無求

Passing My Old Village

Fifteen years since I left home
Coming here, my eyes are moist with memory.
Of those I meet, half are not known to me
Silently I sigh and muse on passing time.

過古鄉
一別家鄉十五年 此來懷古一潸然 逢人半是不相識 嘿思悠悠嘆逝川

For Elder Yu Complaining of the Heat

Now its the sixth and seventh month
Its hot by day and just as hot by night.
I'll show you a way to get cool:
In the red brazier, just a spot of snow.

和遊上人苦熱
時當六七月 晝熱夜亦熱 與儞清涼方 紅爐一點雪

A Farewell to Elder Yang

By frost we know the strength of grass
In water we see how tall the man.
Now you are tested on the dusty road,[29]

29 Elder Yang must have been on his way to the city.

Hide your head and do not sink in the dust.[30]

送亮上人
經霜知勁草 入水見長人 試汝塵中路 埋頭莫沒塵

Facing Shadow

Beside the pool, sitting alone
In the depths of the pool I met a monk
Ha! Ha! I smiled on seeing him
Knowing that he would not reply.

對影
池邊獨自坐 池低偶逢僧 嘿嘿笑相視 知君語不應

A Small Pond

Windless, clear and unruffled,
Mirroring a forest of images.
What need of many words?
Our mutual gaze is meaning enough.[31]

小池
無風湛不波 有像森於目 何必待多言 相看意已足

A warning Against Skill

30 'Hide your head' i.e. live in retirement.

31 The clear pool and its reflection is a metaphor for the silent yet complete understanding between the two friends.

The inaction of great integrity surpasses skills,
No need for cleverness or learning many skills.
Those who have skills are often employed by those who have none,
One should trust those with no skills to vanquish those who have.

誡技能
大德無爲絕技能 不須工巧學多能 有能常被無能使 須信無能勝有能

Inscribed after a stay at Cheongamsa

Spring wandering has brought me to this choice cloister
Whose unworldly style is truly such a treat.
This place is quiet and men are at ease in an unsullied world,
Rightly has it earned the name of Cheongam, Pure Retreat.

留題清庵寺
春遊選勝到精藍 物外家風得飽參 境靜人閑無俗界 命名眞箇是清庵

Inwoldae[32]

On the mountain peaks, who knows how high,
There's a lofty terrace in touch with the sky.
Dip into the Milky Way and brew night tea,
Whose steam cooly enfolds the cassia tree.[33]

隣月臺
巖叢屹屹知幾尋 上有高臺接天際 斗酌星河煮夜茶 茶煙冷鎖月中桂

32 Terrace Close to the Moon.

33 In East Asian mythology, a hare pounds the elixir of immortality beneath a cassia tree in the moon.

Biseodae[34]

Above the cliff, the moon shines white and timeless,
From the eye of the rock, a cool wind blows all day.
I wish with the world to share these joys,
But how many will know my mind this way?

避暑臺

巖頭月白無時照 石眼風清盡日吹 願與世人分爽快 此心能有幾人知

To the Devotee Bae Yunryang

Now when we gaze on the past it is like a dream,
And later if we think of today it will be the same.
So with this life, how long can it last?
Sadly, it rushes by like running water.
Anxiously you ask what other destiny awaits,
Crucially, one has to understand oneself.
That things are so, if we can know,
No need to feel for life or death, honour, shame.

示信士裵允亮

今之視昔如昨夢 後復思今亦應爾 顧此生兮能幾時 悲夫逝者如流水 悠悠奚暇涉他緣 急急要須明自己 已事了然明得來 死生榮辱何憂喜

Late Clearing Sky

I never tire of watching the mountains clear
When the oriole's song sounds newer to my ear.

---

34 Summer Retreat.

How grateful am I for this break in the rains!
Such are the flavours that comfort my repose.

晚晴
點開山色看無厭 洗出鶯聲聽更新 多謝晚霖特一霽 着些滋味慰閑人

Responding to Envoy Hwang's Poem

The envoy's shadow falls on Jogye River,
His splendour shines brightly on heaven and earth.
But this is no concern to a shivering monk,
Know that you cannot lead him by the nose![35]
(Written to decline the royal summons).

次黄中使韻
使星影落曹溪水 光芒爍爍照天地 威迫寒僧不奈何 始知禪者無巴鼻<宣喚不應故云>

For the Gardener Who Requested a Verse

I heard of a monk who struck a clod of earth,
And all at once destroyed the three thousand worlds.[36]
As you can surely use a hoe,
You will as easily become enlightened.

儉園頭求頌
聞古禪和擊土塊 忽然打破三千界 钁頭分付汝提持 受用從君得自在

---

35 The expression 'hold the nose' conveys the idea of know-how; i.e. the envoy does not know the first thing about monks.

36 Triple chiliocosm, i.e. the entire universe.

Planting Pine and Cypress

Planting pine and cypress at the monastery,
Not just for love of green shade in the heat.
For a thousand autumns when the yellow leaves have fallen,
See how by the stream, these alone sustain the winter cold.[37]

栽松栢
栽松種栢示叢林 非但炎天愛翠陰 直待千秋黄落盡 看渠獨有歲寒心

Matching a Rhyme from Preceptor Eung

In the body that has no prop or form
Seon masters discern the original man.
If one can only comprehend the empty norm,[38]
What need there be of pains to seek the ferry?[39]

次膺律師求法韻
廓落無依無相身 禪家喚作本來人 但能自照虛明地 何更從他苦問津

When I met the Bodhisattva of Great Compassion in a Dream

Dreaming I met the Bodhisattva of Great Compassion, who asked me: "Can you attain the right seal or no?"[40] I replied: "Give me the seal". The Bodhisattva lifted his hand in a gesture of handing it over, and his whole body shone, illuminating heaven and earth. Then he walked away on the

---

37 By being long-lived and evergreen, when all the deciduous trees have lost their leaves.

38 The true emptiness of things.

39 The way to or means of enlightenment.

40 The seal of enlightenment.

void, and I too followed him. When I awoke I wrote a eulogy, as follows:

I bowed to Gwanseum,[41]
Who with great compassion,
Carried the wordless seal
And gave it, for my nose was deep.[42]
The seal does not alone lack words,
The body too nowhere is found,
And yet it never leaves this place
Where the pure breeze blows through the bamboo.[43]

予夢見大悲菩薩 爲予曰“子能正印否” 予應應曰“將印來” 菩薩擧手作提勢 通身放光 遍照天地 遂步虛而往 予亦從之 及覺乃作賛曰
稽首觀世音 大悲老婆心 手提無文印 印我鼻孔深 豈唯印無文 身亦無處尋 而常不離此 清風散竹林

Eulogy of the Diamond Sutra Written in Small Characters

The believer Gyeongyeon copied the Diamond Sutra in the space of a small circle.[44] With eye and heart he traced every stroke like the eyelash of a mosquito, writing the characters skilfully in a spiral. This was not just a matter of brushwork, but was a marvel of conception. Without a refined mind and wonderful knowledge, how could such perfection be attained? So the eulogy reads:

41 Sanskrit: Avalokiteśvara, Bodhisattva of Compassion.

42 Because of the depth of his cultivation of the dharma.

43 The breeze spreading throughout the bamboo grove is a common metaphor for the formlessness and ubiquity of the ultimate truth.

44 It was common practice to write out the text of certain sutras in the form of a pagoda or other shape. Gyeongyeon's Diamond Sutra was evidently a feat of miniaturization as well.

The true form has no form
With body both round and empty.
Though empty it does not cease to shine,
Shining without missing anywhere.
Following causes it takes a myriad shapes
Yet without fail it is always the same.
Great compassion and great wisdom,
Are made to arise in me.
I wash my feet and set my seat
Where Subhuti gained enlightenment.
So I asked for more teaching
And it was poured forth.
Though all living things are saved,
Yet there was never a self.
Now in this small circle
The three perfections of wisdom are complete.[45]
Through the medium of this writing
You can attain enlightenment.
On this raft[46] you can cross the stream,
And so climb the other bank.[47]

小字「金剛經」賛 并序

道者炅然 於少環中 寫「金剛經」心着眼 字字畫如蚊 行布巧以螺文 非唯用筆之工 亦乃設機之妙 苟非心精智巧 何以臻此哉! 爲之賛曰 實相無相 體自圓虛 虛不失照 照無遺餘 隨緣萬别 不癈一如 大悲大智 於焉起予 洗足敷坐 空生覰破 因而請益 乃爾注下 雖度四生 亦本無我 今此小輪 具三般若 於文字中 着得箇眼 乘筏超流 便登彼岸

45 The wisdom of learning; the wisdom of meditation; the wisdom of insight.

46 The raft being the teachings of the Buddha.

47 Attain enlightenment.

Staying at Jeonmul-am

Before Mt Obong there is an ancient cave
And that is Jeonmusa.[48]
When I made this place my home
People only laughed at me.
With a cracked bowl and a pot missing a leg
I pass the time boiling congee and brewing tea.
I am too lazy to sweep or mow the grass
Growing thick as clouds, up to my knee.

Rising late at no set time
Retiring early before twilight.
Don't shave my head, don't read no book
Don't follow rules, don't burn incense.
Don't meditate, don't pay respect,
Don't bother with Buddha.
When people come and ask my sect
One, two, three, four, five, six and seven,
Not saying a word, so as to prevent
Rumours of my poor home management.
Perfect wisdom transcendent!

Mt Obong in the setting sun is greener
The stream sounds louder in the morn.
With these evening and morning sounds
Who can have pure songs like mine?

In the early hours the moon shines in the window
On my pillow the pines resound for miles around.

48 Literally, 'Monastery of Transforming Things.'

Riches and fame are hard to get and poverty is bitter,
With whom shall I discuss the flavour of retreat?

寓居轉物庵
五峰山前古巖窟 中有一菴名轉物 我栖此庵作活計 只可呵呵難吐出 缺唇垸絕脚鐺 煎粥煎茶聊遣日 踈慵不掃復不芟 庭草如雲深沒膝 晩起不知平旦寅 早眠不待黃昏戍 不剃頭不看經 不持律不燒香 不坐禪不禮祖不禮佛 人來怪問解何宗 一二三四五六七 莫莫莫密密密 家醜不得外揚 摩訶般若波羅密 五峰山色昏彌翠 一帶溪聲曉更高 暮去朝來聲色裡 清歌誰得似吾曹 五更山月囱前白 數里松聲枕上清 富貴多勞貧賤苦 隱居滋味與誰評

Elder Janryeong's Six Questions

The Eyes
In a grain of dust, there is a great sutra
Why cannot it be seen?
Open wide your Aniruddha eyes,[49]
Break into your Kasyapa smile.
You, great pine trees by the river!
You, green grass on the plains!
Tut, tut, tut!
Your taints too are many!

湛靈上人求六箴
眼 塵中有大經 如何看不了 速撥律陀眼 早開迦葉咲 鬱鬱渭邊松 青青原上草 咄咄咄 漏逗也不少

The Ears

---

49 A disciple of the Buddha who was reprimanded for dozing off before him. Afterwards, he practised never closing his eyes whereby he attained the status of foremost in the heavenly eyes, although he lost his eyesight.

Don't go chasing the five sounds
The five sounds will deafen you.
Where is Gwanseum?
His universal gate is never closed.
The wind chimes sound in the moonlight,
Beyond the clouds, the fulling stone:[50]
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Here's thirty blows for you!

耳 莫逐五音去 五音令汝聾 觀世音安在 圓通門不封 磬搖明月響 砧隔白雲舂
噁噁噁 好與三十棒

The Nose
In fragrant places do not wildly go
Where there's a stink do not stop your nose.
If you cannot be a Buddha in the scented sky
Then rather live in corpse country.
Brewing green tea in the pot,
Burning incense on the stove,
He! He! He!
That's where to go for wisdom.

鼻 香處勿妄開 臭中休强塞 不作香天佛 況爲屍注國 鐺中煎綠茗 爐上燒安息
呵呵呵 其處求知識

The Tongue
If you are not ashamed of lacking the joy of truth
And are even fond of the wine of ignorance,

---

50 Stone used for beating cloth, known onomatopoetically in colloquial Korean as *tadumtol*. The sound and action is likened to the rod used by Seon masters to strike a monk who is in danger of losing concentration during meditation.

Don't talk about wild fox meditation,[51]
All day opening your mouth in vain.
Silently go to the lion's den
But speak with a lion's roar.[52]
Who knows if besides speech and silence,
There may be yet another way?

舌 不貪法喜羞 況嗜無明酒 莫說野狐禪 終日虛開口 嘿入獅子窟 語出獅子吼
誰知語嘿外 更有那一句

Body
Don't eat even one grain of rice,
Don't wear even one scrap of silk.[53]
Waste not your daily food,
And dye used cloth to wear.[54]
Within a vase can be a universe,
Beyond this kalpa, four deportments.[55]
If all of this you do not know,
How can you be called a monk?

身 莫咬一粒米 莫掛一條絲 恐失家常飯 須染孃生衣 壺中一天地 刼外四威儀
汝若不如是 何名出家兒

51 Wild fox Chan, see 獨庵獨語 (T. No. 2597, vol.82, 0570c.15): a misguided form of meditation.

52 As the Buddha is said to have spoken.

53 Rice and silk are luxuries a monk can do without.

54 A monk's robes are patched, to show they are made from used cloth.

55 The four respect-inspiring deportments: dignity in walking, standing, sitting, lying (Soothill, p.299).

Consciousness
Forget to think, you will fall into the ghost cave,[56]
Hold on to thoughts, you'll have a monkey mind.
Omit to rid yourself of these two ills,
And you will not avoid the wild fox mind.
Water adapts to vessels square and round,
The mirror shapes both Han and Hu.[57]
Whether you go straight or roundabout,
May save you from becoming deaf or blind.

意 忘懷墮鬼窟 着意縱猿情 更擬除二病 未免野狐情 水任方圓器 鏡隨胡漢形 直饒伊麽去 猶較患聾盲

To Graduate Yu

Formerly scholars understood both heaven and earth,
What about you later students? for sure its not so.
With a talent for parroting, you garner false praise,
With spidery tricks, you presume on empty ways.
With sallow faces you look like stray dogs, whereas
A pure mind should be like a lotus coming out of the water.
Those listening should write this and keep it ever at their waist:
Forsake evil and keep the way; then they will vanquish karma.

和柳秀才
先儒通地又通天 後學云何却不然 鸚鵡狂才邀妄譽 蜘蛛少巧逞虛傳 形羸可似喪家狗 心淨須如出水蓮 聞者書紳常佩帶 捨邪歸正勝因緣

56 A reference to the experience of Uisang and Wonhyo, related in the *Avatamsaka sutra*.

57 Han and Hu, Chinese and non-Chinese; the mirror reflects whatever face is presented to it.

Responding to the Poem on the Place of Enlightenment

Fish and dragons live in the water without being aware
And they move around with the currents and the waves.
Since from the beginning they never left it, they neither gain nor lose,
If there were no delusions, then whence might enlightenment come?[58]

以詩呈悟處依韻答之
魚龍在水不知水 任運隨波逐浪遊 本自不離誰得失 無迷說悟是何由

With Thanks for the Tea and an Answer to the Questions

Meditation was a labour, all night long, but
When you brewed tea, I felt infinitely glad.
Just one cup of tea, and the dark clouds were banished,
Feeling cool to my very bones, all worry vanished.

惠茶兼呈解答之
久坐成勞永夜中 煮茶偏感惠無窮 一盃卷却昏雲盡 徹骨清寒萬慮空

Composed at Gwasaengdae

Like a famished bird that suddenly finds food
But between need and fear finds it hard to take.
A hundred backward looks for every peck,
Such pity 'tis not to be free.

過生臺有作
飢鳥忽遇飯 貪畏兩難收 一啄百回顧 悲成不自由

58 That is, we live in a world of delusion, and enlightenment involves the recognition of this fact of life.

Farewell to the Monks, On Going to Baegunam[59]

For a while I shall go to Unam to tend this ailing body
Pray do not visit while I am there.
In the Jogye order there is nothing that is not always there,
So do not say that in the hall there is no master.[60]

向白雲庵次辭衆
暫向雲庵養病身 禪流切勿往來頻 曹溪無物不常住 莫道堂中無主人

Written for Choibu who Enquired about the Dharma

In the mirror, whose image do you see?
In the valley, its our own voice we hear.
If we see and hear, and do not doubt,
Then the true way will be nowhere absent.

崔塼求法寫此送之
鏡裡見誰形 谷中聞自聲 見聞而不惑 何處匪通程

Listening to the Flute at Jowol-am

A screen of a myriad snow-capped peaks,
Sound of the village flute, redolent of spring.
Far off, I think of all the plum and peach trees there,
So many white, so many red, all blossoming.

59 Established in 1181, the 11th year of the reign of King Myeongjong of the Goryeo dynasty, by Jinul, the teacher of Master Hesim. It is located on Mt Baegun in South Jeolla province.

60 The abbot means that his presence or absence will make no difference to the running of the monastery.

祖月庵聞笛
巖屏萬疊雪威重 村笛一聲春意濃 遙想萬家桃李樹 幾枝花白幾枝紅

Dialogue in the form of a Song offered to Master Seoam who is Seeking the Dharma

Master, promise to listen to my exhortation!
First rid yourself of killing, thieving and lust.
Who was it made the hells of fire and knives?
All these arise from your wrong deeds and thoughts.

Master, promise to listen to my instructions!
Whenever you meet others, be careful what you say,
The mouth is the gateway of misfortune, so guard it well,
Vimalakirti's silence you should aim to share.[61]
Master, promise to listen to my words!
Keep well away from the enemy house of ten evil things[62]
Evil is born of the mind, it returns to harm itself.
When a tree bears too much fruit, its branches will break.

Master, promise to listen to my speech!
In this floating life, how many sunsets shall we see?
Yesterday was idly spent, and so will be today,
You came to life, you go to death, but who knows where?
Master, now promise to be alert!
In every hour of the day be self-aware,
There has never been a reason for the body or the world

61 In the *Vimalakirti sutra*, Vimalakirti kept silent when asked by Manjushri about the nature of non-duality, that cannot be expressed in words.

62 Soothill p.59: 'The ten "not right" or evil things are killing, stealing, adultery, lying, double-tongue, coarse language, filthy language, covetousness, anger, perverted views.'

All is dream and empty blossoms, so do not grasp at them.

Master, promise as to mind and Buddha
There is no Buddha, no mind and no things
So finally how and what should you be called?
What you call master, will meet an early grave
Tut![63]

求法擧瑞巖主人公話作偈

主人公諾聽我箴 最好堅除殺盜淫 火聚刀山誰做得 都緣是汝錯行心 主人公諾聽我諭 到處逢人須愼口 口是禍門尤可防 維摩默味參取 主人公諾聽我辭 十惡寃家速遠離 惡自心生還自賊 樹繁花菓返傷枝 主人公諾聽我語 日暮浮生能幾許 昨日虛消今日然 生來死去知何處 主人公諾惺惺着 十二時中常自覺 從來身世太無端 夢幻空花休把捉 主人公諾心耶佛 非佛非心亦非物 畢竟安名喚作誰 喚作主人早埋沒 咄

The Magnolia

By its leaves at first you would say it was persimmon
And when you see its flowers, you might say the lotus.
What an amazing inconstancy,
Not falling into either category![64]

木蓮

見葉初疑柿 看花又是蓮 可憐無定相 不落兩頭邊

63 A loud shout to encourage mental concentration.

64 I.e. following the Middle Path, avoiding either extreme.

Exhilaration

From spring to autumn the grass goes from green to yellow,
From dawn to dusk the cloudy vale goes from white to black.
So who will care for the twisty pines[65]
That forever are the greenest green?

感興
春秋草色青黄 旦暮雲谷白黑 誰憐偃蹇寒松 萬古青青色一

A Helpful Text

Bodhisattva, o bodhisattva[66]
Constant stroking of your head is very efficacious,
Stroking it, your thought will be the more judicious.
What does this really mean?
If you appear a monk, but have a vulgar mind,
You shame not only heaven, but the earth as well.
You should control rough conduct and wild talk
Or how will you escape the cauldrons and fires of hell?

左右銘
菩薩子菩薩子 常自摩頭深有以 摩頭因得審思量 出處本意圖何事 僧其相貌俗其心 可不慚天而愧地 麤行狂言任爲汝 鑊湯爐炭何回避

Verses written at the Request of Four Followers

侍者四人求頌

65 Korean pine trees do not grow straight but have twisted, crooked trunks.

66 Bodhisattva here indicates a Buddhist follower or practitioner, not the heavenly being.

For Huijo

You must understand the mind to attain the Way.
Not all sages can be lumped together,
And seldom one becomes a patriarch.
In brief, be like the river learning from the sea.

示希祖
通心達大道 凡聖不同纏 希則可爲祖 還如學海川

For Hyeondam

When the wind of delusion disturbs the sea of perception
On the sea of perception there is born a foam
Attached to which are the three realms of existence,[67]
And for a while they will there remain.

When the wind subsides, so do the waves,
The foam vanishes and cannot reappear.
Deep and clear and vast is that sea,
See how its waves swell quiet and far.

示玄湛
迷風動覺海 覺海生空漚 空漚着三有 三有暫停留 風恬浪自靜 漚滅無從由 湛湛絕涯涘 顧之浪悠悠

For Yomuk

Your mind should always be alert, your mouth ever silent,

67 Of desire, form and formlessness.

Appearing to be foolish is the only way to gain.
In teacher's bag there is an awl, whose point does not appear,
Its name is Talent and True Inspiration.

示了嘿
心常了了口常嘿 且作佯癡方始得 師岱藏錐不露尖 是名好手眞消息

For Jahan

All day long the green mountain is wrapped in white clouds,
All day long the white clouds stay on the green mountain.
Yet mountain takes no heed of loving clouds,
So mountain and white clouds both at ease remain.

示自閑
終日青山在白雲 白雲終日在青山 山不顧雲雲戀山 山與白雲俱自閑

Four Deportments in the Mountain[68]

Walking in the Mountain
Boundless, the pure wind rises at every step,
Leaping past the numberless peaks it goes;
Only my chestnut stick helps keep my balance.

Staying in the Mountain
So fast the days and nights go by,

68 Guo Xi (after 1000–ca.1090), in his *Essay on Landscape*,listed four categories of landscape painting: 'It is generally accepted opinion that in landscapes there are those through which you may travel, those in which you may sightsee, those through which you may wander, and those in which you may live.' Susan Bush and Hsio-yen Shih, ed., *Early Chinese Texts on Painting*, Cambridge, Mass., 1985, p.151, trans. by John Hay.

The slender crane and lofty pine differ in kind,
But both alike savour the secluded life.

Sitting in the Mountain
I have no attendant save the tree on which I sit,
Foolishly sitting in silence the whole day long,
And being ashamed of my former idle talk.

Reclining in the Mountain
I realize how in the past I had leisure,
Sleeping in my clothes all night till dawn;
No need to be losing my head like Yajñadatta.[69]

山中四威儀
山中行 無限清風步步生 蹋盡千峰萬峰去 一條榔栗任縱橫 山中住 只麼騰騰過朝暮 瘦鶴翹松類不齊 洒然自得幽居趣 山中坐 侍側唯餘木上座 憨憨終日嘿無言 始悔從前閑說話 山中臥 頗覺從來得閑暇 和衣打睡到天明 無須迷頭狂演若

At Seoksan-am on a Winter's Day

The path to the cliff top is steep and difficult,
Even with my staff beside me I still stumble,
Still more in winter when there's ice and snow,
Then there is no one who comes to the rock.

冬日寄石上庵
石頭路嶮足難措 竿木隨身猶蹉倒 況須天寒氷雪多 故應石上無人到

---

69 Yajñadatta saw his face in the mirror, and admired the eyes and eyebrows in particular. He worried that he could not see the eyes and eyebrows on his own head, and went madly searching for them (T0945_.19.0121b10 大佛頂如來密因修證了義諸菩薩萬行首楞嚴經)

Staying the Night at Yojasa

For some reason I left my old abode,[70]
Aimlessly wandering near and far.
Today I ask you, sir, to show,
How many know from whence they go?[71]

宿聊自寺
無端離古寺 枉作遠遊子 今日指君看 幾人知所自

By the Water

By chance I came and stayed by the clear stream,
People are startled to see my head of frost and snow.
I had no worldly cares or personal worries,
So what was it that made my white hair grow?

臨水
偶爾來臨止水清 滿頭霜雪使人驚 不憂世事兼身事 誰得栽培白髪生

Presented to Eminent Monk Jijang[72]

In this world, both letters and fame,
Still depend upon and belong to the senses.
Free from these constraints, the mind will then appear,

---

70 As was often the case, the writer has left the settled routine of his home monastery to wander far away.

71 I.e., the mistakes that people ascribe to others are in fact their own.

72 Jijang's title identifies him as the head of the Doctrinal Order.

When wind and waves subside, the sea is calm and clear.

Master Jian burnt the Diamond Sutra[73]
Elder Xin blew out the candle light.[74]
Though the way and the night be long, do not take a lamp
Its better to blow it out and travel in the dark.
(Written because he was always reading the Kshitigarbha sutra.)

奉和地藏一僧統
世間文字與聲名 任是情通也屬情 解絕見止心顯現 風靜波息海清平
鑑師燒了金剛疏 信老吹消紙燭明 路遠夜長休把火 不如吹殺暗中行 <常看藏經故云>

Matching an Earlier Verse, Offered to Venerable Yeonsin

Originally there was no form and no name,
What is the use of forcing them to fit?
Crane's neck onto duck's neck just won't go,[75]
Filling ponds and razing hills won't make them plane.
Let it be short, let it be long, that's fine for me,

---

[73] Following his enlightenment, Master Xuanjian, Deshan (宣鑑禪師德山, 782–765) burnt not the Diamond Sutra itself but his own commentary (*Qinglong suchao*, 青龍疏鈔) on the Diamond Sutra which he had spent many years compiling, realising that it was a mere drop in the ocean.

[74] Master Xin, also known as Master of the Dragon Pool (Longtan chanshi, 龍潭禪師) was the master who brought Deshan to enlightenment by blowing out the candle he was about to hand him to go home with in the dark.

[75] Trying to force nature. The metaphor is found in *Sayings of Chan Master Yuepo* 月坡禪師語録 (T. no.2595, vol.82), and has its origin in the *Zhuangzi waibian*, chapter on Webbed Toes: 'Things that are long are not in excess; those that are short are not deficient. Although a duck's neck is short, it would be a pity to lengthen it; although a crane's neck is long, it would be a shame to cut it. So things whose nature is long should not be cut, and those whose nature is short should not be lenghened.

Keeping high or keeping low is where your eye should be.
Only through careful thought will you accomplish the Way,
Be as a vixen or a white cow in your choice of practice.[76]

次前韻示淵深上座
從來無相亦無名 何用安排强起情 截鶴續鳬非自適 實淵夷岳未眞平
任長任短甘吾分 隨下隨高着眼明 纔入思惟成剩法 狸奴白牯擇修行

Living in Seclusion

My lot is to enjoy the mountain
Looking at the mountain is truly renewing.
Green in my eyes makes them clean,
And in my breast there can be no dust.

Quietly I smile at the busy clouds,
Idly inviting the moon my neighbour.
Rushing, rushing after profit and fame,
Hurrying along, who can that be?

Heaven's my curtain, earth my couch,
The rocks my wall, the mountains my screen.
With so little to do, my body's at ease,
In a haven so calm, my mind's at peace.
My hair vies with the clouds so white,
My eyes compete with the hills so green.

76 This metaphor occurs in *Sayings of Chan Masters* (T. no.1987, vol.47) and other related texts, where the vixen and white cow are contrasted with the Buddha and patriarchs: fox and cow only know one basic thing, and are not aware of their own existence.

幽居

分得樂山仁 看山眞轉新 眼緣當在淨 胸次不生塵 靜咲雲多事 閑邀月作隣 區區利名路 馳逐彼何人 天幕地爲席 山屏石爲壁 事簡身自適 境幽心亦寂 髮將雲鬪白 眼共山爭碧

Pity the World

Clothes and food their only care, not the mind,
Even farmers and weavers have been imprisoned.
Because of this the whole world suffers cold and hunger,
But if I tell people today, will they believe me?
Crops and silkworms fail these many years,
Famines and diseases come one after another.
Calamities are caused when people have no way,
Not knowing its their own doing, they blame heaven.

憫世

服食驕奢德不修 農公蠶母見幽囚 從玆擧世受寒餓 爲報時人信也不田蠶不熟已多年 飢饉相仍疾疫連 禍本無門人所召 不知自作怨諸天

III

HOSANROK: COLLECTED WRITINGS OF NATIONAL PRECEPTOR JINJEONG (EARLY 13TH C.), FOURTH PATRIARCH OF BAENGNYEONGSA ON MT. MANDEOK

萬德山白蓮社第四代眞靜國師湖山錄

III. Hosanrok: Collected Writings of National Preceptor Jinjeong (early 13th c.), Fourth Patriarch of Baengnyeongsa on Mt Mandeok 萬德山白蓮社第四代眞靜國師湖山錄

Responding to the verse by Secretary[77] Im

I cast off dreams and pastimes from my youngest age,
For years now I have screened my steps in an empty hermitage.
When I roll up the blinds, I see the enduring Tiantai moon,[78]
When I sweep the dust, I raise the wind on Vulture Peak.[79]
No matter that in my tattered life I am sick and weak,
I ponder the marvellous Law, how wide and far it spreads.
I pray for you use your strength, adding to its brilliance,
Rejoicing that you have joined with the Lotus company.[80]

次韻答林秘書桂一
遊戲曾拋夢幻中 年來屏跡一庵空 捲簾依舊天台月 揮塵惟揚鷲嶺風 不顧殘生多怯弱 唯思妙法廣流通 願君着力添光彩 幸是蓮華結社同

Responding to the Verse sent by an Aged Seon Monk

With just one robe to keep the keen wind at bay,
My teeth are gone, my face will no more be the same.
I am like the worthless straw dog on the sacrificial ground,[81]

---

77 Sain, title of a government official in charge of handling Buddhist documents in the Goryeo dynasty.

78 Tiantai, in Zhejiang Province, where Zhiyi (538–597) founded the Tiantai School.

79 Where Shakyamuni preached the *Lotus Sutra*.

80 Yeonhwa gyeolsa: Society for the restoration of the Lotus School.

81 Effigy used to drive away evil spirits, and thrown away after the rite.

Or a grass dragon that has failed to bring the rain.[82]
My worn brush is lazier than the green mist,
Red sun fills the window and still I'm deep in sleep.
Its silent in the mountains and nobody has come,
Still I rejoice that poetry consoles this aged chum.

次韻答閑禪老
一衲支寒霽發風 齒衰無復昔時容 已陳祭地槧蒭狗 未起涔雲媿草龍 殘篆碧煙
慵不續 滿窓紅日睡猶濃 峀阿寂寞無來往 却喜淸詩慰老蒙

Responding to a Verse, to Show to a Companion

Not for an instant does old age cease to frost one's head,
The lord of Hua sought in vain to confer blessings on Yao.[83]
With single mind fathom the depths of the three marvellous insights,[84]
By myriad actions cultivate the fragrance of the four virtues.[85]
In later years one is lazy, forgetting daily tasks,
Ashamed of having lost the zeal of one's early years.
A cool breeze and the white moon cross a thousand bounds,
Green waters and emerald hills fill the lonely village.
Many are those who disturb the seeker of the way,
Grief arises in every place is the wisdom he shall find.
Of fleeting fame, in the end, what is the good?

---

82 Dragons are associated with water.

83 The reference is from the *Zhuangzi waibian*, chapter on Heaven and Earth. Once, when Yao was visiting Hua, the lord of Hua sought to wish him the blessings of long life, wealth, and many sons. Yao refused each in turn, saying that sons brought fear, old age brought shame, and wealth, troubles; this was not the way to cultivate virtue.

84 Doctrine of the Tiantai school; the study of the void or emptiness, the study of all as temporal, and the Middle Path comprising both of these.

85 The four virtues of nirvana: permanence; joy; the soul; and purity.

In our floating life, turbidity and evil are dreadful things.

次韻示同伴
老色須臾顚抹霜 華封微懇祝陶唐 一心冥契三觀妙 萬行熏修四德香 晩歲憨癡忘日課 早年聲價愧氷涼 風淸月白通千界 水綠山靑占別鄕 訪道人人頻扣寂 興悲處處便和光 馳名畢竟成何事 濁惡浮生最可傷

To Yu Pyeongjang, with Preface[86]

Recently, time presses most urgently, and it is the winter of my talent. Even though it is springtime, it is still cold. I am reminded of old times, and have turned to an old poem, which I am sending to you. Moreover, I wish to accomplish the printing of one thousand copies of the Lotus Sutra, with an additional one thousand copies to be distributed generally.

In the past, when I was confused,
The Lotus Sutra was my support.
My aim was to live in obscurity,
Ever reciting, like Kejiu.[87]
And with companions seek far for teachers,
Shedding the fetters of red dust.[88]
So it was that I found the treasure of my own home,
And avoided going into that other country.
I raised high the banner of the great law,
Striving equally with both my hands.

86 Yu Gyeong (1211–1289), who ended four generations of military dictatorship of the Goryeo dynasty, putting Choi Ui to death. Pyeongjangsa, Manager of Affairs, was the second highest government post of the Goryeo dynasty. Yu Gyeong held many other important posts, and was skilled in literary writing as well.

87 A Chan master from Chizhou in Anhui Province, famous for reciting the *Lotus Sutra*.

88 Leaving the secular world.

Thenceforward I have led followers
Coming from various places to a refuge.
Disseminating the one vehicle Buddhism,
Every character golden like the lion's coat.[89]
Before their eyes was the precious pool,[90]
Leading the blind people the right way.
Fortunate now to share in this great vow,
Arousing inexpressible feelings.
One should make every effort and more,
But alas! my head is already turning gray.
One must know the silence of nirvana,
And uncover the true meaning of the words.
Spring has already come to Jiangnan,[91]
Doves are calling and the willows are green.

又寄柳平章并序

近來歲月甚促 才餞季冬 依然孟春猶寒 暗催老相 復吹前韻 寄呈一首旣已 同我願海 印成蓮經一千部 更欲成千部 普勸流通也 我昔在纒時 蓮經偏信受 意欲居堀 常誦期可久 結伴遠尋師 紅塵謝械杻 因領自家珍 免向他鄉走 扶立大法幢 同勤左右手 自此玄賓 雜還成淵藪 流通一佛乘 字字金毛吼目前卽寶渚

89 Fazang (643–712) wrote a treatise on a golden lion in the imperial palace in order to explain Huayan (Avatamsaka) doctrine to Empress Wu Zetian, demonstrating that every part of the lion, down to every hair on the lion's coat is equally golden; thus the whole lion is present in every part. 'In this essay gold is the symbol of the noumenon *li* or principle, while the lion is the symbol of *shih* or phenomenon. *Li* or principle has no form of its own; it may assume any shih or form that conditions assign to it.' (K. K. S. Ch'en, *Buddhism in China*, Princeton University Press, 1964, p.317). The lion's roar, referred to in this line of the poem, also serves as an image of the universality of the Buddha's teaching, resounding throughout the universe.

90 The lotus pool in Amitabha's Pure Land of the West.

91 Jiangnan, literally: 'south of the river,' meaning the provinces south of the Yangzi river in China. In Korea, Gangnam (Jiangnan) is used to refer to China generally, and here, to the homeland of Chan Buddhism.

庶導羣盲蹂 幸今同願海 感歎不容口 努力更加功 吾衰已皓首 須知寂滅相 聲色露眞趣 春事到江南 鴣鴣啼碧柳

A Verse for the Meditation Hall

The setting sun lingers on the eaves
And the whole hall is filled with a pure breeze.
Sitting long, the whole world seems silent,
No need to talk of the void, the temporal, or the Middle Path.[92]

禪堂偈
半軒猶落日 一室自清風 坐久境逾寂 莫言空假中

92 The teachings of the Tiantai school, see note 77 above.

IV

SONGS OF NATIONAL PRECEPTOR WONGAM (1226–1292)

圓鑑國師歌頌

IV. Songs of National Preceptor Wongam (1226–1292)[93]
圓鑑國師歌頌

Dwelling in Seclusion

Perching calmly away from bustle and glare,
Happy to roam the mountain splendour,[94]
The pine veranda is quiet in spring,
The bamboo hut is hidden by day.
Its eaves are short, to invite the moon,
The walls are low, to leave the mountain clear.
After the rain, faster runs the rill,
When the wind settles, the clouds on the peak are still.
In the secret valley, the deer rest at ease,
In the dense woods, the birds come of their own accord.
Suddenly, morning turns to evening,
My purpose is to nurture my lack of care.

幽居

棲息紛華外 優游紫翠間 松廊春更靜 竹戶晝猶關 檐短先邀月 牆低不礙山 雨餘溪水急 風定嶺雲閑 谷密鹿攸伏 林稠禽自還 翛然度晨暝 聊以養疎頑

Verse composed for the Monks of Jeonghye – dated the third month of the ninth year of Zhiyuan (1272)

At the foot of Mt Gyejok lies an ancient monastic site,
But of late the mountain shines with a new radiance.
Broad and clear flows the voice of the stream,

93 Weongam, literally 'circular mirror' or 'perfect mirror.'

94 Literally, 'among the purple and green', a phrase used by the Tang poet Du Mu (803–852) to refer to the mountains.

What need is there to renew the murmuring chant?[95]

至元九年壬申三月初入定惠作偈示同梵
鷄足峰前古道場 今來山翠別生光 廣長自有清溪舌 何必喃喃更擧揚

Verse for Fellow Monks, after Picking Herbs[96]

Carrying baskets, we set out early to the green peaks,
Leisurely picking the wild herbs beneath the trees.
Should you wish to know the limitless meaning of all this,
We came back with the white clouds and the evening birds.[97]

率衆採蕨廻示同梵
提籃曉出碧崔嵬 林下閑挑野菜來 欲識箇中無限意 白雲時與暮禽廻

Written in an Idle moment

The monastery is among the thousand peaks,
In seclusion so profound that it has no name.
Open the window and see the alpine beauty,
Close the window and hear the murmur of the stream.
In this secret valley, its still dark by day,
And this high tower is still bright at night.
A breeze rises among the bamboos where I sit,
And dew from the pines drops on the eaves.
The place is quiet and inviting to stay,

---

95 I.e. there is no need to build a new monastery on the old site as the stream and the mountains continue to spread the Buddhist teachings.

96 The emerging tightly-curled fronds of bracken are picked in Korea to be used as a wild vegetable.

97 Returning to original nature, just as the clouds settle in the valleys and the birds come home to roost.

With body at ease, its easy to walk about.
When tiredness comes, I rest
When I've slept enough, I roam.
My troubles are over, I am neither joyous nor sad
With so few guests, no need to greet or bid farewell.
When hungry, there are tender woodland herbs,
When thirsty, there is the clear stone spring.
But this is just to rest my weak and sickly frame,
And not to cultivate my feeling for the Way.
What is the limitless meaning of all this?
I'd rather not discuss with anyone.

閑中偶書

寺在千峰裏 幽深未易名 開窓便山色 閉戶亦溪聲 谷密晴猶暗 樓高夜自明 竹風生几席 松露滴檐楹 境靜棲遲穩 身閑擧止輕 困來時偃息 睡足或經行 累盡無欣感 賓稀少送迎 飢餘林蔌軟 渴有石泉清 秖是安衰疾 元非養道情 箇中何限意 切忌與人評

Sent at Leisure

My wild nature suits lonely seclusion,
And tarrying in the green mountains.
With time, my temples have grown white,
My living means, just the one garment.
When it rains, then I transplant the pines,
With the clouds, I close my bamboo door.
The alpine flowers are my light embroidered curtains,
The cypress in the cloister is my gauze hanging.
Quietly I watch the slender wisp of smoke from the stove,
And gaze at the moss growing thick on the stones.
When others come, they don't ask me,
Long ago, I was at odds with the world.

閑中遣
野性便幽獨 棲遲寄翠微 光陰雙雪鬢 活計一霞衣 帶雨移松栽 和雲掩竹扉 山華輕綉幕 庭栢當羅幃 靜對爐煙細 閑看磴蘚肥 人來休問我 早與世相違

Dwelling in the Mountains in Late Spring

The season is in the third month of spring,
The breeze is soft and everything flourishes.
An early parrot is first out in the valley,
New-come swallows are already getting mud.[98]
Clouds envelop the mountain screen,
The mists come down on the tented trees.
From the cliff, scarlet flowers cast a heady scent,
In the cloister, green grass grows tall and dense.
After rain, the doves are calling for their mates,
Deep in the woods, the deer raise their fawns.
Having slept, and taken a gentle stroll,
The sun outside my window is setting in the west.

山居暮春卽事
節屬三春暮 風和物色齊 早鶯初出谷 新燕已銜泥 雲羃山屛暗 煙籠樹幄低 巖華紅馥馥 庭草碧萋萋 雨歇鳩呼婦 林深鹿養麛 睡餘聊散步 日在小窓西

Laughing at Myself

Since my youth, I was often ill,
And now I am in my dotage,
Too lazy to pay respect to Buddha,

98 For their nests.

Why bother chanting sutras?
At mealtimes, I just bolt it down,
Come evening, lie down there and then.
Don't ask about patriarchs and masters,
Never have I joined in meditation.

自戲

予曾少多病 今又到衰年 佛尚慵瞻禮 經奚要諷宣 逢餐輒飽送 値晩卽横眠 休問祖師意 從來不會禪

Mukgong, my Elder Brother in the Dharma, has written a letter sympathizing with my Destitution; this Light-hearted Short Verse is my Reply

Mt Gyejok lonely and silent?
The messenger has deceived you.
My life plan is splendid
Not a bit small-minded.

Facing those ivory peaks,
No lack of congee and rice.[99]
Here below the stables,
There's plenty of salt and soy.

The clear stream, it eddies
The green peaks, they surround.
The windy screen, its cool and empty,
The bankside pavilion, its distant and far.

99 Congee and rice, like the snowy peaks, are both white.

Whether I sit or I lie,
My spirit roams with the origin of things.
Singing alone or rhyming alone,
My joy runs to the edge of the sky.

Profoundly untroubled,
The single taste is my delight.[100]
Completely unconcerned,
The myriad conditions are no more.

Rise and fall: no concern of mine,
Honour or shame: they don't bother me.
Duck and crane are all the same,
Which is short and which is long?[101]

Longevity and early death, its all the same,[102]
Who is old and who is young?
One garment will do for heat and cold,
One bowl's enough for every meal.[103]

Mad and foolish am I,
So ugly and clumsy
What am I like?
Like a weary bird in the reeds.

---

100 Single taste: of the one dharma.

101 As previously noted (see note 74, above), the comparison of the respective lengths of crane and duck necks, derives from the *Zhuangzi waibian*, chapter on Webbed Toes.

102 See *Zhuangzi neibian*, chapter on Equality of Things. Pengzu (Longevity), was extraordinarily long-lived, but in *Zhuangzi*, the point is made that there is no distinction between him and one who dies in infancy.

103 Literally, forenoon and evening, the two meals of the Buddhist day.

法兄默公 聞予門庭單丁枯淡 以書見慰 戲作短歌以答之

鷄峯寂寞兮 傳者之訛 活計現威兮 不同小小 象骨峯前兮 粥飯無虧 馬駒堂下兮 鹽醬不少 清溪兮盤廻 碧嶂兮繚繞 風櫺兮虛涼 水閣兮窗寮 或坐或臥兮 神遊物初 獨唱獨和兮 趣逸天表 湛然無營兮 一味自娛 閒爾忘懷兮 萬緣都了 興亡兮莫我干 榮辱兮莫我擾 鳧鶴一貫兮 孰短孰長 彭殤同壽兮 誰壽誰夭 一帔兮閱寒暑 一鉢兮度昏曉 憨癡癡兮 百醜千拙 予誰之似兮 棲芦倦鳥

A Chance Writing at Leisure

The monastery is hidden deep in the valley
Its buildings close by the stream to the west.
Thick mists envelop the trees,
The rains bend the heads of bamboo.
Spiders build their webs in the eaves,
Swallows collect mud beneath the walls.
After a nap, its late when I awake,
And the crows are quarreling over the roost.

All my life, I have loved to live alone,
Lodging my weak frame far in the valley.
In this lowly place, the flowers bloom late,
Because of the high peaks, the sun is slow to rise.
The plantain shoots cannot unfurl,
The lively rill is never still.
These pleasures few can share,
Like a stupa, I joy in emptiness.

閑中偶書

寺藏深谷裏 樓壓小溪西 灌木和烟暗 叢篁冒雨低 簷頭蛛作網 墻下燕銜泥 晝睡晚初覺 林鵶爭返棲 平生嗜幽獨 窮谷寄衰羸 地僻花開晚 山高日出遲 蕉心抽不盡 溪舌吼無時 此樂少人會

On Flowers

On the twenty-sixth of the twelfth month, I first entered the citadel
In a turn of the head, its the seventy-third day of spring.
Last year and this, the stream flows the same,
Yesterday and today run so swift,
Yesterday I watched the blossoms first opening,
Today I watch again and the flowers have fallen.
But whether they open or fall, no need to be sad,
Springs come and go, none can hold them back.
People of the world only see the flowers bloom and fall,
They know not that they themselves are like the flowers.
Have you not seen?
In the morning, such a fair complexion in the mirror,
In the evening, funerary fans on the way to the grave.
Know that the blooming and falling of flowers
Clearly proclaims the dharma of impermanency.

惜花吟

臘月念六初入郭 轉頭春已七十有三日 去年今年同逝川 昨日今日甚奔駟 昨日看花花始開 今日看花花衍落 花開花落不容惜 春至春歸誰把捉 世人但見花開落 不知身與花相若 君不見 朝臨明鏡誇紅顏 暮向北邙催紼翣 須信花開花落時 分明說箇無常法

On Reading the Biography of Guo Wen[104] of the Jin Dynasty – Admiring his Ability to Leave the Mundane World and Lodge his Feelings in the Mountains and Streams – Twenty-Eight Couplets[105] of my thoughts

104 Guo Wen: probably referring to Guo Pu 郭璞 (276–324) a prolific scholar and older contemporary of Ge Hong (283–343) of the Jin dynasty, and like him famous for fleeing the troubled secular world for a life of eremitism. Guo Pu's and Ge Hong's biographies appear together in the *Jinshu* (History of the Jin Dynasty), *j*. 72, Biographies, no. 42.

I have heard that Guo Wen of old,
From childhood loved the mountains and streams.
He roamed around Mt Hua,
Going deep into the furthest valleys.

He cut branches and leant them against a tree,
Covered them with matting for a dwelling.
Careless of hunger and cold,
He only took pleasure in natural beauty.

This was where he settled,
Sitting in contemplation for ten years and more.
At that time tigers came into the house,
Harming people, many times over.
Yet Wen did not abandon his enjoyment,
Calmly continuing his life regardless.

Wen, you see, was a man of the world,
Yet such was his untrammelled thought.
Ah! you Buddhists!
Is it so or is it not so?

Scheming for satiety or warmth
Hunting with indiscriminate mind.
Toiling all life long,
With no sense of shame.

Now I was once a student,
From youth studying Confucius.

---

[105] The whole poem consists of twenty-eight couplets of five characters each, here arranged in verses of four, six or two lines, as printed in the original text.

My name was inscribed on the golden board,[106]
My career took me to the Jade Hall.[107]
At that time I sought the green and purple,[108]
Not satisfied with gleaning lesser grain.
One day, yearning to live alone,
I abandoned my post like a worn-out shoe.

Then I wished among hills and streams,
Simply to roam and soar.
Nonetheless, the root of obstruction was deep
It was hard to escape the force of karma.

As head of the monastic community
Daily I had to deal with the monks.
I heard what I could hardly bear to hear
And saw what I did not wish to see.

With lowered head I long endured,
As though I had been deaf or blind.
Finally, I grieved for my beginner's mind,[109]
Pondering this, suddenly my head was clear.

What is past is hard to retrieve,
What is to come can still be looked to.
Of late I heard that in the mountains,

106 I.e. top in the state examinations.

107 Jade Hall (Okdang, Ch. Yutang), refers to the Hanlin Academy.

108 I.e. seeking the badges of high office.

109 Beginner's mind: an expression frequently found in the sutras, meaning the desire for enlightenment. Although the writer had taken up the religious life, the running of the monastery meant that he had lost sight of his original intention.

There is a place that's level and smooth.

The land is rich and the source is sweet,
This lonely place is far from worldly cares.
At last I shall make a thatched hut,
And there lodge my decaying frame.

I shall rest with the deer of the wood,
Sip and browse with the waterfowl.
In life, I shall delight in these,
In death, I shall be buried here.

In these words, should there be any fault,
The distant sky will straight be close at hand.[110]

偶閱晉人郭文傳 愛其能外身世 放情於山水間 因敍鄙懷 成二十八韻

吾聞昔郭文 少小愛山水 遊歷華山陰 深入窮谷裏 斬木倚於樹 覆苫作居止 不虞飢與寒 但喜山水美 子爾處其中 坐閱十餘祀 于時虎入室 害人頗多矣 而文樂不徹 安然傲生死 文也是俗士 逸想尙如彼 嗟哉浮圖人 宜爾反不爾 圖飽復圖煖 遊獵意不已 營營度一生 竟不知愧恥 顧予本書生 稚齒遊闕里 名題金牓魁 迹厠玉堂士 當時靑紫意 豈止拾芥耳 一朝慕獨住 棄官如弊屣 便欲山水間 翺翔一終始 爭奈障根深 難逃業力使 累爲叢席主 日與衆人比 聞其不堪聞 視所不欲視 低頭長隱忍 如聾瞽相似 居然喪初心 念此輒纇泚 旣往雖難追 來者猶可企 近聞好山中 有地平如砥 土肥泉又甘 窮僻遠塵累 逝將結茅茨 於焉寄衰齒 棲息共林麋 飮啄同澤雉 生兮樂於斯 死兮埋於此 此言如有飾 天遙耳卽邇

Sitting Alone in the Rain

The silence of the chalet grows stiller with the rain

110 In other words, the impossible will have happened.

Chanting alone, no-one joins my melancholy thought.
Were the forest thinner, it could not host such a throng of birds,
Were the sea shallower, how could it receive the myriad streams?
Vain is the suffering of a wild bird prisoned in a cage,
Invincible the sorrow of the racehorse tethered in the stall.
Where might I divine a spot to rest my body,
A cocoon-like hut to stay my staff and shoes?

雨中獨坐

寂寞山堂雨更幽 獨吟誰會我心悠 林疎未敢容群羽 海淺那能納衆流 逸翮投籠徒受困 飛蹄縶皂不勝愁 何當卜得安身地 一繭茆庵杖屨留

Chance Events

The sky is dark, with rain and clear by turns,
Neither hot nor cold, the spring is very quiet.
I close my door and lay me down till dusk when the
Muffled sound of a distant bell shakes the window and the wall.

卽事

半晴半雨天陰陰 似暖似寒春寂寂 閉門憨臥到黃昏 隱隱踈鐘撼窻壁

Verse to be Shown to the Brethren

The thousand peaks jut high and pierce the clouds,
A single stream burbles over the mossy rocks.
Such sights and sounds are of themselves distinct,
They tell us all not to search beyond ourselves.

作偈示諸德

千峰突兀攙白雲 一水潺湲瀉蒼石 自然聞見甚分明 爲報諸人休外覓

An Impromptu Short Poem

After the rain, the cloister is as fresh as if it had been swept,
After the wind, the window is as cool as if it were autumn.
The beauty of the mountain, the sound of the stream and the pines,
Withal, how could any dusty thought enter one's mind?

偶書一絶
雨餘庭院靜如掃 風過軒窓涼似秋 山色溪聲又松籟 有何塵事到心頭

Composition made after the Noon Meal, To Show to Seon Master In

One bowl of grain at Mt Gyejok
Why dispute whether its coarse or fine?
People say that barley is a grass,
But I think there is grass in the barley.

One dish of soup on Mt Gyejok
No need to try and describe the taste.
They say its beans with some salt,
But I think that its salt with some beans.

We are no different from Shending[111]
Ten years without soy for our meals.
And we are like monk Dayuchi[112]
Who could never get any rice congee.

[111] See, *Chanlinseng baozhuan* (禪林僧寶傳, compiled in the Song dynasty by Huihong Jueyuan 慧洪覺范, 1071–1128), chapter 14. Shending founded a monastery and by the end of ten years had assembled thirty monks. Only after these ten years did they have soy with their meals.

[112] Chan Master Dayu, a Song dynasty monk from Taiyuan, who died in the Jiayou reign (1056–1063). (CBeta Xuzangjing no. 1316, p.343).

My life is lonely and spartan
Beyond any other in the world.
But therein I lodge as master,
And no-one can take these joys from me.

A guest came and asked the reason,
The master smiled and did not reply.
The guest laughed at the master,
Such tastes there are few that can share.

The salamander cannot aspire to be a dragon,
The snow goose is unknown to the swallow.
Ah, guest, you should leave,
I do not share the same aspirations as you.

You love to gorge on tasty delicacies,
I love greens and coarse grain.
You like to wear fur and fancy,
But I like hemp and ramie.

You delight in the busy life,
I delight in dwelling humbly.
You delight in men's attention,
I delight in men's rejection.

Watery music surrounds my hut,
A mountain screen surrounds my home.
I have ten thousand sturdy pines,
I have a thousand stems of bamboo.

For honour, I envy not king and nobles,
For wealth, I envy not the Vale of Gold.[113]
Lying on my back suits my taste,

And therein I savour quiet solitude.

I did not know the Three Zhangs,[114]
How could I know the Four Lis?
All that I do is nurture myself,
Why should I want what you like?

If on hearing this you grow red and retire,
I beg you take a brush and write it down,
Show it to your like-minded friends
And enjoy a laugh together.

Rising from Sleep

The autumn branches are bare and the sun shines weakly,
The mountains are silent and covered in bright frost.
With the door closed, I sit, sleep and dream,
And suddenly awake on hearing the crows in the wood.

睡起
秋杪淒涼日色薄 山容索寞霜華清 閉門坐睡便成夢 驚起林鴉三兩聲

Writing my feelings

All year the wild bird suffers in its cage,
Still it hopes to escape and regain its freedom.

---

113 Vale of Gold: the name of the summer estate of Shi Chong 石崇 of the Western Jin (late 3rd century), a man of matchless wealth.

114 Zhang and Li are among the commonest Chinese surnames;the Three Zhangs and Four Lis stand for the common people, or simply for So-and-So.

There must come a day when it can stretch its wings and fly,
And freely roam mountains, wind and clouds.

書情
野禽終歲困籠囚 歸意寧容寸刻留 奮翼一飛當有日 何山雲月不堪遊

Song of a Wild Ox, to Show to a Fellow Monk

By nature, the wild ox is hard to tame,
Happily cropping the fine grass of the meadow.
Not knowing a rope would be put through its nose
And that it would be led back and forth by men?

作野牛頌示同人
野牛天性本難馴 草細平田自在身 何意鼻端終有索 牽來牽去摠由人

In the Midst of a Light Fall of Snow on the Eighteenth of the Twelfth Month

Out of the shady sky, the wind scatters dust of jade,
The mountain hut lies empty, there seems to be no-one here.
But in the hearth its good to find some firewood there,
By lighting it we can fill the room with the warmth of spring.

臘月十八日微雪中作
風勁天陰糝玉塵 山居寥落似無人 地爐幸有柴頭在 煨爇能廻一室春

Chance Composition

A single leaf floats on the wind-blown sea
Endlessing bobbing up and down on the waves.

Originally in that boat there was no thing at all,
The Lord of Water's head is aching, all in vain.

偶書
飄然一葉泛風濤 萬扤千搖浪轉高 本自舟中無一物 陽侯惱殺也徒勞

Song of Short Arms

In the world, people's arms are long, so long,
Pushing east, pushing west, with no time to rest.
The mountain monk's arms are short, so short,
All his life he never knew how to push the rest.

Those with short arms, on the whole,
People always, till their heads be white, find strange.
Even more so the one they only met today,
Who lives far off in the woods, and is so poor.

Since my arms are short, I have not pushed others,
And so there is no reason why others should push me.
Ah! that my arms could become a thousand or ten thousand feet long,
So sitting here, everything within the four seas could be my friend.

臂短歌
世人之臂長復長 東推西推無歇辰 山僧之臂短復短 平生不解推向人 大凡世上臂短者 人皆白首長如新 而況今昨始相識 肯顧林下窮且貧 我臂旣短未推人 人臂推我誠無因 嗚呼安得吾臂化爲千尺與萬尺 坐使四海之內皆吾親

Revealing my Feelings in Clumsy Words, to show to Pyo, my Elder Brother in Seon

Years and months flow like water

Never stopping even for an instant.
If one contemplates impermanence,
Even mornings and evenings are hard to keep.

Suppose one avoids an early death,
Few live beyond three score and ten.
The more so as I was a sickly child,
How can I expect to reach seventy?

And if I am to get to seven decades,
Only ten springs will still remain.
How many years there may yet be,
I know myself, without fortune-telling.

How hard it is to follow the common folk,
Ever labouring and never having enough.
Silently sitting and meditating on this,
Hiding tears, its hard to quell one's grief.

Where to find a fine mountain valley,
In deep retreat, along with the deer?
Where my ears can cease to hear right and wrong,
Where my eyes will see no success or failure?

Unfettered, ever to walk alone,
Scot-free till the end of my life,
This has always been my goal,
Awake or asleep, and no other.

With heaven's mind shining down,
How can it not follow my desire?
With sorrow I write my feelings,
And bring this to show my brother.

拙語布懷示表兄之禪老
歲月如逝水 刹那不少止 若以無常觀 朝夕保亦難 縱復免殤夭 古來七十少 況我早衰羸 七十安可期 儻或登七旬 前去纔十春 餘齡能幾時 不卜亦自知 何苦徇時俗 營營不知足 默坐細思惟 掩泣難勝悲 安得好山谷 深棲伴麋鹿 耳畔絶是非 目前無順違 翛然常獨行 放曠終吾生 尋常抱此志 寤寐曾不二 天明心下燭 寧不從我欲 憂來書寸情 持以示吾兄

Written in Jest

All those who hold the Money God in their hands,
Whereever they go, it will be spring all around.
A mountain monk, I laugh at being at odds with the world,
Yet my chill words often make them freeze.

戲書
諸君手裏有錢神 到處能回滿面春 自笑山僧與時左 唯將冷語屢氷人

Written at leisure

When one is hungry, and can eat, the rice is tastier,
Waking from sleep, and sipping tea, the tea is sweeter.
This place is poor, and since no one knocks at the door
In the empty hermitage, its a joy to be with Buddha in a niche.

閒中偶書
飢來喫飯飯尤美 睡起啜茶茶更甘 地僻從無人扣戶 庵空喜有佛同龕

Recorded After Imitating an Ancient Composition

The great lake is vast and wide,
But when the wind dies down, so do its waves.

Man's mind is but an inch square,[115]
But its waves rise a thousand feet.

曾有擬古之作追而錄之
大湖萬頃餘 風息波亦息 人心方寸間 浪起常千尺

Delight in the Mountains – Composed at Baengnyeong-am (White Lotus Retreat) where I first became a Monk

Delight in the mountains,
By my own choice, nurturing my whole life.

Deep woods, dark valleys, a narrow stone path
The stream beneath the pines, the spring below the rock.
Spring comes and autumn, but no men pass,
There is no trace at all of the red and dusty world.

A bowl of rice, a dish of greens,
Eat when hungry and sleep when tired.
A bottle of water, a pot of tea,
When thirsty, I draw the water and boil it myself.

One bamboo staff, one reed mat,
So I can meditate whether walking or sitting.
These mountain delights are indeed wonderful,
The web of right and wrong, sadness and joy, is all forgotten.[116]

This delight in the mountains is truly beyond price,

---

115 'An inch square' term used to refer to the heart, or mind.

116 Literally: 'the net is forgotten' a metaphor in Seon Buddhism for enlightenment; once the fish has been caught, there is no further need for the net.

I have no wish to ride a crane,[117] or have money at my waist.
By my own choice I have no restraints,
I only wish all my life to be free
To the end of my natural days.

山中樂<初出家住白蓮庵時作>

山中樂 適自適兮養天全 林深洞密石逕細 松下溪兮岩下泉 春來秋去人跡絶 紅塵一點無緣 飯一盂蔬一盤 飢則食兮困則眠 水一缾茶一銚 渴則提來手自煎 一竹杖一蒲團 行亦禪兮坐亦禪 山中此樂眞有味 是非哀樂盡忘筌 山中此樂諒無價 不願駕鶴又腰錢 適自適無管束 但願一生放曠終天年

Words obtained after Meditation, Written to show my Fellow Monks

An infinity of lands are all in one retreat
Without leaving my cell, I have roamed the south.
What need had Sudhana to expend his effort,
Striving to visit so many cities?[118]

禪餘得句 書示同袍

塵刹都盧在一庵 不離方丈遍詢南 善財何用勤劬甚 百十城中枉歷參

A Chance Note

People spend all their time running busily,
Even ants and moths cannot compare.
Sitting comfortably, who would know the ship is sinking?[119]
The journey is long, I prefer the cool shade of the trees.

---

117 Daoist immortals were shown riding a crane, itself a symbol of immortality.

118 The boy Sudhana, in the *Avatamsaka Sutra,* travelled to the abodes of many sages and deities in search of enlightenment.

119 Literally: 'the hull is leaking.'

偶書
世人終日競奔忙 羶蟻灯蛾莫可方 坐穩那知船底漏 途長猶愛樹陰凉

Sent to Seon Master Yeol in Early Spring
Change of season when the cold comes is quite normal,
Yet people are all busy with new year greetings.
Out with the old and in with the new: why should one rejoice?
At my temples I just add another touch of frost.

初春寄悅禪伯
寒喧代謝是尋常 人盡奔波賀歲忙 舊去新來何所喜 鬢邊添得一莖霜

A Chance Note

The story of the Handan pillow is overdone,[120]
Yet glory and shame are truly like a dream.
All say that they understand this principle,
But when they meet it they are still confused.

偶書
邯鄲枕上事荒唐 寵辱眞同夢一場 盡道吾能窮此理 逢些順境却顚忙.

A Seon Monk has requested a Verse

On a spring day, the flowers open in the cassia garden,
Their subtle fragrance moves not the Shaolin wind.[121]

120 In the Tang dynasty Story of the Pillow (*Zhenzhongji*, 枕中記), a young man on his way to the capital dreams an entire career, only to find out when he wakes that the meal his companion was preparing when he began to sleep is not yet ready.

121 Shaolinsi: the monastery in Henan Province, where Bodhidharma meditated.

This morning the fruit is ripe, and sweet with dew,
Universal and boundless is its single taste.[122]

有一禪德請詩
春日花開桂苑中 暗香不動少林風 今朝果熟沾甘露 無限人天一味同

To Show to Others

This floating life is like flash of light,[123]
Of gains and losses, grief and joy, there is no way to count.
You should see that noble and base, wise and foolish,
All in the end are just become a mound of earth.

示人
浮生正似隙中駒 得喪悲歡何足數 君看貴賤與賢愚 畢竟同成一丘土

A Chance Question for All the Monks

In the morning, eat congee together,
After congee, wash the bowl.
Now I'd like to ask all you monks,
Have you really understood or no?

偶書問諸禪者
朝來共喫粥 粥了洗鉢盂 且問諸禪客 還曾會也無

---

122 When the skin bursts on the ripe fruit, the fragrance spreads; so does the beneficent effect of the Buddha's enlightenment.

123 Literally: a white colt (sunbeam) passing a crack (in the door) or seen through it.

Impromptu Piece to Try Out a New Brush – for My Attendant

Bringing tea every day, you slake my thirst,
Calling at dinner time, you sate my hunger.
It may be said that no-one can tell the mountain monk,
But I know that you bear me motherly compassion.

試新筆次 信手書一偈 贈侍者
擎茶日遣滋吾渴 過飯時敎療我飢 若謂山僧無指示 知君辜負老婆慈

Unaware of a Great Fall of Snow in the Night – Written on Waking up in the Morning and Looking toward the Town

I only thought that the moon had shone deep in the night,
Not knowing that in the cloister the snow had piled up high.
Rising in the morning, I looked toward the town,
On a myriad trees, the prunus had blossomed in a single night.

夜大雪都不覺知 曉起望城中有作
但認更深月照來 不知庭院雪成堆 平明起向城中望 萬樹梅花一夜開

Using Seoldang's Rhyme to show to Seon Masters In and Muk

Yongsanggul is not the only monastery on Mt Jogye,
In late spring the cloister and woods are most splendid.
The many camellia branches are red as fire,
A thousand pear blossoms are white as snow.
Beyond the bamboo, the red peach blooms last of all,
Just like the cheeks of someone first drinking wine.
This morning the mountain rain drizzled and blew,
And I saw the green leaves bent low as it flew.
A fine time and a beautiful scene have always been hard to get,

Now that I would enjoy them, alas it is too late.
Won't you quickly call two or three friends
To discuss poetry, brew tea, and enjoy ourselves?

偶用雪堂韻示印黙二禪人
曹溪不獨龍象窟 春晚園林最奇絶 數枝山茶紅似火 千樹梨花白於雪 竹外紅桃開最晩 正似卯酒初上頣 朝來山雨洒如飛 但見綠葉相低垂 良辰美景古難得 我今行樂嗟暮遲 憑君急呼二三子 論詩煮茗供遊嬉

Late Spring Thought

Deep in spring, the days are long, and visitors few,
The wind beats the pear blossoms and fills the yard with snow.
Fine trees adjoin the eaves, their shadows crossing,
And my pleasures are, just strolling and reciting.

暮春卽事
春深日永人事絶 風打梨花滿庭雪 依檐佳木影加交 散步行吟自怡悅

For Myself, At Leisure

Every day I watch the mountains, and still I never tire,
At all hours I listen to the stream, nor am I ever bored.
Naturally, my ears and eyes are clear and radiant,
Amid such sound and beauty, I love the peace and quiet.

閑中自慶
日看山看不足 時時聽水聽無厭 自然耳目皆清快 聲色中間好養恬

A Poem of Enduring the Cold in a Snowstorm – Sent to Han Pyeong-yang By Way of Thanks

Under the snow, my mountain hut is cold as ice,
As I sit, chill tears suddenly drop on my breast.
When will the world return to spring warmth?
Vainly I sigh that heaven's work has no regard for us.

雪中作苦寒詩 寄韓平陽謝奇
雪厭山堂冷似氷 坐來寒涕輒垂膺 何時造化廻春暖 空歎天工不我矜

Hardship on Mt Gyejok

Life on Mt Gyejok is hard beyond compare,
When I try to describe it, the words stick in my throat.
After so many years, the house is very old,
Eaves tiles and walls, all are falling down.

Every time it rains during the rainy season,
The roof leaks like a sieve, there is no place to hide.
All year for firewood are just a few sticks,
My garments are torn, my face is worn.

Mealtime its greens and lotus root, breakfast thin gruel,
Carrying firewood on the steep slopes, three days out of four.
Never a choice, between cold and heat,
Even when it rains or snows, there is no escape.

The old monk who's a gardener, there's just him,
And he fell cutting grass and broke his arm.
The pepper tree and fruit orchard is no bigger than a hand,
The grass has grown knee-high: there's no-one to trim.

In the remote village, only four or five households have able-bodied men,
There are holes in the thatch, and fields full of weeds.

Men go out to plough, and women pound the mill,
All year round its hard work, even for the children.

Ten days of labour, one day of rest,
Hardly such since there are the household chores.
When autumn comes, sadly there is nothing to harvest,
They can only go to other fields and glean what remains.

It was always said that next year this could not go on,
One of these days, this monastery won't be seen.
The one-eyed cloister master came and said,
The store of grain will be used up, not many months from now.

If we wish our rice bowls not to be quite empty,
We must rush to market with goods to buy some grain.
If not, then every day we must reduce our use,
Adding grass to rice, and more salt to the beans.

Such are the hardships of Gyejok, just like this,
But in truth, it was far from being just like that.
It was far other than Uldanwon in the north continent,[124]
Where clothes and food arrive just through thought.

Nor can we like the sage Vimalakirti,
Produce food from heaven and distribute it.[125]
It is better to put our infinity of hardships
All to sleep in the house of the wind.

---

124 Uldanwon (Sanskrit: Uttarakuru), the continent to the north of Mt Sumeru, the abode of the Brahmanic gods, where food was produced without human effort (Soothill, p.491).

125 In the *Vimalakirti Sutra*, Vimalakirti summons a goddess who brings fragrant rice to feed the assembly who have come to hear his debate with the Bodhisattva of Wisdom, Manjushri.

鷄峯苦
鷄峯之苦今無譬 欲說一二先酸鼻 經營歲久屋甚老 檐甑牆壁皆傾地 每遇淋漓下雨時 屋漏如篩無處庇 四時執爨唯數髡 衣裳繿縷顔色悴 齋時蔬藕晨淡粥 陟嶮搬柴日三四 何曾揀擇寒與暑 雖復雨雪不敢避 園頭老僧只一個 薙草倒地折一臂 山椒菜圃小如掌 草深沒膝無人理 深村丁力四五戶 茅茨不完蓬滿地 男出耕耘女踏碓 長年力役到童稚 十日驅使一日休 奚暇仕家營自利 秋至蕭然無所穫 但向人田拾遺穗 每說明年必不堪 遠遁不復見玆寺 獨眼院主頻來言 糧罄將無數月備 欲令齋鉢不全空 急須將貨糴於肆 不然晨夕省其費 草加於飯鹽加豉 鷄峯之苦苦復苦 具說豈止唯此事 旣不是北洲鬱單越 衣食隨心而自至 又不能毗耶老居士 上方取飯而分施 不如將此千般萬般苦 都付風軒一場睡

Composed to Convey my Feelings when Monks and Laity came to Bid me a Tearful Farewell when I left Seowon[126]

Seeing off a guest from the city, its not easy to be calm,
Because of one's previous close feelings.
Why is it that the whole town, in black robes and white,[127]
Are now brushing away their tears and bidding me farewell?

西原道俗 出城泣送 感而有作
大都餞客意難平 爲有從前繾綣情 底事滿城緇與白 一時揮涕送吾行

Feelings Aroused by Flowers on the Ninth Day of the Ninth Month

There is warfare everywhere throughout the land,
In the whole world all is smoke and dust.
All the people are pained and distressed,

126 Seowon: the old name for the city of Cheongju, in present-day North Cheungcheong Province.

127 I.e. both priests and devotees.

Their eyes, alas! are choked with grief.
They are worried from morn till night.
Who would know that the fair season has come,
The treasured chrysanthemum of the eastern fence,[128]
Faithfully, you have bloomed at the right time.
The golden petals compete in attracting me,
They seem to wish to comfort my thoughts.
With an effort I rose and went up close,
Walking up and down for a long time.
The guest who lost his hat at Longshan,[129]
His bones have long since turned to dust.
The old man of Pengze, lover of wine,[130]
Has gone and will not return.
There is no-one who will appreciate them,
The flowers are open, it is so sad.
It grieved the past and hurts the present,
This feeling is really hard to bear.

重九日對花有感

干戈帀地起 四海皆煙塵 烝民困煎熬 觸目吁可哀 悒悒度晨暝 那知佳節來 珍重東籬菊 殷勤及時開 金葩競媚嫵 似欲慰我懷 强起到花下 逶叢久徘徊 龍山

[128] A reference Δto the poet Tao Qian (Tao Yuanming, 365–427) who, in a time of great political upheavals, cultivated chrysanthemums along the eastern fence of his retreat.

[129] 'Lost his hat' –the reference is to Meng Jia (296–349) of the Jin dynasty, maternal grandfather of Tao Qian. Meng Jia served with General Huan Wen (312–373), who had been impressed by Meng Jia's unflinching courage. On the ninth of the ninth month of 345, Huan Wen and his brothers served a banquet on the summit of Longshan, and they were admiring the chrysanthemums. A sudden gust of wind blew Meng Jia's hat away, but he continued to drink and talk as if nothing had happened. Later, when he went to relieve himself, Huan Wen had someone write a note and attach it to the hat, rebuking Meng for his improper dress. Meng's immediately called for brush and paper, and without pausing for thought, composed an elegant and witty poem about the incident, arousing everyone's admiration.

[130] Pengze was Tao Qian (see note 127)'s official post for thirteen years from 405 onwards.

落帽客 白骨成塵埃 彭澤嗜酒翁 一往不復廻 無人肯見賞 花開亦悠哉 弔古復傷今 幽懷難自裁

Twenty-Four Verses on the Suffering in Yeongnam – Composed in the *gyeongsin* year (1280) when the Mongol Army Built Warships to Invade Japan[131]

The hardships borne in Yeongnam[132]
Bring tears when I write about them.
Two circuits gave military provisions
Three mountains built ships of war.[133]

Taxes have multiplied a hundred-fold,
Labour duties have lasted a full three years.
Like lightning come the tax demands,
Like thunder the orders and decrees.

Envoys constantly go back and forth,
Generals line up in the capital.
The able-bodied have been impressed,
No backs escape the whip.

All the time, people are coming and going,
Night and day the transports move.

131 During this period, Goryeo kings were held hostage in Peking and Korea had to do the Mongols' bidding.

132 Yeongnam: present-day North and South Gyeongsang Provinces (the 'two circuits' of line 3).

133 Three Mountains: another reference to Gyeongsang Province, where there are areas named Samsan (three mountains) in Andong (North Gyeongsang Province) and in Gosong (South Gyeongsang Province).

Oxen and horses' backs are broken,
People's shoulders rarely rest.

Going in the morning to pick herbs,
Cutting grass by moonlight on return.
Fishermen are sent to the fields,
Woodcutters enrolled by the sea.

Conscripts have to put on armour,
Strong lads are given iron spears.
Time presses for the march,
There can be no moment of delay.

Wives and children cry and beat the ground,
Fathers and mothers weep and invoke heaven.
Each is on the brink of life and death,
When can they hope to save their life?

All that are left are the old and very young,
Scraping a living is bitterly hard.
From all the dwellings, half have fled,
In village after village, the fields lie fallow.

Not a home but is desolate,
No place is not melancholy.
Official taxes brook no avoidance,
The army draft allows no escape.

Our sorrows and pain grow worser by the day,
For this exhaustion, what hope of cure?
Faced with the fact, we must bear our grief,
But as a life, it is truly pitiable.

Although we know that power is hard to keep,
Nevertheless there is no reason to accuse.
The Emperor's wisdom fills the blue sky,
And hangs there as glorious as the sun.

If the people can bear up and wait,
The imperial bounty will be spread
And manifest through the Three Han,
Every family will sleep sound once more.

嶺南艱苦狀二十四韻 <庚辰年造東征戰艦時作>

嶺南艱苦狀 欲說涕將先 兩道供軍料 三山造戰船 征徭曾百倍 力役亘三年 星火徵求急 雷霆號令傳 使臣恒絡繹 京將又聯翩 有臂皆遭縛 無腴不受鞭 尋常迎送慣 日夜轉輸連 牛馬無完脊 人民鮮息肩 凌晨採葛去 踏月刈茅還 水手驅農畝 梢工卷海堧 抽丁擐甲胄 選壯荷戈鋋 但促尋時去 寧容寸刻延 妻孥啼躄地 父母哭號天 自分幽明隔 那期性命全 孑遺唯老幼 强活尙焦煎 邑邑半逃戶 村村皆廢田 誰家非索爾 何處不騷然 官稅竟難免 軍租安可蠲 瘡痍唯日甚 疲瘵曷由痊 觸事悉堪慟 爲生誠可憐 雖知勢難保 爭奈訴無緣 帝德靑天覆 皇明白日懸 愚民姑且待 聖澤必當宣 行見三韓內 家家奠枕眠

Written out of Pity for the Peasants in the Rain on the First Day of the Fourth Month

Farming tasks must be done at the right time,
Once the time is past, there is no going back.
The time for planting is very short,
The season between spring and summer.

At the end of spring, then summer starts,
Farming tasks brook no delay.
Heaven above knows the times,
Bestowing dew and rain when there is need.

The invasion of the East is an urgent task,
To farming tasks no-one pays heed.
Envoys constantly go back and forth,
Galloping East and back to the West.

Conscripting the people, they empty the villages,
Driving them to the river banks.
Day and night they fell the mountain trees,
Exhausting their strength to build the warships.
Not even a foot of ground can be ploughed,
How is the life of the people to be fed?
In people's homes, there is no store of grain,
Most of them are soon crying from hunger.

Moreover, having lost their farming craft,
They can all foresee their coming deaths.
Alas! what thing am I?
Having tears and shedding them in vain.

Alas for the people of the East country,
How can Heaven not have pity on them?
How can I get a strong wind to come,
And blow my words of tears and blood?

Blow them right up to Heaven above,
Spread them in the white jade courtyard.
So that what my poem could not complete,
Should all be known to the Lord on High.

憫農黑羊四月旦日雨中作

農事須及時 失時無復爲 農時苦無幾 春夏交爲期 春盡夏已生 農事不可遲 上天解時節 膏澤方屢施 征東事甚急 農事誰復思 使者恒絡繹 東馳復西馳 卷民空巷閭 長驅向江湄 日夜伐山木 造艦力已疲 尺地不墾闢 民命何以資 民戶無

宿糧 太半早啼飢 況復失農業 當觀死無遺 嗟予亦何者 有淚空漣洏 哀哉東土民 上天能不悲 安得長風來 吹我泣血詞 一吹到天上 披向白玉墀 詞中所未盡 盡使上帝知

Nearing My End

The years I have lived are sixty-seven,
And come this morning, all things are done.
My road back home is level and smooth,
The end of the road is clear and never lost.
In my hands I only have my walking staff,
Rejoicing that this journey will not tire my legs.

臨終偈

閱過行年六十七 及到今朝萬事畢 故鄉歸路坦然平 路頭分明未曾失 手中纔有一枝笻 且喜途中脚不倦

V

COLLECTED SAYINGS OF PRECEPTOR BAEGUN (1299–1375)

白雲和尙語

V. Collected Sayings of Preceptor Baegun (1299–1375)
白雲和尙語

Abiding in the Mountain

After sixty years of deluded life,
Rural Gosan is a pleasant place to live.[134]
When I feel hungry, I eat; when I feel tired, I simply go to bed.
No one knows who is who.

The essence reveals itself when no mind is disturbed;
How shall I give a metaphor of this essence?
The emptiness of moonlight reflected on the water can be observed;
And the image reflected in the mindless mirror is always empty.

The water flowing in the valley seems dyed a green color;
Yet the green mountain outside the window cannot be painted.
The beauty of the mountain and the sound of the water are revealed in their entirety;
Now who could ever attain the truth of non-birth?[135]
The Master picks up a dharma staff and says, "If you think this is the right answer, you are still in the wrong."

The mountain is blue, and the water is green;
The birds are chirping, and the flowers are blooming.
All this is the recital of a stringless performance of the lute,
Which the blue-eyed foreign monk never tired of hearing.

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[134] The writer, Preceptor Baeg'un (White Cloud), resided at Gosan Hermitage, in Gimpo, near present-day Seoul, in 1369.

[135] Non-birth: It means the truth of birthlessness of things, non-arising of all dharmas,neither arising nor perishing, or the ultimate reality.

Yellow flowers and green bamboo are not alien things,
And the bright moon and pleasant breeze are not passions.
As everything in the whole world belongs to my house,
All I have to do is make use of them entirely as I wish.

It is very nice to live at the foot of Lone Mountain:
Rice is cheap firewood plenty, all around.
Too innocent is the mindless old country man;
He gives people things he borrowed from others.

Śakyamuni Buddha did not remain for long without words;
Vimalakirti also did not keep silence.
They are like newly-honed hair-slicing swords;[136]
No heretics or devils would dare to watch.

I built myself a grass hut at the foot of Lonely Mountain;
When hungry, I ate rice; when tired, I went to bed.
The night seemed long when it is cold in winter.
So I burnt a few more pieces of firewood.

I went into the hermitage shouldering the dharma staff slantwise,
And practised for a few years to finish my study.
Do you wish to know the profound stage of a mountain monk?
It is twice three times three, both front and back.[137]

---

136 An expression preferred by Seon masters. The sword is so sharp that it will even cut through a hair that falls on the blade. It also refers to a sharp mind that can cut off any defilement.

137 I.e. eighteen in all: three kinds of perception (of words, of empty space, of enlightenment); three kinds of conduct 行 (according to belief, law, and nature); three kinds of position (of mind, of being without thought, of bright space); three kinds of understanding (of wisdom, of the law, and of nature); three kinds of use 用 (of breaking the cycle [of life and rebirth], of transformative means, and of marvellous revelation); and three kinds of potentiality 德 (of the dharma body, of nirvana, and of release [from the cycle of death and rebirth]). Summarized by RW from http://zhidao.baidu.com/question/536967 (accessed 30 December 2011).

The breezy pine tree window is full of mountain snow,
And the blue lamplight is beaming quietly in the dark of the night.
Put down everything, covering up to the head with rags;
This is when the mountain monk gets his unbending fortitude.

When hungry, I eat rice; when tired, I go to bed.
When the mind is peaceful, everything is restful.
Do not judge me by the idea of right and wrong;
What is the use of interfering with one another in the life
of the evanescent world.

How could we explain the way of attaining enlightenment?
When you are tired, lie down; when you are thirsty, drink tea.
Extremely deluded were Linji and Deshan,
Because "Hal!" and the rod they provided were just nonsense.

The rivers and mountains in the broad daylight are beautiful
just as they are,
And luxurious are the flowers in the spring time.
There is nothing more to be said;
All dharmas are originally complete as they are.

All the phenomena in the three realms and upper
And down below are, in fact, transmutation of consciousness.
The essence of thought is originally empty;
Nothing that is arisen from transmutation has substance.

If you want to forget the things in front of you,
You must put down your mind first.
If your mind does not name things against your will,
How could there be any object to exist?

Truth has no substance;

So is the delusion: it has no trace.
There is no difference between the two;
They are equal in substantiality.

Even the bright sun cannot illuminate the night;
So is the bright mirror: it cannot reflect its back.
How could they be like my mind?
It is bright all round, and it always illuminates in quietude.

Even if there was no Shakyamuni Buddha,
And Bodhidharma did not come from the West,
The Buddha-dharma pervades the whole world;
Lo! the flowers are in full bloom in the breeze of spring.

The monastery at the foot of Lonely Mountain
Is so modest that it is like a countryside home.
Yet I hear a dog barking over the hill;
What a shame it is to have such a house.

The monastery at the foot of Lonely Mountain
Where a monk is abiding is nothing special.
The stone steps are laid up and down in a random formation;
The miscanthus is also various in its length.

There was a thing that was created
Without form and name before the creation of heaven;
It expands or contracts according to conditions;
Wherefore it is called wisdom for conveniences's sake.

His original appearance is a man abiding in the mountain;
Yet he looks more like a gentleman with few words.
He is also unconventional and friendly in association;
Talk about the mind: so bright is the autumnal moon.

The absolute truth is emptiness of all dharmas,
Hence there is no reason to be obsessed with things.
This is the essence of Buddha's teaching,
And everyone should practice with all their heart.
You should never forget the truth that all conditioned things
Are dreams, delusions, bubbles, and shadows.
Unsurpassed is the Buddha-dharma,
Yet there are many who think otherwise.

Heaven has borne a stone lion,
On its back is the sound of a breeze from the pines.
This is the most illustrious dharma discourse;
Every practitioner should pay close attention.

(The last stanza was composed when I was abiding at Seongbulsa.[138] On Namsan, there was a great rock, like a lion, with a pine tree growing there. So I inscribed this verse on the rock.)

居山

夢幻年光過耳順 孤山村塢也相宜 飢來喫食困來睡 李四張三都不知 一念不生全體現 此體如何得喻齊 透水月華虛可見 無心鑑象照常空 洞中流水如藍染 門外青山畫不成 山色水聲全體露 箇中誰是悟無生 擧杖云 認着依前還不是 山青青水綠綠 鳥喃喃花蔟蔟 盡是無絃琴上曲 碧眼胡僧看不足 黃花翠竹非他物 明月清風不是塵 頭頭盡是吾家物 信手拈來用得親 孤山山下好養身 米賤柴多足四隣 無心野老機關少 家火從他乞與人 黃面瞿曇不良久 室中維摩亦不默 恰似吹毛新發研 外道天魔不得 結茅於孤山山下 飢來喫食困來臥 冬夜夜寒覺夜長 煨取柴頭三兩箇 橫擔榔栗入山庵 行脚多年事罷參 欲識山僧親切處 前三三與後三三 風吼松窓雪滿山 入夜青燈照寂寥 衲衣蒙頭休萬事 此是僧山得力時 飢來喫食因來眠 一種平懷萬境閑 莫把是非來辨我 浮生人事不相干 向上機關何足道 困來閑臥渴卽茶 臨濟德山特地迷 枉用功夫施棒喝 白日江山麗青春花草榮 何須重話會 萬物本圓成 三界上下法 我說識所變 念體本來空 所

---

[138] Seongbul 成佛: attaining Buddhahood.

變何有實 若欲忘前境 先當忘汝心 心若不强名 境物從何起 推眞眞無體 窮妄妄無蹤 眞妄了無殊 平等同一體 白日不照夜 明鏡不照後 焉得如我心 圓明常寂照 釋迦不出世 達磨不西來 佛法遍天下 春風花滿開 孤山山下寺 冷落似村居 隔林聞犬吠 慙愧道人居 孤山山下寺 居僧亦是常 土砌隨高下 茅茨任短長 一物先天生 無名亦無相 應緣能屈伸 方便號爲智 本色住山人 貌古語亦少 相逢不苟顔 論心秋月皎 了知諸法空 無一法當情 是諸佛用心 汝等勤修習 一切有爲法 如夢幻泡影 佛語雖眞實 錯會觀者多 天生石師子 背上松風聲 好箇西來意 諸禪子細聽 <右一頌 在成佛菴作 南山有大石 形如師子背生大松 故作此偈書其石>

Appreciation for the Pen Name Baegun

The original lofty blue mountain
Is looking down upon the drifting white clouds laughing.
Even though the marks are drifting about,
The mind itself is always calm with the blue mountain.

謝道號白雲
元來卓卓青山父 下笑白雲隨處飄 跡雖隨處飄然去 心與青山常寂寥

To Preceptor Naong[139] Entering Diamond Mountain[140]

It has been a year since I last saw your esteemed face,
I am happy to hear that you are entering the mountain and meditating.
A country man in a small place is too lazy and careless
To do anything other than eat when hungry and sleep when tired.

139 Naong: Hyegeun (懶翁惠勤, 1320–1376), see collection IX in this volume.

140 The most beautiful mountain in Korea. It is located in Gangwon Province. There are many famous temples on the mountain, such as Yujeomsa and Jangansa, ideal places to practise.

寄懶翁和尙入金剛山
奉別尊顔又一年 喜聞山裏且安禪 三家村漢踈慵甚 飢卽加湌困卽眠

Preceptor Sadae

Preceptor Sadae! What have you done?
You have swallowed all the Buddhas of the three ages.
If there are still Buddhas to be eaten,
There must be sentient beings to be delivered.

思大和尙
可笑思大老古錐 三世諸佛一口呑 若有可呑之諸佛 豈無可度之衆生

Returning to the Mountain from Another Region

When I went away, the flowing water of the creek saw me off;
When I returned, the valley full of white clouds met me.
There was no meaning in my coming and going,
But these two things truly have emotion.
The flowing water that saw me off has no deep attachment;
And the white clouds that met me have no worldly desires.
Coming and going of a body is like the clouds and water;
A body comes and goes, but the eyes see for the first time.

出州廻山
去時一溪流水送 來時滿谷白雲迎 一身去來本無意 二物無情却有情 流水出山無戀志 白雲歸洞亦無心 一身去來如雲水 身是重行眼是初

Paying Condolence to the Deceased

So swift is the rising and ceasing of the bubble;

His dharma light is already out, and his hermitage is falling down.
When I think of the time when I visited him to ask a question,
I could not cry, ah! nor could I laugh.

悼亡人
漚生漚滅一何速 法燈已滅法梁傾 因思扣請當年事 哭不成兮笑不成

In Reply to Minister Jeong Seol's Verse

The reason the doctrinal gate of non-action is wide open is
To show the golden fish coming through the net.
Do not say that the fish does not bite because the water is cold,
If you do as you are doing now, you will return with a boatload of fish.

Of old it was full of empty space
Still now it is full of empty space.
But though it is full of empty space,
Gazing, it does not look like empty space.

答鄭偰宰臣詩韻
無爲大化門大開 意在金鱗透網來 莫道水寒魚不食 如今釣得滿船迴 古也逼塞
虛空 今也逼塞虛空 縱然逼塞滿虛空 看時不見如虛空

A Five-Word Reply[141] to a Request for the Dharma

The original true face
Is just like empty space.
It is also like a snowflake
Falling into the cooking pot.

141 A quatrain with five Chinese characters in each line.

The nature of the true-suchness without thinking
Is like a sun hung in empty space.
The disturbance of the six sense faculties
Is like the sun escaping into the cloud.
The volume of the Way, which is originally immaculate,
Is the same as that of empty space.
It contains heaven and the earth,
And the sun and the moon are also contained in it.

The gnostic light is matter, yet it is not matter;
Its mysterious function is empty, yet it is not empty.
It pervades in the infinite world,
Yet it enters at the same time into a tiny grain of dust.

The gnostic knowledge is another name for emptiness;
It illuminates in quietude abiding in emptiness.
It not only manifests myriad things in itself,
But revels all by itself in myriad things as well.

It neither arises nor ceases to be;
Yet it governs the far reaching empty space.
When it bestows, it mingles uniting with the great universe,
And then attains forthwith complete emancipation
from the Six Roots and Dusts.

It has filled great empty space since the no-beginning,
And it will fill it till the endless end.
Even if it fills the great empty space,
It is like a bird that leaves no trace.

復答請法以五言示之

本來眞面目 髣髴若虛空 又如一點雪 落在烘爐中 離念眞如性 如日處虛空 六根才一動 如日入雲中 本來清淨道 其量等虛空 乾坤在其內 日月處其中 靈光色

非色 神用空不空 徧現周沙界 收攝一塵中 靈知一段空 寂照含虛空 萬相影現中 獨露萬相中 無生亦無滅 一物鎭長空 施爲渾大有 逈脫根塵中 無始塞大虛 無終塞大空 縱然塞大空 如鳥跡空中

The Four Deportments[142]

I am spending the rest of my peaceful life in quietude;
When I get excited, I climb the mountain,
Cover my head with my robe, and think no more of things.
And it immediately invigorates the power to abide
without relying on the phenomenal and void.

By cutting off all kinds of good and evil,
Like Mt Sumeru, I sit upright and unconcerned.
On the blue mountains, by the green water and under the vines,
Abandoning the four greats, I just eat when hungry, and lie down when tired.

四威儀頌

閴寂安居餞殘生 興來時隨意上山行 衲衣蒙頭休萬務 正得力不依有無住 一切善惡都放過 須彌山兀然無事坐 青山綠水藤蘿下 放四大飢食困來臥

The Song of No-mind[143]

White clouds emerge and melt away
In the midst of infinite empty space;

142 Four Deportments ('four greats'): undivided attention or mindfulness in moving, standing, sitting, and lying during the meditation practice.

143 No-mind: mindlessness, mindless-mind, without thought or will, free from illusion or discrimination.

The flowing waters murmur
And pour into the heart of the great sea.
Whether the water runs straight or curved,
Is neither here nor there.
The clouds too scroll and then disperse of themselves,
There could be no partiality in their relationship.
All things under the sun have no preference of this and that;
Only human beings raise arguments about likes and dislikes.
If human beings could behave like clouds and water when they encounter sense-objects,
They could manage their self-hood whatever they do in their daily lives.
If human beings could refrain from naming or particularizing things wilfully,
How could likes and dislikes arise?
The fool may forget sense-objects, but not the mind;
The wise may forget the mind, but not sense-objects.
If you forget the mind, the sense-objects calm down by themselves;
If the sense-objects calm down, the mind also does the same.
This is what is called the main point of No-mind.

無心歌

白雲澹泞 出沒於大虛之中 流水潺湲 東注於大海之心 水也遇曲遇直 無彼無此 雲也自卷自舒 何親何疎 萬物本閑 不言我青我黃 惟人自鬧 强生是好是醜 觸境心如雲水意 在世縱橫有何事 若人心不强名 好醜從何而起 愚人忘境不忘心 智者忘心不忘境 忘心境自寂 境寂心自如 夫是之謂無心眞宗

Death-Bed Verse

When the Master was about to pass away, he left words to his several disciples: "an ancient sage said, 'If you realize that everything is empty, there is nothing to cling to.' These are the words of the mind of all the Buddhas, and you all must practise hard. I am now quitting the world like a bubble,

and there is nothing to be sad about."

From ancient times,
It is rare to live till the age of seventy.
Seventy-seven years ago I came,
Seventy-seven years now I leave.
Everywhere is the return path,
Every spot is my native home.
No need to prepare boat and oar
For the journey home.
There never existed a body called mine
Nor was there a place for the mind to abide.
Scatter my ashes in all directions,
Do not send them to sandalwood land.[144]

臨終偈

師臨行 示二三兄弟曰"古人云'常了一切空 無一法當情'是諸佛用心處 汝等勤而行之 我今漚滅 不可興悲"人生七十歲 古來亦希有 七十七年來 七十七年去 處處皆歸路 頭頭是古鄉 何須理舟楫 特地欲歸鄉 我身本不有 心亦無所住 作灰散四方 勿占檀那地

---

144 Sandalwood land: India, the source of Buddhism. Baeg'un is echoing a couplet by a Song dynasty monk-poet, Zhiduan (志端) who enjoins his followers to scatter his ashes on the Yangzi, not to send them to the country where Buddhism originated.

VI

DHARMA RECORDS OF PRECEPTOR TAEGO BO'U (1301–1382)

太古和尙語錄

VI. Dharma Records of Preceptor Taego Bo'u (1301–1382) 太古和尚語錄

Song of Taegosa[145]

I live in this monastery, but I know nothing about it;
The place is deep and dense, yet not inconvenient.
It covers all of heaven and earth,
And I do not dwell in any of the four directions.
There is no comparison for its pearly towers and jade halls,
The Shaolin regulations do not apply here.
The eighty-four thousand Dharmas are all destroyed,
And I see the green mountains beyond the clouds,
The white clouds above the mountain,
The drops of water running down the creek in the mountain.
Who could distinguish the beautiful figures of the white clouds?
It is sometimes clear, rainy, and then a flash of lightning.
Who can understand the sound of the creek?
Through a thousand bends and ten thousand turns the stream still flows
You will fall into a great error even before the rise of a thought,
And you will only make a mess of it if you try to open your mouth.
Through frost, through rain, how many years?
I can now understand how absurd everything was.
There is no difference between coarse and delicate foods;
I will let people take whatever they like.
Master Yunmen's cakes[146] and Master Zhaozhou's tea:[147]

---

145 Taegosa was established in 1341 on Mt Bukhan in Goyang City, Gyeonggi Province by Taego Bo'u, but burned down during the Korean War. The Preceptor dwelt in this monastery for five years, and this poem was composed at this time.

146 Yunmen (864–949): monk of the late Tang and Five Dynasties, and founder of the Yunmen (Cloud Gate) school. When a disciple asked him, what was better than all the Buddhas and all the patriarchs, he replied: *hubing* 胡餅 (foreign cakes).

How could they be the same as those coarse foods of the monastery?
This is the old tradition of the house,
And who could argue about your sharp wits?

Taego Monastery is at the tip of a hair;
It is spacious, yet it is not; it is confined, yet it is not.
Tens of thousands of worlds are contained there,
And the splendid discerning eyes hit the heaven.
Not even the Buddhas of the three-fold period could understand it,
Nor could the successive generations of patriarchs come out of it.
You the slow-witted master!
You are all messed up with no principle,
Put on the tattered hemp clothes from Qingzhou,[148]
And lean on the precipice in the shadow of the vine.
There is neither the dharma nor human before my eyes,
All I do all day is face the glow of the blue mountains idly.
I am singing this song unoccupied in the upright position,
The song from the West[149] is more distinct.
Who in the whole world could sing together? I wonder.
I hear the sounds of clapping from Mt Sumeru and Shaolinsi.
Who could take the ancient stringless *qin*
And respond to the modern flute with no holes?
Have you not seen it,
The event at Taegosa?
It is clear as it is today.
The hundreds and thousands of *samadhis* are all there,
And renders benefits to all beings according to conditions in quietude.

---

147 Like Yunmen's cakes, this is another *hwadu*, or 'word-head' in meditation practice.

148 Hemp clothes: a *hwadu* from an answer given by Chan Master Congshen from Zhaozhou (趙州, 778–897). When he was asked 'The myriad methods all return to the one; where is that one?' he replied 'In Qingzhou [in Shanxi province] I got some hemp robes, weighing seven pounds.'

149 The unsurpassed teachings of Buddha.

There abide countless Buddhas and patriarchs
Besides this old monk in this monastery.
I am telling you with confidence that you should never doubt,
It is beyond conceptual knowledge, beyond even great wisdom.
Reflection of the mind will put you farther away,
And even if you understood it by intuition,
It still leaves a trace.
You will make it worse if you try to inquire about it.
It is rather best to remain as an immovable stone;
This is the enlightenment of the Tathagata.
One day you happened to come out of the door in the passage of aeons;
Now you are wandering on the road, even if it is just for a short while.
The name of this monastery was originally not Taego,
It is called Taego at the present day.[150]
They say, "Everything is in One, and One in everything."
But that is not right: everything is just ever luminous.
It looks square, yet it also looks round;
It is deep and mysterious according to the current and locality.
If you ask me to describe the percept[151] in the mountain,
I will say the pines are the woodwind and strings, and the stream is full of moonlight.

I neither practise the Dao nor meditate;
The Chimsuhyang[152] is burnt up, and there is no smoke in the censer.
Thus spend the time without any concern;
Why are you straining yourself so hard in vain?
It is extremely pure, and extreme is the poverty;
Yet there was a means of livelihood before the time of the Buddha of

---

150 Taego 太古: literally 'great or remote antiquity.'

151 The percept: The sense-object, the mind-object, sensory perception, or outer perspective.

152 A kind of incense made of wood heavier than water.

Majestic Voice.[153]
When I have nothing to do, I sing the song of Taego at the top of my voice
Travelling the whole world riding the iron-ox backward.
Every perspective might look wondrous to the eyes of children,
But as I could not drag it around, what I get is sore eyes for nothing.
As such are the filthy and clumsy aspects of the monastery,
I have nothing more to say.
When I returned from dancing to the tune of the music,
The blue mountains were face to face with the woods and the streams, as in the past.

太古庵歌

吾住此庵吾莫識 深深密密無壅塞 函盖乾坤沒向背 不住東西與南北 珠樓玉殿未爲對 少室風規亦不式 爍破八萬四千門 那邊雲外青山碧 山上白雲白又白 山中流泉滴又滴 誰人解看白雲容 晴雨有時如電擊 誰人解聽此泉聲 千回萬轉流不息 念未生時早是訛 更擬開口成狼藉 經霜經雨幾春秋 有甚閑事知今日 麁也飡細也飡 任儞人人取次喫 雲門糊餅趙州茶 何似庵中無味食 本來如此舊家風 誰敢與君論奇特 一毫端上太古庵 寬非寬兮窄非窄 重重刹土箇中藏 過量機路衝天直 三世如來都不會 歷代祖師出不得 愚愚訥訥主人公 倒行逆施無軌則 着郤青州破布衫 藤蘿影裏倚絕壁 眼前無法亦無人 旦暮空對青山色 兀然無事詞此曲 西來音韻愈端的 徧界有誰同唱和 靈山少室謾相拍 誰將太古沒絃琴 應此今時無孔笛 君不見 太古庵中太古事這如今明歷歷 百千三昧在其中 利物應緣常寂寂 此菴非但老僧居 塵沙佛祖同風格 決定說君莫疑 智亦難知識莫測 回光返照尚茫茫 直下承當猶滯跡 進問如何還大錯 如如不動如頑石 放下着莫妄想 即是如來大圓覺 歷劫何曾出門戶 暫時落泊今時路 此菴本非太古名 乃因今日云太古 一中一切多中一 一不得中常了了 能其方亦其圓 隨流轉處悉幽玄 君若問我山中境 松風蕭瑟月滿川 道不修禪不叅 水沈燒盡爐無煙 但伊騰騰恁麼過 何用區區求其然 徹骨清兮徹骨貧 活計自有威音前 閑來浩唱太古歌 倒騎鐵牛遊人天 兒童觸目盡伎倆 曳轉不得徒勞眼皮穿 菴中醜拙只如許 可知何必更重宣 舞罷三臺歸去後 青山依舊對林泉

153 The first Buddha to attain enlightenment aeons of kalpas ago.

The Song I Enjoy in the Mountain

I neither shave nor cut my hair,
Like a devil with tangled mop;
Foolish like a stone;
Stupid as a block of wood.
Visited patriarchs until the grass sandals are worn out;
Prattled all kinds of evil and nonsensical talks.
La-la Li-li La-la-la
Returned to rest singing the song all by myself.
The Emperor of Mongolia is the saint of saints;
His Majesty let me abide in the deep valley.
There is no one who could share my pleasure in the mountain;
I alone enjoy my awkward lonely life.
I would rather enjoy with the water and stones
Than share this pleasure with common people.
Pray the long life of the Emperor!
The long life of the Emperor will be the lasting pleasure.
My concerns will vanish then,
And I will gladly take the loneliness of the rocky hill
and the winding flow of the water.
The monastery at the corner of a rock will be adequate for me;
I will rely on the mutual reliance of myself and the white clouds.
Have you not heard the song of the old monk Taego?
There is an infinite pleasure in the song.
He enjoys singing all by himself.
That is the pleasure of letting fate take its path
without the perverse interposition.
What is the meaning of enjoying singing all by oneself?
I do not know myself what kind of pleasure it is.
Do you know the meaning of the pleasure?
People enjoy it everyday and still do not understand
the meaning of their enjoyment.

Tao Yuanming[154] played a stringless *qin* when he was drunk,
Puhua[155] shook the handbell in the market place.
Budai,[156] who had nothing to do,
Got drunk on the wine dregs at the public bar.
That was the mode of the pleasure the ancient sages enjoyed;
How dreary is it to leave a name behind then?
It is hard to find a man who enjoys with understanding;
What a pleasure it is then to enjoy the pleasure in action.
Behold! This is the pleasure of Taego.[157]
A monk gets drunk, sings a song. Now the deranged wind
is rising in countless valleys.
He indulged in pleasure, and forgets the passing of time;
All that he perceives is the flowers blooming and falling
in the chasm of a rock.

山中自樂歌

不剪鬚不剪髮 好箇鬼頭羅刹 憨憨癡癡也似石頭 愚愚魯魯也如木橛 踏盡草鞋參祖師 惡聲虛說如機發 囉囉哩哩囉囉 獨唱此曲來休歌 大元天子聖中聖 賜居岩谷消日月 無人共我山中樂 吾獨憐吾踈轉拙 寧同水石長自樂 不與世人知此樂 但願聖壽萬萬歲 萬歲長爲萬歲樂 然後可以吾無憂 嵒阿澗曲甘蕭索 嵒隈小庵足庇身 也任白雲相依托 君不見太古老僧歌一曲 曲中還有無窮樂 自樂自歌何所爲 樂天知命無爲樂 胡爲自歌還自樂 吾亦不知何樂 樂中有意君知否 人雖日用難摸着 淵明中酒弄無絃 普化入市搖鈴鐸 布帒閑僧大無事 紅塵酒肆熏糟粕 古來聖賢之樂只如此 空留虛名聲韻何寂寞 知之好者尚難得 況其樂之行之作 君看太古此中樂 陀醉舞狂風生萬壑 自樂不知時序遷 但看嵒花開又落

154 Tao Qian (365–427): celebrated poet recluse during the Jin Dynasty. See note 127, above.

155 Puhua (?–860): A monk during the Tang Dynasty, who preached roaming around shaking a bell.

156 A monk during the Tang Dynasty, who preached and begged with a sack (*budai*, cloth bag) on his shoulder.

157 Taego: the writer himself.

Song of Baegunsa[158]

A great number of white clouds above Mt Soyo,
And the moon, Mt Soyo's constant companion.
Sometimes many good things happen when there is a fair wind,
Coming to report there are other more splendid mountains.
The white clouds are drifting around in empty space, without a thought;
It's like a snowflake in the cooking pot.
The clouds send the rain all over without discrimination,
And all things on earth are glad of it.
It returns quickly to the mountain;
The mountain light takes colour, and the water flows noisily.
The old monastery is hazy although it is not in the fog;
Due to constant cloud, the road is precarious, and the moss is slippery.
He is walking back and forth with faltering steps;
The only thing he can rely on is a walking stick.
There is a hermitage with an open door to the east at the dead end of the path,
And the master of the house and the guest are exchanging a dialogue without words.
Both the mountain and the water are quiet
When a stone-woman is wordy and a wooden-man is rebuking.
The blue-eyed Bodhidharma from the West in haste
Leaked the secret, and buried the sun of the Buddha.
It was transmitted to Huineng on Mt Caoxi
With the words that originally there never was a thing.
How absurd are the people of all ages in the world;
They wield their staffs and shout "Ha!" with no care for eyebrows.[159]
What should I do for the people of today in the future?

---

158 Master Bo'u composed this poem when he was residing at this monastery in 1339.

159 I.e. unceasingly, until the hair of their eyebrows reaches the ground.

All the year round of fair seasons,
Head to the riverbank when it's hot, and head to the fire when it's cold,
Cut the white cloud[160] when there is nothing to do, meditating in the deep of the night.
When I am tired, I lie down at the white cloud pavilion;
The breeze of the pine tree is so quiet.
Why don't you come and spend the rest of your life here?
There are wild greens for your hunger, and the spring for your thirst.

白雲菴歌

逍遙山上多白雲 長伴逍遙山上月 有時清風多好事 來報他山更奇絶 白雲無心徧大虛 其如烘爐一點雪 行雨四方無彼此 是處是物皆欣悅 刹那歸來此山裏 山光着色水嗚咽 古菴依俙非霧間 連雲畏道蒼苔滑 左傾右傾住復行 誰其侍者唯榔栗 路窮菴門向東開 主賓同會無言說 山默默水潺潺 石女喧嘩木人咄 汲汲西來碧眼胡 漏洩此意埋佛日 傳至曹溪盧老手 又道本來無一物 可笑古今天下人不惜眉毛行棒喝 我今將何爲今人 春秋冬夏好時節 熱向溪邊寒向火 閑截白雲夜半結 困來閑臥白雲樓 松風蕭蕭聲浙浙 請君來此保餘年 飢有蔬兮渴有泉

Song of Cloud Mountain

The white cloud above the mountain is white,
And the flowing water in the mountain is running its course.
It is my wish to abide in between them,
And the white could opened a portion of the mountain for me.
I tell the white cloud all that is in my mind,
But sometimes the white cloud could not stay for long
to send the rain.
Sometimes the white cloud is blown away by the fair wind,
And travels all over the world.

160 It means the ability of non-obstruction.

I, too, then take the fair wind with you,
And travel to the river and to the mountain wherever the wind takes me to follow you.
What did I do by following you?
I played with the waves with the white sea gull.
Returned at once to sit under the pine tree in the moonlight with you,
And heard the roaring of the sound of the pine tree.
With whom shall I talk about the state of this mind?
So faraway are the Buddha and the patriarchs.
When I lay me down in the white clouds idly,
The green mountains beamed and told me not to worry.
I then replied with a smile,
"You may not know the reason I came here.
I never had sufficient sleep in my whole life,
And came to love the water and stones, which became my clothes."
Then the green mountains said with a smile,
"You should have come to us sooner.
If you really love the green mountains,
Take all the rest you want in the shade of the vines."
As what the green mountains said,
I lay down full stretch taking the green mountains as a pavilion.
I sometimes dreamed, and then woke up;
But they did not bother me at all.
When I retraced the way I came in my dream
From an inn in the capital riding a wooden ox.
The wooden ox became a balmy spring breeze
Bursting open jade-like blossoms and fair willow catkins.
The peach blossoms are red as the burning fire,
And the willow catkins are round like balls of white.
Amid all these, the plum blossoms are whiter than white,
And the invited guests are complying with confidential signs.
The cry of a rare bird is trying to wake me from the fleeting dream,
But the taste of sleep is still sweet, my body does not move.

雲山吟

山上白雲白 山中流水流 此間我欲住 白雲爲我開山區 白雲話盡心中事 有時行雨難久留 又被清風便 行盡三千歷四洲 我亦隨君馭清風 江山處處相追遊 追遊爲何事 堪與白鷗戲波頭 卻來共坐松下月 松聲動啾啾 此心共誰話 恒沙佛祖盡悠悠 懶臥白雲裏 青山笑我大無憂 我即笑而答 汝山不識吾來由 平生睡不足 愛此水石爲衿裯 青山爲笑我 何不早歸來吾儔 君若愛青山 藤蘿影裏大休休 我從青山語 放身大臥青山樓 有時夢有時覺 夢覺元無拘 夢裏卻尋來時路 長安酒肆騎木牛 木牛化作春風意 綻花開柳如琳球 桃花紅似火 柳絮白如毬 中有李花白又白 無言引得幽言求 珍禽啼破刹那夢 睡味猶甘身不動

Iron Ox

In 1363 Jongseo Dang Sunim visited me on Mt Gaji to attend the summer retreat. I perceived that he was not only alert but also settled, fully capable of attaining enlightenment. In the fall before leaving the monastery, he asked me for a dharma name. I conferred on him a name "Cheolu," Iron Ox. The reason I gave him the name was as follows: during the dharma discourse, I asked the assembly: "What is it that we are studying everyday?" After the close of the retreat, Jongseo Dang came up with the answer, "Until now, I tried to understand the truth by the words and through the image of the Buddha. However, after the study during the retreat, I gave up the previous methods, and concentrated the mind with Patriarch Zhaozhou's *hwadu* "Mu," just like a mosquito attacking the back of an ox." That was how I had the idea of conferring on him the dharma name of "Iron Ox."[161] If you study hard exerting yourself until you sweat all over your body, you will surely be able to meet Patriarch Zhaozhou. I sincerely hope that you will try hard.

You are so foolish and adamant without even a thought of looking back;

As you have no knowledge, there will be no fear of even

[161] The iron ox symbolizes an inanimate object or being.

the roar of a lion.
I went to bed without sleeping; stretched out between heaven
and earth.
The world is wide, and there is no coming and going.
How many times have I met the balmy spring breeze;
how many times have I spent the autumnal season?
The constant body has no concept of the ancient-present time.
Even the fire of aeons[162] could not destroy it.
The figures of two horns in the rain falling
on the beautiful prairie in spring look dim.
Have you not seen it?
No one in the whole world could pull the foolish
And tardy steps of the ox.
Alas! The herdboy let the reins go.
It has been a long time since he lost control of the reins.
Here is some advice for the herdboy:
Jump right on the ox, and give it a hard whip that will hurt
the marrow of its bones.
If the pain sinks deep down into the marrow of its bones,
Maitreya will come down and pray for the deliverance
of sentient beings.
Even if he fails in deliverance, there is nothing we can do about it.
Hanshan[163] will laugh at it with clapping hands.
You should visit a great master;
You will be then surely able to grab your own nose
And sing a song of peace without concerns.

鐵牛

癸卯春 宗西堂 訪余于迦智山 結夏觀其動靜 微密安詳 宛有受道之資 至秋告

[162] The fire of aeon: a conflagration at the end of a kalpa, the fires that end an aeon.

[163] A great priest and poet of the early Tang Dynasty, who lived all his life in tattered rags just like a beggar. Hanshan literally means 'cold mountain.'

別 仍求號 以鐵牛稱之 所以然者 先解制 問衆日用工夫 西堂云 昔日以佛聲佛色爲解 自到會中 得蒙本分示誨 如上伎倆都盡 但冷地上參看趙州無字 如蚊子上鐵牛相似故 用其語而爲號 因作偈以贈之 玆於鐵牛上 痛鞭出汗 則便與趙州相見了也 勉旃 只麼癡頑不顧後 無知豈怕獅子吼 不眠而眠長臥天地間 大千沙界無去住 幾度春風幾度秋 一如如體無今古 劫火洞然不燒伊 頭角依俙芳草雨 君不見 癡癡兀兀此牛行 擧世無人拘牽去 可憐牧牛子放郤繩頭兮 末如之何已久 吾今勸進牧牛子 進步驀騎鞭徹髓 痛徹髓出汗血 嘉州大像來乞救 救不得沒奈何 寒山拊掌笑呵呵 於斯須訪見宗師 決了巴鼻兮 閑唱大平歌

Central Monastery

The Japanese monk Suyun asked me to compose a verse for his pen name. At that time, I was seventy-six. My eyesight was weak and I had stopped writing for many years. However, his entreaty was so earnest, so here is the verse:

The water of the winding creek flows with a faint song
In the thousand-folds of green mountains
By ten thousand-feet of green heights,
And deep is the forest with the thick bush of diverse trees;
This is where an obscure small monastery is located.
The only thing we see is the smoke of prayer for the felicity of the King every morning and evening.
The flowers bloom and then fall, but no birds are visiting;
The only visitor is the white cloud appearing in front of the door now and then.
Who could know the daily schedule of the master?
He never has dreamt of the worldly affinity.
His only friend is the tranquil extinction in the land of complete cessation.
Pleasant is the wind and so bright is the moon beyond the mistletoe and pine trees.

中菴

日本允禪人 以其號求頌 余時年七十六 目暗放筆久矣 其請勤勤 强下老筆云
千重碧山裏 萬丈蒼崖邊 回溪流泉細嗚咽 深林雜樹空芊綿 中有小菴若無有 朝晡但見祝君煙 花落花開鳥不到 白雲時復訪門前 誰識主人日用事 長年不夢塵間緣 寂滅境中伴寂滅 綠蘿松上清風月

An Old Man Who Quit Being an Oxherd

Grazing the ox last year, sat on the slope,
Fragrant plants by the river, and a fine rain.
Grazing the ox this year, lay on the slope,
In the shade of the green willow, summer's heat is less.
The old oxherd grazes without knowledge of east or west,
Drops the reins and idly sings the song of non-birth.
Turning round, on the far mountain the setting sun is red,
Spring is done and in the mountains everywhere the flowers fall in the wind.

息牧叟

去年牧牛坡上坐 溪邊芳草雨霏霏 今年放牛坡上臥 綠楊陰下暑氣微 牛老不知東西牧 放下繩頭閑唱無生歌一曲 回首遠山夕陽紅 春盡山中處處落花風

The Snow Plum Pavilion

December's snows were filling the sky,
The cold plum had just come out.
Fleck fleck fleck fleck fleck fleck
When snowflakes scatter among the blossoms,
It is hard to distinguish which is which.
Watched all day leaning against the railing, and never tired.
I asked a painter familiar with his brush and ink

To move a few branches onto a folding screen.
Now in the heat of June,
They refresh both mind and spirit

雪梅軒
臘雪滿空來 寒梅花正開 片片片片片片 散入梅花眞不辨 倚欄終日看不足 命使畫工親筆硯 移數枝於屛風上 六月火雲間 令人神氣爽

Snow Drift

On the snowy mountains there are drifts of snow,
Where the snow has piled up into peaks.
Under them is the green fragrant young grass,
Called bini[164] that sustains through three winter months.
Every blossom and leaf is beautiful as jade;
Although the colour and taste are different, they are
at the same time not different.
In the midst of this is a white cow,
Whose coat is white as the snow.
The white colour of the white cow is white, yet not white;
There is a distinct white colour of the colour that is not white.
What about riding this cow
And playing a flute according to your inclination?
Fragrant is the grass, and tasty is the water;
Take a leisurely walk on the snow mountain.
The joy on this mountain is the joy that is without joy;
What about sharing this joy with a close friend?
Here is my advice: "Do not waste the prime of your youth;

---

164 When cattle eat this grass, it is believed that they produce jeho, or ghee, the highest kind of milk, rich in nutrition, and a metaphor for the true doctrine of Buddhism See note 552 in the translation of *Samguk yusa*.

Visit a great teacher,
And study every word of the master.
The master will provide you with the grass of the ultimate truth;
And then you will be able to act according to conditions
as you wish.

雪崖

雪山中有雪崖 上有白雪堆成峰 下有青青香草嫩 名肥膩兮經三冬 叢叢葉葉美如玉 色味異中還有同 中有白牛白 細毛如雪白 白牛之白非白白 非白白中別有白 勸君騎此牛 一笛任情吹 草有香水有味 優遊雪山裏 此山中樂非樂樂 好與知音同其樂 勸君且莫虛送青春遊 切須親近宗師兮 時時扣問經鉗鎚 宗師與汝本分草 然後可以隨緣任去留

Face to Face with a Pine Tree

The pine tree is the noblest tree of all plants. A man who loves it is, accordingly, the noblest man of all men. When the eunuch Yi Bu asked me for a pen name when he paid a visit to this snow mountain by the order (of the King), I conferred on him the name Daesong. The following is the verse of verification:

Endless mountains and water,
And a great pine tree in the clouds.
There was a noble man face to face with a pine tree;
His family name was Yi, and given name was Bu.
The quiet sound from the moonlight,
And the freezing cold awakens the murky head.
The white clouds sometimes came and informed me:
“When the good old days come round, you may ride a blue dragon.”

對松

松者 草木之君子也 愛此者 人之君子也 內侍李榑 奉命來此小雪山中 求號 以對松稱之 仍說偈證之云 重重山水 落落雲松 於斯相對有君子 姓李名榑隴西

公 幽聲帶月耳邊響 徹骨清寒破昏蒙 有時白雲來相報 時淸可以乘蒼龍

Non-Revelation

Something that is gnostic and clear enwraps the whole world,
Yet there is not a thing, within and without, to get hold of,
Nor is there any way to think about it.
I understand the reason why you are unwilling to hold up a flower.
"Ha! Ha! Ha!" Tell me. What is it?
You should strive hard like a burning fire at once,
never wasting the sunny day.

無顯
靈明一物蓋天地 內外推尋沒巴鼻 思盡意窮不奈何 知君不肯拈花示 啊呵呵是什麼 火急參詳白日毋虛棄

Clouds and Rocks

How quiet and peaceful it is to stand blankly without a stir
Among the delusive clouds of five aggregates!
So many good seasons of blooming flowers and the moonrise have passed by;
My mind has been dead for long, and I am perceiving without mind.

雲石
五陰浮雲間 兀兀癡頑靜且安 幾經花月好時節 心死久矣無心看

Non-Attachment

I did not expect it to be such,
And it could have been done otherwise.

The way is wide open to all directions;
My daily life is completely free whether I stay or leave.

無着
恁麽行也本無求 不恁麽行亦自由 東西南北圓通路 日日騰騰任去留

The Valley in the Clouds

The clouds are my friends in broad daylight;
The water is my neighbour in the clear night.
An infinite pleasure is the supramundane world;
With whom shall I share this pleasure?

雲澗
白日雲爲伴 淸宵水作隣 無窮世外樂 共樂有誰人

Renunciation

Non-abiding in the extremes;
Renunciation of conditions of the past, present and future.
If you believe this,
Your heart will be able to cover the entire blue sky.

無定
二邊俱不住 三際絶因緣 若信這箇物 胸襟蓋碧天

The House of Realization

There are neither walls in all directions
Nor doors at the four quarters.
Yet neither the Buddha nor Patriarchs could come in;

Dozed off and lay down idly in the white clouds.

證庵
十方無壁落 四面亦無門 佛祖行不到 閑眠臥白雲

The Stony Creek

The wailing sound of the rolling rock;
It tells me just about everything (truth) without leaving out a thing.
There is no discrimination in its teaching;
Yet no deaf person can listen to them.

石溪
轉石聲嗚咽 無偏廣長舌 雖然平等化 不爲聾者說

Rolling Sea

On the wave of the vast sea
The melody of the boatman's flute is heard far and wide.
All the defilements are broken to pieces by a stroke
of the melody,
And the white sea-gulls are flying up to the sky
in joy of dancing.

連海
浩浩洪波上 舟子笛聲長 一聽情塵破 白鷗舞飛揚

Chu Mountain[165]

---

165 Jade from Mt Chu is a by-word for unrecognized quality. In the *Han Feizi*, j.4, there is the story of a Mr He who found an uncut jade and presented it to the king. King Li asked a jade master to

In the mountain are fine jades,
But it will be hard to find them.
Only when one has reached the end of the road,
Will he understand that the world itself is the treasure.

楚山
山中有美玉 作意求難覓 尋到路窮處 方知天下壁

The Pure Water of the Mountain Creek

It originates from the creek of the green mountain,
And flows into the blue sea through its long journey.
The ardent sound of the creek,
But few people hear the sound even from a close distance.

清澗
出自青山谷 流流朝碧海 潺溪聲最切 近聽人誰解

They Are Not Treasures

Even if there is a great amount of treasure in the house,
They are not the treasures that will deliver me.
The true treasure that will stay by me
Is the true meditation of a single mind.

非寶
金壁雖滿堂 元非救吾珍 生生隨我寶 參禪一念眞

---

investigate, who asserted it was just a stone. Mr He's left foot was cut off as a punishment. The same thing happened when King Wu came to the throne, and He's right foot was cut off. When King Wen came to the throne, Mr He took his jade and sat weeping on Mt Chu for three days and nights, not because he had had the amputations, but because the precious jade had been called an ordinary stone.

The Ancient Forest

The spring breeze is shaking the roots of a tree
That has neither boughs nor leaves.
Its colour is neither green nor white,
Nor does it have any trace of colour when it is in bloom.

古林
無枝無葉樹 春風動其根 非青非白色 花發又無痕

In Reply to Jajeongbaek Sunim's Request for a Verse

My absorption is plain and evident,
And the big-cone pine trees are full in the garden from old.
Sudhana![166] How absurd you are,
Visiting hundreds of towns in the south to enquire about the truth.

子庭栢禪人求頌
衲僧禪十分明 千古森森栢在庭 可笑當時福城子 南遊巡問百餘城

To the Japanese Monk Seki Ō

If I tender in this manner,
Please take that in such a manner.
I truly have no merits or demerits;
Then how could you have merits or demerits?
The mountains in our country are truly splendid,
And the country to the east is a spot of crimson.

166 The boy Sudhana called upon fifty-three enlightened masters in search of the truth. His story is told in the *Avatamsaka Sutra.*

Alas! A poor man standing in the snow![167]
You could have lost the tradition of the house.

寄日本石翁長老

吾以恁麼寄 師亦恁麼通 吾誠無得失 師豈有無功 海東山嶽秀 扶桑一點紅 可憐立雪子 幾乎喪家風

Seeing off Seon Masters Nyeong and Gwang Returning to the Mountain

Have you not seen it,
The fact that Siddhartha went into the green mountain?
It is to show people to renounce the evanescent life.
Here is my advice. Practise hwadu with all your heart
Lest you should miss the break of day.[168]
No matter how many days and nights go by, no such a day will come.
This is the way the mind of a great hero must be.

送寧宏二禪師歸山

君不見 悉達多之碧山行 警汝呼吸棄人生 勸君深心參妙話 難得良晨可虛過 無量劫來無此日 丈夫心志只恁麼

An Incidental Verse Composed while Roaming Around the Southern Region

The winter has gone and so has the autumn again
While I've been roaming around the world in search of truth.
The evening rain was falling at the monastery lighted with a green lamp light

[167] A reference to the episode when Huike, the Second Patriarch and a disciple of Bodhidharma, stood in the snow all night, and cut off his arm to show his firm resolution to attain the truth.

[168] The time Siddhartha attained enlightenment was at dawn.

When the pleasant breeze was blowing at the triangular inlet where snowy herons were playing.
I've been a lonely wanderer for three years
Travelling hundreds and thousands of miles in a tiny boat.
Who could ever imagine a Korean monk
Wandering around as far as Jiangnan?[169]

南遊偶吟
爲法行天下 經冬復歷秋 暮雨青燈寺 涼風白鷺洲 孤身三歲客 萬里一扁舟 誰識海東僧 來作江南遊

Resigning the Title of Royal Teacher

Why did I become a monk?
It was to renounce the works of the mundane world forever.
Where do I want to go
After resigning the post of the royal teacher?
As I was originally a mountain monk,
It is natural that I should abide in the mountain.
It is not that I love the green mountain,
Nor that I abhor the way of the mundane life.
All I wish is to follow the constitution of my nature,
And repay the sagacity of the King by cultivating virtue.
If we think of the merits and demerits of the world,
They are nothing but bubbles.
If I were to abide for long,
There will be many blemishes in my reputation.
I would rather hide myself in the forest and valleys
Renouncing the disputes of right and wrong.

169 This indicates the region south of the Yangzi River in China.

Will there be anyone who will approve of my simplicity?
All that I have in mind is the deep regard for the forest and the water.
If His Highness really wish to protect me,
I wish he will release me to abide in the blue mountain to lead my life.
What is the possession that I have in this mountain?
All that I have is the fog that is ever so green.
I will cultivate the Dao in such a place,
And let the rain of truth fall on the country.
I will pray for the long life of His Highness with all my heart,
And offer incense every morning and evening.

辭王師

出家何所爲 永斷世緣務 我今辭王師 且問何處去 我本山中人 宜入山中住 不愛碧山行 不厭紅塵走 但爲適性情 修德報明主 世間榮辱事 看來如沫聚 我若久留連 聲名多錯誤 不如忘是非 林壑藏毛羽 誰憐吾拙直 林泉有幽趣 聖君如護我 賜放青山老 山中何所有 蒼蒼但烟霧 於斯修道業 於國垂法雨 專心祝聖壽 朝暮香一炷

VII

SONGS OF PRECEPTOR NAONG (1320–1376) 懶翁和尙歌頌

VII. Songs of Preceptor Naong (1320–1376)[170] 懶翁和尚歌頌

Song of Playing with the Mani-Gem

The heavenly treasure[171] is clear and bright,
And it is numerous as the sand-grains of the Ganges,
Yet it is at the same time empty, both within and without.
It is also in our body, playing around without end.

It is also called the Mani-gem or the divine-gem.
Thus it has many different names and forms for the same substance.
It also shines bright and luminous everywhere in the whole universe
Just like the moon reflected in the autumnal river.

Hunger and thirst are basically the same,
Then what is so great about the knowledge of their nature?
Eat porridge for breakfast, and rice for the noon meal;
And if you feel tired, go to bed. It is perfectly alright.

There is no difference between right and wrong.
You don't even have to recite the name of Amitabha Buddha.
Even if you wish to cling to something, there is nothing to cling to.
That is the true way of Boddhisattva without any hindrance.

The mind-gem is hard to seize;
It is so luminous and shifting that it is hard to attain.
It reveals its form and shape without any of them,

---

170 Preceptor Naong (1320–1376): A Great Master during the late Goryeo Dynasty.

171 The Mani-gem, a legendary precious gem supposedly able to help all wishes come true if one obtains or prays to it; 'the heavenly treasure' means our 'original face' or the immaculate Buddha-mind or the Buddha-nature.

Hard to figure out is a thing that moves around without any trace.
You can never catch it. But Lo! It is right here with me.
It is like lightning. It was in the western sky a moment ago,
and now it has returned in a split second.
If you release it, it pervades the whole universe,
But if you retract it, it transforms into a tiny particle.

Shakyamuni Buddha called it, hard as stone, my mind-king,
Which is beyond the human ken.
You can use it forever and ever without exhausting it,
But sentient beings do not even know its existence.[172]

The absolute is the immutable decree;
It cuts off all the heads of Buddhas and devils[173] in a strike,
Then the rivers will flow in a torrent of blood
Leaving nothing in the whole universe.

Neither sees the eye nor hears the ear.[174]
That is the true perceiving and hearing.
You will then find the true gem, clear and bright,
Which you can either swallow or spit out ever invigorating it without end.

It is sometimes called the mind or true nature,
Because they are originally the conditional shadows of each other.
If anyone is able to drive out doubts from it,
His divine light will shine forevermore.

---

172 The inborn Buddha-nature.

173 All the discriminating minds.

174 Stops all six sense faculties.

It is also called the Dao or meditation,
But they are just names.
If you truly realize it, even a female can attain Buddhahood,
And you do not have to trouble yourself to cross over to the other shore of enlightenment.

There is neither Buddha nor devil.
They are all illusions to the diseased eyes, like flowers in empty space.
We are using it everyday without any problem,
Hence if anyone calls it a divine-gem, what he gets will be reproof.

As there is neither birth nor death,
People tread on the crown of Vairocana Buddha every day.
If you know when to retract and when to produce,
It does not matter how you use it, upside down or crosswise,
because it does not harm its essential body.

It has neither head nor tail,
Yet as it is bright and illuminating, it never deserts you regardless of your posture.
You can never chase it out by force either,
And if you try to find it, not a trace is to be found.

Ha! Ha! Ha! What then is it?
One, two, three, four, five, six, and seven;
No counting of numbers or turning the inside out will avail.
Mahaprajnaparamita! (Perfection of great transcendental wisdom!)

翫珠歌

這靈珠極玲瓏 體徧河沙內外空 人人俗裏堂堂有 弄去弄來弄莫窮 或摩尼或靈珠 名相雖多體不殊 刹刹塵塵明了了 還如朗月滿江秋 飢也他渴也他 知渴知饑不較多 晨朝喫粥齋時飯 困則打眠也不差 差也他正也它 不勞開口念彌陁 若能着着無能着 在世縱横即薩埵 此心珠難把捉 宛轉玲瓏難可得 無相無形現相

形 往返無蹤非可測 追不及忽自來 暫到西天瞬目廻 放則虛空爲袍內 收則微塵難析開 不思議體堅剛 牟尼喚作自心王 運用無窮又無盡 時人妄作本自忘 正令行孰當頭 斬盡佛魔不小留 從玆徧界無餘物 血滿江河急急流 眼不見耳不聞 不見不聞眞見聞 箇中一箇明珠在 吐去呑來新又新 或名心或名性 心性元來是緣影 若人於此卽無疑 自己靈光常同同 或爲道或爲禪 禪道由來是强宣 實知師姑女人做 不勞擡步到那邊 也無佛也無魔 魔佛無根眼裏花 常常日用了無事 喚作靈珠也被訶 也無死也無生 常踏毗盧頂上行 收來放去隨時節 倒用橫拈骨格淸 也無頭也無尾 起坐明明常不離 盡力赶他他不去 要尋知處不能知 阿呵呵是何物 一二三四五六七 數去飜來無有窮 摩訶般若波羅蜜

Song of the Tattered Robe of A Hundred Patches

There is nothing special about the robe of hundred patches,
I have been wearing it all year with no problem.
I have patched it countless times,
And there is no way to distinguish which patch was the first.

As it is convertible from a robe to a cushion,
It is very convenient to meet the requirement according to the time and circumstances.
Everything is satisfactory without any want,
And this must be the footprint of Mahakasyapa.[175]

A cup of tea and seven pounds of hemp;[176]
That old Zhaozhou[177] did not have to repeat his tricks.

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175 One of the Buddha's ten major disciples, known as the foremost in ascetic practice. After Buddha's decease, he became the head of the Order.

176 One of the many *hwadu* or word-heads the meditation practitioners hold when they practise word-contemplation meditation. See note 147, above, for the association with Patriarch Zhaozhou.

177 Zhaozhou Congshen (趙州從諗, 778–897): a great Chan master of the Linji School during the Tang Dynasty, and the disciple of Nanquan Puyan (南泉普願 748–835).

No stories of any kind, no matter how numerous and mysterious they may be, can match
Our tradition of the tattered robe of hundred patches.

This tattered robe is so convenient that
It requires no trouble when we put it on or take it off.
How could drunken eyes appreciate it?
Only the enlightened will perceive and enjoy it.

How many passages of time have I spent in this tattered robe?
Half of it is worn away by the wind, and half is left.
I was sitting in a hermitage all alone in the chilly night with the bright moon in the sky.
And there was no way to distinguish the intermixture of inside and outside.

The body is poor as it could be, but it is full of Dao,
And there is no exhaustion of the stock.
Do not laugh at a poor man in a tattered robe,
Because I met a great enlightened master in my early age and have succeeded the unsurpassed tradition of the house.

Even in a tattered robe with only a small walking stick,
There was no place where I could not visit in a big stride.
What did I learn from wandering over so many rivers and lakes?
The poor life. That is what I have learned.

As I did not seek for wealth and fame,
Attachment had nothing to do with a poor man in a tattered robe with an empty mind.
I am satisfied with the life with only a begging bowl,
And I am determined to live the rest of my life in the same manner.

There is no need of any kind for a man who is satisfied with his life.
What a foolish thing it is to pursue something beyond one's means.
Felicity is the reward of good conduct of the previous life,
And it is foolish to hold a grudge against heaven and earth for one's misfortune.

He is not even aware of the passage of time,
Let alone troubling with reading the sutra, or practicing meditation.
He is determined to live the rest of his life in a tattered robe
With mud paintings on his face and dumping ash on his head.

百衲歌

這百衲最當然 冬夏長被任自便 神神縫來千萬結 重重補處不後先 或爲席或爲衣 隨節隨時用不違 從此上行知己足 飲光遺跡在今時 一椀茶七斤衫 趙老徒勞擧再三 縱有千般玄妙說 爭似吾家百衲衫 此衲衣甚多宜 披去披來事事宜 醉眼看花誰敢着 深居道者自能持 知此衲幾春秋 一半風飛一半留 獨坐茅菴霜月夜 莫分內外混蒙頭 卽身貧道不窮 妙用千般也不窮 莫笑繿縿癡呆漢 曾參知識續眞風 一鶉衣一瘦笻 天下横行無不通 歷徧江湖何所得 元來只是學貧窮 不求利不求名 百衲懷空豈有情 一鉢生涯隨處足 只將一味過殘生 生涯足更何求 可笑癡人分外求 不會福從前世作 怨天怨地妄區區 不記月不記年 不誦經文不坐禪 土面灰頭癡呆呆 唯將一衲度殘年

Living in the Mountain

With my bowl, water bottle, and slender staff
I am living alone in the deep mountain
I can pick fernbrakes and boil them with their roots,
But I cannot even cover my head with rags.

As I am friendly with meditation of true emptiness without concern for anything,
I can sleep between the rocks in a reclining position.

If anyone asks me about anything especial about my life,
I will say, “I am living like the tail of a quail for a hundred years in a single suit of tatters.”

All day long, there is no bustling by the window from where the pine trees can be perceived,
And a small stone well is always placid and full of pure water.
The iron pot with a broken leg is also full of tasty food.
Why then should I seek for fame, wealth, and glory of the world?

A small abode in a batch of white cloud is
As leisurely as it could be indifferent to my posture or walking.
The water flowing out of the crevice of the rock is discoursing the story of transcendental wisdom,
And the fair wind is invigorating my body with the bright moon.

When I sit in the deep cavern in silence without any delusion,
Or lean against the folding screen of the rock, the sentiments of the world recede by themselves.
The flowers and leaves are piled in a heap on the ground where no guest is visiting,
And I hear from time to time the chirpings of birds that awaken my spirit.

There is not a visitor in this deep mountain all day long,
And I am all alone sitting in the hermitage with nothing to do.
The brushwood gate is half closed,
And when I am sleepy, I go to bed, and when I feel hungry,
I eat whatever there is without any obstruction.

It is my preference to live in the deep mountain,
And if there is any difference in the way of my life from ordinary people, it is the grass-hut of my abode and the brushwood gate.

The fair wind and the moon sweep off the eaves of the hut,
And the cold water from the crevice of the rock going down the heart also purifies the gall-bladder.

I let my legs take me and reached the creek,
Its current tinkles with its own discourse on meditation.
No matter what you encounter, the essence reveals itself.
If so, what is the use of arguing about the time before I was born?

山居

一鉢一瓶一瘦藤 深山獨隱任騰騰 携籃採蕨和根炙 衲被蒙頭我不能 我有眞空無事禪 巖間倚石打閑眠 有人忽問向奇特 一領鶉衣過百年 松窓盡日無塵鬧 石槽常平野水清 折脚鐺中滋味足 豈求名利豈求榮 白雲堆裏屋三間 坐臥經行得自閑 磵水冷冷談般若 清風和月遍身寒 幽巖靜坐絶虛名 倚石屛風沒世情 花葉滿庭人不到 時聞衆鳥指南聲 深山竟日無人到 獨坐茅菴萬事休 三尺柴扉推半掩 困眠飢食任逍遙 我自居山不厭山 柴門茅屋異人間 清風和月簷前拂 磵水穿胸洗膽寒 無端逐步到磎邊 流水冷冷自說禪 遇物遇緣眞體現 何論空劫未生前

Rambling in the Mountains

With my staff, in late autumn I reached the deep mountains,
Beside the cliffs, the maple trees were already red.
The Dao of the patriarch from the West is clear enough,
Because everything is already complete with the Dao.

遊山

秋深投杖到山中 巖畔山楓已滿紅 祖道西來端的意 頭頭物物自先通

Rambling by Moonlight at Jeokseon[178] Pond

[178] Jeokseon: accumulation of virtue.

Who could possibly know the true joy
Of a rambling walk late at night?
The world is empty, the mind at peace, the body joyful,
Wind fills the pond and moonlight fills the stream.

月夜遊積善池
信步來遊半夜時 箇中眞味孰能知 境空心寂通身爽 風滿池塘月滿溪

Rainfall in the Dry Season

What a joy is the rainfall that everyone was expecting so earnestly;
All the plants under heaven are purged of their stains and dust.
All kinds of plants dance for joy in the rain drops,
And all the flowers look up and are new like pearls.
The farmers wearing the wide-brim bamboo hats are busy with their hands in the rain,
And women picking the wild grass wearing the straw poncho are also busy escaping from the rain.
Behold! All these sundry daily lives are in truth
True enlightenment.

旱雨
旱逢甘雨孰無忻 天下蒼生洗垢塵 百草開眉和滴舞 千花仰口共珠新 農夫戴笠忙忙手 菜女披蓑急急身 見此萬般常式事 頭頭物物盡爲眞

A Passing Thought in a Leisurely Hour

I wandered all over the country forty years ago
Leaving my traces on Mt Cheontae and Mt Namak.
While pondering over the days gone by sitting on a chilly seat,
I realized that the whole world is the temple and the two eyes only hollow cavities.

閑中有懷
四十年前遊歷遍 天台南嶽各留蹤 如今冷坐思量看 四海叢林兩眼空

The Mosquito

Not knowing that its own strength is small,
It has sucked so much blood that it cannot fly.
My advice is: "Do not crave after what belongs to others."
Otherwise you must pay it back one of these days.

蚊子
不知氣力元來少 喫血多多不自飛 勸汝莫貪他重物 他年必有却還時

Illusion of the Monastery

Just like a flower in space, there is no way to find its true substance.
The wind and the moon coming through the six windows[179] are clear and empty too.
Things seem to be real even in emptiness, but they are not,
because there is no substance in them.
They only rented four illuminating walls for a temporary stay.

幻菴
體若空花無處覓 六窓風月包清虛 無中似有還非實 四壁玲瓏暫借居

The Great Circle

It encircles all of empty space, yet it has neither shadow nor form,

[179] Six gates of sense faculties: eyes, ears, nose, tongue, body, and consciousness.

It embraces all things under the sun, yet its true essence is always bright.
How can one distinguish the true aspects of things before the eyes?
Bright is the autumnal moon in the cloudless blue sky.

大圓
包塞虛空絶影形 能含萬像體常淸 目前眞景誰能量 雲卷靑天秋月明

The Monastery for Recuperation

Returned to rest renouncing all the causal conditions behind,
And I see the fair winds in the four walls are also retiring.
What is there now then to grasp anything again?
The room is not spacious, yet it is roomy enough to sit upright and spend the time.

歇菴
萬緣放下便歸來 四壁淸風拂拂廻 從此不須重撈着 窄容寬處坐堆堆

No Leftover

Vacant and extensive are the four directions,
And there is nothing to drop in the ten directions either.
A stone woman is dancing and singing without end
To the tune of the song of La-la-li, clapping to the empty sky.

無餘
南北東西虛豁豁 十方世界更何遺 虛空拍手囉囉哩 石女和聲舞不休

Illusory Mountain

It is lined up at the end of the sky without any substance,

Yet the peak is so delicate that it looks truly translucent.
It looks real when you see it but there is no way to grab it,
Because there is no path above the mountain pass.

幻山
列在天邊體實空 峰巒奇妙極玲瓏 看時似有無能得 嶺上元來沒路通

The Orchid in the Valley

Hidden deep amid a myriad ravines,
Scents of strange plants wrap the pines.
Among the serried ranges of a thousand peaks,
Suddenly bursts the flower and pervades the world.

谷蘭
萬壑幽深巖石中 馨香異草繞溪松 重重疊疊千峯裏 忽地花開遍界通

The Monastery of Belief

Visited the monastery of illumination beyond doubt
And found the lonely moon shining all the more upon the six windows of sense faculties.
I will not ever run about all directions in vain;
The small monastery is full of illumination the year around.

信菴
的的無疑親蹋着 六窓孤月再分明 從玆不妄東西走 小屋終年徹底淸

A Mountain

It has been there aloft, steep, and chilly all year round

Since even before the creation of the universe.
As Mt Sumeru and the great sea converge on here,
It becomes another gateway all by itself arresting its manifold sharp points.

一山
萬像森羅未現前 巍巍嶮峻四時寒 須彌大海都歸合 獨鎮層尖別是關

The Iron Gate

How anyone could even budge it, a great heap of iron?
Two panels locked solid so not a breath of air can pass.
Now, behold! A sturdy man with eagle eyes,
Gives one shove and opens it to let people pass.

鐵門
徹體渾鋼誰動着 兩扉鎖定不同風 還他鶻眼堅剛漢 一摑搥開驀得通

Empty Retreat

As there never was anything on all four sides,
There is no place to make a door.
This small cell is empty and quiet,
Bright moon and fair wind sweep away the white clouds.

虛菴
四面元來無一物 不知何處擬安門 這間小屋空空寂 明月淸風掃白雲

Deep Ravine

Far, far away it is so no one can get there,

Only a patch of cloud hangs over the entrance.
No one ever has seen the matchless beauty of its prospect,
Only the bright moon and fair wind are playing with the blue creek.

深谷
極遠誰能到那邊 片雲横掛洞門前 其中勝境無人識 明月清風弄碧川

Snowy Summit

Heavy flakes of jade were falling through the night,
Weird rocks and lofty peaks turned to silver white.
Even plum blossoms and moonlight are no match for their beauty.
Range on range of multiple peaks, each colder than the next.

雪嶽
玉屑霏霏一夜間 奇巖高聳白銀團 梅花明月何能比 疊疊重重寒更寒

Silent Cloud

As it is very peaceful and quiet without any speech or action,
There is no way to distinguish the wind from the four directions,
Don't say that in that house there is nothing to say,
It sometimes encircles the whole vast empty space.

默雲
沈沈寂寂絶行蹤 豈揀東西南北風 莫道他家無可說 有時包納大虛空

The House at Dawn

The passage begins to show where the stars have receded,
And there is a room empty and bright, inside and outside.

The black clouds started to scatter away,
And the wind and the moonlight look ever so bright all by themselves in the six windows of sense faculties.

曉堂
衆星殘處見前程 一室寥寥內外明 從此昏雲消散盡 六窓風月自新淸

Not a Thing

The four directions are all empty.
How then could you tell what is the topmost?
It is where empty space is exhausted and transformed,
From heaven down to the ground, full of frosty wind,.

無一
東西南北蕩然空 何物於中喚作宗 吸盡虛空翻轉處 通天徹地足霜風

Jade Creek

Luminous is the true substance without a speck,
And there is a fair wind blowing ever so softly on both sides of the creek.
How could anyone value the huge jade-like illuminating light of the water?
Deep is the gnostic fountain gushing from afar without end.

玉磎
無瑕正體極玲瓏 兩岸淸風細細通 尺璧波光誰定價 靈源深遠出無窮

Narrow Peak

Though there is no space even for needle to enter,

Yet it controls all the mountain peaks around.
It is not unusual for a tiny particles to contain the whole world.
Mt Sumeru enters into a mustard seed and becomes one with it.

窄山
針錐不入細無間 突出巍巍壓衆巒 豈只微塵含法界 須彌芥納合成團

Moon Residence

When the jade toad[180] flew up from east of the sea,[181]
The entire house fell silent, its four walls empty.
Who could distinguish the light from the shadow?
All the six doors of sense faculties are their own masters.

月堂
玉蟾飛起海門東 一屋寥寥四壁空 光影有誰能辨的六窓都是主人公

Sea Clouds

Wide and unconfined is the ocean,
The clouds are dense within its bounds.
If you could attain sudden enlightenment in this situation,
Whether sitting, lying down, or walking, you will keep the old tradition.

海雲
海廣無邊岸 雲多幾際中 於斯驀得知端的 坐臥經行展古風

180 According to Chinese mythology, a toad lives on the moon.

181 It indicates the Goryeo Dynasty (918–1392).

Sans Learning[182]

Eternal truth is clear and luminous, like empty space.
Why bother travelling thousands of miles to ask the masters?
It is hard to find the treasure that is in one's own house,
And once attained, to transmit it will be in vain.

無學

歷劫分明若大虛 何勞萬里問明師 自家財寶猶難覔 得髓傳衣枝上枝

Affinity with Plum Blossom

What joy to share one's inmost heart!
The sweet fragrance in the snow is diffusing in the house.
Only the pine tree and bamboo in the front yard
Are enduring the snow and cold weather with the plum blossom.

友梅

同心妙旨孰能歡 雪裏清香透室間 唯有軒前松與竹 共他一樣耐霜寒

Not Listening

Eyes and ears have never made a mark,
How could one attain enlightenment without a means?
If anyone should transform himself out of nothingness,
Then dogs barking and donkeys braying can be enlightened.

無聞

眼耳元來自沒蹤 箇中誰得悟圓通 空非相處翻身轉 犬吠驢鳴盡豁通

182 It is another name for the stage of an Arhat.

Brook Moon Studio

Shadows of willow and pine follow the current's flow,
Only the bright orbed moon does not wish to go.
It is reflected in the clear water of the deep gorge,
It hangs with the fair wind at the top of the railing.

溪月軒
柳影松陰逐水流 團團明月不肯隨 幽深絶壑澄波裏 和與清風在檻頭

Seeing off Elder Hwanam[183] to Visit his Master

Setting out to see his old master and resolve his doubts,
With his staff upside down in his hand, he is full of vigour.
With the definite solution and doubts made clear,
There will be a fair wind that will shake the whole world.

送幻菴長老謁師翁
餘疑要決謁師翁 倒握烏藤活似龍 徹底掀飜明白後 大千沙界起清風

Seeing off the Rambling Monk Jong

With your black staff downturned, you set out to roam,
All the monasteries in the world will be your home.
With a priceless treasure in your heart
You will following wherever the causes and conditions lead.

183 Hwanam: pen name of Honsu (1320–1392) of the late Goryeo Dynasty. He passed an examination for selecting well-read monks set by Preceptor Naong in 1370 (the nineteenth year of King Gongmin). The King tried to appoint him to an important post in the royal court, but he did not accept and went into Mt Bonghwang to enjoy the life of a recluse.

送宗禪者參方
烏藤倒握參方去 天下叢林自作家 心裏深藏無價寶 東西南北任緣過.

Seeing off Attendant Ju

I shall not cease to think of you on your long journey,
Forbear from seeking strange doctrines overseas.
Think before swinging your black staff,
The emptiness of things is the same wherever you go.

送珠侍者
萬里參方意莫窮 切忌海外覓他宗 烏藤未握前提起 彼處虛空此處空

Seeing off Seon Master Gokcheon Gyeom Setting out to Roam

Truth is originally complete and beyond words,
I need not labour to say this to you.
If you grab your staff upside down and transform your body,
You may come and go like the moon and clouds.

送谷泉謙禪師遊方
本自圓成不在言 何勞開口爲君宣 烏藤倒握翻身轉爲月爲雲去又還

Seeing off Attendant Guan

I spent the winter and summer in a simple tattered robe,
And distinguished East from West with my staff.
Who could possibly know its profound meaning?
Perhaps Bodhidharma is able to guess its secret meaning.

送寬侍者

一衲隨身冬夏過 一條烏杖辨西東 其中深志誰能識 穿耳胡僧暗自通

Seeing off the Rambling Monk Sim

The reason for roaming the land is to inquire
What the truth is and return to the native home of self.
If you could destroy great empty space leaving nothing,
The countless Buddhas will transform into sand in the eyes.

送心禪者參方
參方問道別無他 只要當人直到家 打碎虛空無一物 百千諸佛眼中沙

Reply to Monk Gyeong's Request for a Verse

If unknowing you could be free of your shackles,
Mountains and rivers, the earth itself will be upturned.
Fire beneath the water will burn empty space,
And in the forests and plains you will hear the lion's roar.

瓊禪者 求偈
不知不覺忽拶透 大地山河顚倒走 水底火發燒虛空 草木叢林師子吼

Reply to the Request for a Verse from a Practitioner of Meditation

If you truly realize the emptiness of body and mind,
You may propagate what you believe wherever you go.
Everything will reveal itself clear and bright,
But if you seek its genesis, you will never find a trace.

修禪者 求偈
了得身心本自空 何妨隨處展家風 雖然物物明明現 更覓來由又沒蹤

Reply to Monk In's Request for a Verse

Phenomena are bright, but look and there will be the void,
Wherever you are, its uses are endless.
If you are not enlightened here, just open both your eyes,
In tiger's cave or devil's palace, you will find a way to live.

仁禪者 求偈

應物明明見則空 塵塵刹刹用無窮 於斯不覺開雙眼 虎穴魔宮活路通

Reply to the Chinese Monk Daoyuan's Request for a Verse

Meditation practice is to raise a Herculean doubt.
You must raise doubt after doubt like a burning fire
Until your body melts to nought.
Then you will find the entire universe hanging on the tip of a tiny hair.

唐道元 求偈

參禪只在起疑團 疑去疑來似火團 不覺全身都放下 大千沙界一毫端.

Reply to Monk Ryeong's Request for a Verse

You must sit upright and exert yourself to find out
The truth before the creation of the universe.
If you could break empty space in a strike,
The legless iron bull will dash to all directions of the universe.

鈴禪者 求頌

竪起脊梁急着鞭 要明空劫未生前 忽然一拶虛空裂 無脚鐵牛走大千

Reply to Monk Hye's Request for a Verse

Having become a monk by renouncing affection and parents,
You must try hard and get rid all of your doubts at this moment,
When the root of life is cut off and great empty space breaks down,
You will find snow falling from heaven in mid-summer.

慧禪者 求頌
割愛辭親特出來 工夫逼拶直無疑 命根頓斷虛空落 六月炎天白雪飛

Reply to Monk Sim's Request for a Verse

You do not need much to study the truth.
All you need is your great resolution.
If you could put down every tiny thing in the whole universe,
Everything in the whole universe will become your friend.

心禪者 求頌
學道無多子 當人決定心 忽然都放下 物物是知音

Reply to Monk Bo's Request for a Verse

Everything is just as it is from the beginning, not created.
Why toil away to seek the truth from outside?
All you need is concentration, not arousing the mind.
If thirsty, boil tea, if you feel tired, go to bed.

普禪者 求頌
本自天然非造作 何勞向外別求玄 但能一念心無事 渴則煎茶困則眠

To Magistrate Yi Sogyeong[184]

184 Sogyeong is the title of the fourth-rank post of the second level in the royal court.

You have come from far, wrongly informed of my reputation.
Yet the honest heart will redeem the six modes of transmigration.
Without distinction of monks and laymen, men and women,
All can attain enlightenment and open their eyes to the truth.

示李少卿
誤聽虛名遠遠來 誠心極處免輪廻 莫分僧俗與男女 一擲翻身正眼開

To Minister Simryeom[185]

It was at Singwangsa[186] that we last met,
And I've been thinking about you all these years.
This morning we meet and smile together,
Who can understand the depth of our feelings?

There is a road in front of the house that leads to the capital,
And I wonder why no-one ever returns.
If one just understands the eyebrows above one's eyes,
There will be no need to toil at the Way to attain happiness.

示辛相國廉
一別神光再不逢 多年相憶在心中 今朝驀面相看笑 深意誰能敢得通 門前一路透長安 何故人人自不還 忽覺眉毛橫眼上 不勞修道得心歡

To Hyangchon Yi Am[187]

185 Sin ryeom (辛廉) probably is a mistake for Sin Ryeom (申廉, dates not known). He served as the Mayor of Hanseong, the capital of the Joseon Dynasty. The relationship between Preceptor Naong and Sin Ryeom is also not evident.

186 The monastery was located in Haeju, Hwanghae Province. Preceptor Naong stayed here after returning from China by the order of the King, and taught young disciples.

187 Yi Am was born in 1297 and died in 1364. His pen name was Hyangchon. He passed the higher

It is spring and balmy everywhere;
It is just too beautiful to look at the village full of apricot blossoms.
The sounds of swallows come from the South is heard in the meditation hall,
And the cries of the wild geese flying North is heard in great empty space.
The rain drenches the red peach, preaching the wondrous principle,
The wind blows the white pear, instilling the profound truth.
All worldly phenomena preach the teachings of Bodhidharma in chorus.
Why then wear oneself out, looking for a patriarch?

示杏村李侍中<巖>
大地春廻刹刹融 杏花村裏景無窮 南來燕語通閑室 北往鴻聲透靜空 雨洗桃紅宣妙理 風吹梨白振玄宗 塵塵齊唱西來意 何處勞勞覓祖翁

To Minister[188] Pak Seongryang

Hold the genuine hwadu of the fundamental truth,
And then turn over and over again with great doubt.
If you attain the realm where there is no more doubt,
You will then hear the laughter that shakes great empty apace.

示朴成亮判書
提起話頭末後句 翻來覆去起疑情 疑來疑去無疑處 掇轉虛空笑一聲

Advice to Someone Looking for the Truth from Outside

---

civil service state examination at the age of seventeen and served as a government official, yet at the age of 57, he went into Mt Chyeongpyeong to cultivate the Way. It is presumed that he had a close relationship with Preceptor Naong. He later returned to lay life and again served in the royal court.

188 The title of the third-rank post of the first level in the royal court.

If you truly obtain the treasure of the house,
You may use it forever and ever without end.
It is manifested in every mark in the whole universe,
But if you look for it from outside, no trace of it will be found.

Everyone has his own mysterious jewel,
Whether you are standing or sitting it will always follow.
If there is anyone who doubts it, he should ask himself,
"Who is the one that is now speaking?"

警世外覓者
信得家中如意寶 生生世世用無窮 雖然物物明明現 覓則元來卽沒蹤 人人有箇大神珠 起坐分明常自隨 不信之人須着眼 如今言語是爲誰

An Incidental Writing on Mt Chyeongpyeong[189]

Having roamed the lakes and rivers for ten years and more,
Suddenly I felt my heart break open.
If anyone asks me what I did on Mt Chyeongpyeong,
I will say, "I ate when I was hungry, drank when I was thirsty, and went to bed when I felt tired.

住清平山偶題
江湖歷盡十餘年 驀得胸中自豁然 有問清平成底事 飢喰渴飲困安眠

To my Fellow Practitioners, when about to move

The wild geese fly north in the spring,

[189] It is located in Chuncheon City. The Preceptor resided at Chyeongpyeongsa on Mt Chyeongpyeong for some time in 1370.

And in the autumn, they return south as usual.
The life of a sage is just the same.
There is nothing doubtful about the coming and going of the physical body.

臨移棲寄同袍
春至雁飛從塞北 秋來依舊向南歸 道人行李皆如此 身去身來更不疑

To Gwangju Moksa[190]

Think carefully, because everything depends on you,
Our life is just a dream, and there is nothing strange about it.
You may bustle around for a hundred years in pursuit of glory or disgrace.
It will be no more than a fleeting moment in our household.

寄廣州牧使
萬事憑君好細看 夢中浮世大無端 百年擾擾閑榮辱 只在儂家一瞬間

To Himself

Tut, tut! You, a witless monk,
You are not worth a dime.
Looking closely at you,
Your conduct has no virtue.
Your face is compassionate,
But in your mind are evil things.
Slandering the Buddha and the dharma,
Your faults deserve infinite retribution.

190 Moksa: title of a local magistrate, equivalent to the third-rank post of the first level in the royal court.

Those who offer alms to you,
Will earn no merit field,[191]
Those who offer gifts to you
Will fall into the three evil ways.[192]

Your appearance is that of a man,
But there is not an ounce of truth in your stomach.
Your slander of Buddha and monks comes from your evil mind,
Yet not all your evil traits have been revealed.

You carry a plank on your back;[193]
You have not vanquished anger and ignorance.
Inverted are your mind and consciousness,
With no restraint in your talking about meditation,
All your utterances are nothing but noise.
Not once have you experienced samadhi or tranquility.
Instead you have been dashing toward the corridor down below.
Your shortcomings have made you a laughing stock,
Nor will you bear it when others insult you.
You are also abusing the cudgel of a discriminating mind,
Rejecting the hunchbacked regardless of right and wrong.

Take out the bones by destroying great empty space,
And construct a cave in a flash of lightning.
If anyone asks me about the tradition of our household,
I will tell the man that this is all we have, nothing else.

---

191 Merit field: offering alms to a monk will earn merit.

192 Hell, hungry ghosts, and animals.

193 It means a foolish man with a partial view. With a huge plank tied on his back, he can look in only one direction, because he is unable to turn around.

After having met Master Zhikong,[194]
You forgot your own heritage.
Tut, tut! You, a blind man!
You have been caught in the net again.[195]

自讚

咄這村僧 一無可取 細細看來 行無毛分 面似慈悲 心中最毒 謗佛謗法 過犯漫天 施汝者 不名福田 供養汝者 墮三惡道 當胸措手像如人 肚裏元無一點眞 罵佛謗僧心最毒 至今不得露全身 咄這擔板漢 嗔恚癡不除 心意識顚倒 談禪信口開 舌頭胡亂埽 未嘗寂寂入禪定 終日波波廊下走 爲人把鼻亦好笑 更不容人謾開口 盲枷瞎棒用無時 是與不是辟脊僂 打破虛空出骨 閃電光中作窟 有人問我家風 此外更無別物 參見指空 喪亡自宗 咄這瞎漢 反入羅籠

194 The Master went to China and studied under Master Zikong (?–1363).

195 The net of delusions.

VIII

DHARMA RECORDS OF PRECEPTOR HAMHEODANG DEUKTONG (1376–1433)

涵虛堂得通和尙語錄

VIII. Dharma Records of Preceptor Hamheodang Deuktong (1376–1433)[196] 涵虛堂得通和尚語錄

Song of the Perfection of Wisdom

Try and find it with your mind, you will find no trace of it,
Do not disturb your mind, and it will always shine brightly.
You sit, lie down, and walk with it;
But its nothing you should disturb your mind about.

If I am not busy, then I am quite free, if I am busy, busy.
If I am tired, I stretch my legs, at mealtime, I eat.
I always use it, but I always have nothing to do;
All my way is a cold radiance, nowhere to hide.
There is a thing that is Godlike in front of my eyes,
It can be like the earth, it can be like the sky.
My eyes see, my ears hear, but there is no sound and light;
Stretching out or drawing in, it remains always calm.

Its single body embraces the ten directions, yet it is empty,
Its single thought is able to dissolve the ten ages.[197]
All the sages and common people are contained in it,
The sands of time and the vast ocean do not leave it.

The precepts of the most profound classical writings,
The sayings of Daoists, Ru-ists,[198] the hundred philosophers,

---

196 Hamheodang Deuktong (涵虛堂德通, 1376–1433): a great Seon Master during the Joseon Dynasty. His precept name is Gihwa, 己和.

197 Ten periods: The past, present, and future plus three periods of each of these periods, which equals nine periods, and another period that accommodates all these periods.

198 Followers of Confucius.

All the mundane and supra-mundane dharma gates,
Every one of these have evolved out of it.
Like vast empty space, there is nothing it cannot embrace,
And like the sun and moon, it pervades the universe.
Regardless of priests or common people, noble or base,
All of them live and die within its domain.

Without name, without face, just like great empty space;
Our teacher gave it a temporary name of Paramita.
Maha Prajna Paramita
When you see it clear and distinct, there is nothing in it.

Mountains, rivers, and earth, all are empty flowers,
Good looking or ugly, like the watery moon.
All dharmas are rootless, and return to emptiness,
And this emptiness only is never extinguished.
Now where should we find this true essence?
Setting moon and cloudbirth clothe the mountains.
Just let your eyes observe, no one can stop you,
But if your ears are deaf, how can you ever know?

Getting it is not easy, keeping it even harder,
Resting or moving, your body should always be at ease.
Who has touched even a hair of empty space?
Self-existent, the ice wheel[199] sends everlasting coolness.

Motes in the eyes obstruct the bright emptiness,
Falsely one perceives empty flowers vying for fame.
You should cleanse your eyes of those delusive motes,
For the void has never had flowers, it is just pure.

---

199 The moon.

The wayfarer's dream is broken, the cry of the gibbon has ceased,
My eyes are full of the pure breeze and the bright moon.
How many people have bought and then been resold?
Limitless the refinements that flow from this.

般若歌

有心求處元無迹 不擬心時常歷歷 於中坐臥及經行 不須擬心要辨的 閑則閑閑忙則忙 困來伸脚飯來噇 不離日用常無事 一道寒光無處藏 長靈一物在目前 亦能同地亦同天 眼見耳聞無聲色 展去廻來常寂然 一身圓含十方空 一念能令十世融 四聖六凡都在裏 塵沙劫海不離中 甚深十二諸經律 道儒百家諸子述 世與出世諸法門 盡從這裏而演出 如彼大虛無不括 亦如日月遍塵刹 莫問緇素與尊卑 摠向彼中同死活 無相無名若大虛 我師權號波羅蜜 摩訶般若波羅蜜 了了見時無一物 山河大地等空華 殊相劣形同水月 法法無根摠歸空 獨有此空終不滅 今於何處見眞機 月落雲生山有衣 眼辦自肯人何限 耳唓如聾數難知 得之不易守尤難 動靜須教體常安 虛空誰着一毫許 自有氷輪萬古寒 祇因眼翳礙虛明 妄見空花競崢嶸 但向眼中除幻翳 空本無花廓爾清 客夢破猿啼歇 滿目清風與明月 幾人買了還自賣 無限風流從玆發

Song of Self-Congratulation

The phrase "I have no personal interest" is
Common to all: sages and common folk.
Its essence is amicability and the middle Way,
And it is free of any rule.

When you encounter things or conditions,
They reveal themselves in direct contact,
As if meeting face to face,
But if we seek them, there are no directions.

Once, I thought this body
Was my own true body.

Now when I see this body,
It is a delusion, and not real.
The true body is devoid of mark,
Yet its size is limitless.
Call it emptiness and serenity,
But that serenity is also not serenity.

Once, I thought the conditioned mind
Was my true mind.
But the mind is like the body,
Its a shadow, and not real.

The true mind is devoid of thought,
And there is no place to find it.
Call it subtle and mysterious knowledge,
But that knowledge is not knowledge.

Once before my eyes,
A myriad things thronged.
Yet now before my eyes
All is silent and empty.

Not two, yet two,
Their forms the same, yet different.
Different but still the same,
Both return to the same One.

Once, I thought my body
Different from Buddha's body.
Now when I see this body,
It is the same as Buddha's body.

My body, others' body,

Both are one body.
All things in equal view,
In it there is no other body.
Once, I thought Buddha knowledge,
Needed three aeons full.
But in no more than an instant,
I shall be one with the saints.

You degradation among the mediocre,
Is due to your pursuit of things.
Only not cleaving to attachment,
Your mind will be Buddha.

Once, I thought that Buddhahood
Was just self-belief.
But when the eight winds blow,[200]
Confused, you will lose your way.

When the path is straight and the wind dies,
You must trust to perceiving eyes.
By depending on right view,
Your mind will gradually be at peace.

Once, I thought that subtle function
Can be achieved through enlightenment.
But I begin to know that the original mind
Cannot easily reveal its subtle function.

The burden is heavy, the goal is far,

---

200 The eight winds indicate praise, ridicule, suffering, happiness, benefit, destruction, gain, and loss. Most people are swayed by these eight kinds of distraction.

It is not a child can bear this vow.
Many years and months must pass
Before you can be naturally whole.
Even to think is past the bound,
And should incur Buddha's reprimand.
Better to collect the mind,
And flow with the waves till now.

Should you fortunately become enlightened,
Then congratulate, then admire!
Unless you attain such wonders,
How could you know the right way?

Upright then, but with no way to go,
Know there is no song to sing.
In order to lead a foolish child,
Force your face to make a smile.

At noon in this shady retreat,
Alone recite and make refrain.
And when its done, turn round and see
The moon above the verdant cliff.

自慶吟

無私一句 聖凡皆具 體絶偏圓 相離規矩 遇物遇緣 靦面呈露 髣髴依俙 尋之罔指 曾以色身 爲我眞身 今觀此身 是幻非眞 眞身絶相 大無限量 但云空寂 寂亦非寂 曾以緣心 爲我眞心 心亦如身 是影非眞 眞心絶相 窮元無處 但云靈知 知亦非知 曾於目前 萬狀擬然 今於目前 一切寂然 不二而二 相相有異 異而還同同歸一致 曾謂我身 不同佛身 今觀我身 亦同佛身 自身他身 同是一身 物物齊觀 中無異身 曾謂佛知 待滿三祇 刹那廻機 與聖同歸 處凡自屈 只因逐物 但不生情 卽心是佛 曾謂佛地 信己卽是 八風吹倒 茫然失路 路正風息 須憑觀力 我依正觀 心得漸安 曾謂神用 悟則便用 始知初心 難呈妙用 負重致遠 非兒堪願 頗經歲月 任運自健 緬思已過 幾被佛訶 何不廻心 流浪至今 幸逢了義 以慶以

噴 不因此遇 焉知正路 卓爾末由 知不可謳 爲引癡孩 强顔開懷 日午幽齋 自吟自諧 吟罷廻看 月上蒼崖

Reply to the Local Magistrate of the Indong[201] Region

People say that after the decease of Su Shi and Huang Tingjian,[202] there are no more renowned poets. But when I received your letter, I knew we were of one mind in the study of the Dao, and that truly our age does not lack such persons. If two persons are of one mind in the scholarship of the Dao, no matter how far they are separated from each other, they are always together. But if their tastes differ, even if face to face, they will be [as far apart as] Chu and Yue.[203]

This person and your eminence have not yet met and exchanged words, but through our study of the Dao, it is as if we have been friends for many years. It is some years since you came to Yeongnam,[204] but we have had no chance to exchange ideas about the Dao. I was very happy to receive your eloquent letter, still more to learn your knowledge on the joys of Seon and the dharma. I am forwarding you my reply to your beautiful poem. Please have a good laugh after reading the verse.

Like a flower, a letter has dropped from the clouds,
I opened it and it was like a face from the past.
Whatever the time and place, I know there is a link,
Mainly you have no worries and are at ease.

---

201 Indong: the name of a town where the local government administration is located. It is now belongs to Chilgok County, North Gyeongsang Province.

202 Representative poets and calligraphers of the eleventh century, in the Song Dynasty.

203 States of the Warring States period in the fifth century BC, in the centre and in the south-east, respectively.

204 I.e. Gyeongsang Province.

One thought, five aggregates,[205] do you know this?
Let us examine it once more with this old monk.
To forget the function and unite with the essence is not easy.
The one thought still remains, far from the jumbled mountains.

答仁同守

蘇黃去後 謂爲無人 得書知以道相契 信知代不乏人也 道契則霄壤共處 趣異則覿面楚越 某與明宰 雖未嘗承顔接論 以道相契故 一如舊交遊看待 來棲嶺南已逾年矣 無有一箇以道通信者 今方始得華緘 添得禪悅法喜之樂 多矣 謹次佳韻 以發千里一笑 一封華札落雲間 開坼猶如舊日顔 時處已能知一貫 多君無事自安閑 一念五陰會也未 甄明更與老僧看 忘機契理誠難得 一念猶存隔亂山

Rambling at Silleuksa[206]

Endless mountain ranges, a single deep river
Lofty pavilions and a myriad of forest trees.
Gangweol[207] Hall shines by the river moon,
Now I know that River Moon is the timeless mind.

Beneath the mountains the river, above the river the hall;
Within the hall, ineffable beauty.
I wander about, unaware of the spring sunset,
The spotless clouds, limpid waves, and moonfilled sky.

205 The five skandhas or aggregates: A collection of parts forming a whole. The components of the so-called 'self.' They are: physical body or material qualities; feelings or sensations; perception or recognition; karmic action or discriminating volitional activity; and consciousness or mind.

206 Silleuksa: located in Yeoju, Gyeonggi Province. It became renowned after Great Master Naong (1320–1376) stayed there.

207 Literally: 'river moon.'

遊神勒

衆山迢遞一江深 殿閣崢嶸萬樹林 江月軒明江月下 始知江月昔年心 山下長江江上軒 軒中趣味孰能傳 徘徊不覺春陽晩雲淨波澄月滿天

IX

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF HEOEUNG DANG (1515–1565)

虛應堂集

IX. Collected Writings of Heoeung Dang (1515–1565)[208] 虛應堂集

Confrontation of Dhyana Mind and Poetic Thought

Poetic demon and dhyana general, rivals in courage,
Sorely troubling the mind, attacking by night and day.
When general must yield to devil, the brush gains power;
When devil is subdued by general, the sword destroys evil.
Neither elder nor younger, devil's spirit is quick,
Neither weak nor strong, general's strength is deep.
How can we defeat both these vying foes,
Bring peace to our homeland, and live at ease?

禪心詩思 爭雄不已

詩魔禪將兩爭雄 愁殺天君日夜攻 將必遜魔與筆陣 魔應輸將倒邪鋒 難兄難弟魔情快 無弱無强將氣濃 安得二讎俱打了 大平家國任從容

Overslept the Forenoon Bell

Overslept and slowly raised the blind,
After the rain, the mountains turn green.
The monastery is somewhere in the clouds,
The meal bell tolls in the clearing mist.

睡餘聞鍾卽事

睡餘閑捲箔 雨後轉青山 何處雲邊寺 齋鍾杳靄間

[208] Heoeungdang (1515–1565), Bo-U, also known as Na-am, a great monk during the Joseon Dynasty, who restored Buddhism under the patronage of Queen Munjeong (1501–1565), the mother of King Myeongjong (r. 1545–1567). He was exiled to Jeju and was murdered there. Note that another monk of the same name, Bo-U (1301–1382) was active during the Goryeo Dynasty; the two should not be confused (RW).

Thoughts at the Autumn Pavilion

Every time I sit in the empty pavilion and reflect,
Day after day, there is no end to autumn joys.
Dewdrops on yellow chrysanthemums make jade in bloom,
Pines and maples strive in crimson and green.
In the strong wind, chestnuts split their thorny skins,
As the frost falls, the insects too fall silent at last.
I may be alone to understand these things,
How hard it is for a teacher to share such knowledge!

秋樓述懷

每向虛樓坐省躬 日來秋興起無窮 露凝黃菊花含玉 楓雜青松碧鬪紅 風勁自隤新罅栗 霜寒多寂舊鳴蟲 只堪獨許伊消息 難與師資暗洩通

Composed by the Window after Rain in the Autumn Night

At the moonlit window, pale shadows of the trees outside,
In the quiet night, the chill sound of the creek after rain.
I wish I might ask a young monk to share this delight,
Yet I fear that it might stir wrong feelings in his brain.

霽夜秋窓坐詠

月窓細影簷前樹 靜夜寒聲霽後灘 欲喚小師同此樂 恐將情見起邪觀

My Life in the Mountain

Though a monk's cell is quiet to begin with,
Come summer, it becomes bright and vacant.
Loving solitude, my friends are few,
Hating clamour, guests seldom come.
Cicadas sing after the mountain rain,

Pine trees hum when the dawn winds blow.
All day by the east window,
At ease I read the ancient books.

山中卽事
僧房雖本靜 入夏轉淸虛 愛獨朋從散 嫌喧客任疎 蟬聲山雨後 松籟曉風餘 永日東窓下 無心讀古書

Incidental Verse

The flowers and the hills blush red,
Soft breeze and birds confuse my mind.
For years I've sought to catch that thought,
Today at last I grabbed it fast.

偶吟
花發山紅面 風柔鳥亂心 多年求捉漢 今日忽生擒

Longing for the Ancient Mountain on my Sickbed

Shame and the world are not apart,
Disturbing to think of the myriad things.
It is karma that I sleep weak and sick,
Ever dreaming of the ancient verdant hills.
In meditation my hair has grown white at the temples,
Red wrinkles scar my face in contemplation.
When shall I shoulder my patched robe,
And return at leisure to hymn the clouds?

A wayfarer who longs to return to Maple Peak,[209]
A lazy monk who loves to play with the mist and clouds.
His body grows as lean as the rocks and pines,
His sickness comes with the mist on the river.
On happy days his mind becomes red,
When he is sad he wails unceasingly.
That mountain path below the monastery,
How to divine the time to climb it again?

病裏懷故山

應世慙非分 悠悠思萬般 每緣衰病睡 常夢舊青山 白髮催禪鬢 紅腰損道顔 何時肩破衲 歸去賦雲閑 楓嶽懷歸客 煙霞一懶僧 岩松身共瘦 江霧病俱興 愛日心方赤 哀時哭未懲 故山菴下路 奚定卜重登

Exhilaration

Who can match me for wandering the universe?
I go here and there just as the fancy takes me.
Sitting or sleeping on the stone couch, my clothes are thin,
But my shoes smell sweet when I come back from the flowery slopes.
You may learn the leisure of passing time when you play *baduk*[210]
But in the world how could you know the harm of gain and loss?
Then its bright and lofty after the usual noon meal,
And steam from the tea is stained by the setting sun.

209 Pung'ak (Maple Peak): one of the four names, one for each season (spring, summer, autumn and winter), for the famous Diamond Mountain in Korea.

210 A popular game in China, Korea, and Japan for two persons, played on a board having 361 intersections on which black and white stones are alternately placed, the object being to block off and capture the opponent's stones and control the larger part of the board. It is known as go in Japanese, and *baduk* in Korean.

遣興

宇宙逍遙孰我當 尋常隨意任彷徉 石床坐臥衣裳冷 花塢歸來杖屨香 局上自知閑日月 人間那識擾興亡 清高更有常齋後 一抹茶煙染夕陽

In Reply to a Traveller's Enquiry about the Joys of the Mountain

A traveller asked about the joys of the mountain,
My answer was, "No noisy words."
Whether I go to South Pond, or up to West Valley,
No-one forbids, no-one competes, that's a real delight.
The green mountain is lofty and grand,
The swift waters are deep and clear.
Should a traveller ask what is the Dharma,
I look him up and down, and jest that he is deaf and blind.

有客來問 山中之樂 以偈示之

客問山中樂幾多 山僧無地口吧吧 遊南池上行西磵 無禁無爭興可誇 青山高且大 澗水深且清 有客來問法 俯仰笑聾盲

At Chyeongpyeongsa[211]

Chyeongpyeongsa on Mt Chyeongpyeong:
The halls are old, the monks few, its truly sad.
Up in the clouds the lone stupa is overgrown with weeds,
Under the pines two stone stelae are covered with moss.

The true joys of that time, where have they gone?
Today a fresh breeze blows on my face.

211 Located in Chuncheon City, now the capital of Gangwon Province. The author of this verse once was the abbot of this monastery before he moved to Boneungsa in Seoul.

I stand alone on the heavenly platform and gaze around,[212]
The bright moon disc shines over the lofty peaks.

I sat alone and recited two scrolls of golden words,[213]
Deep in the night, the mountain moon shone upon my bed.
My butterfly dream vanished,[214] both eyes were blue,
Motionless my feelings, a single perfect mind.

Wang Qiao[215] rode a crane, but it was a lesser marvel,
Yukou's[216] riding the wind is also a perverted way.
They are no match for my lazy retreat:
For thirst the spring, for hunger millet, for sleep the clouds.

Sitting alone in a lofty abode, with ten thousand poems,
Leisurely reciting till, unheeded, morning comes.
Like a warm flower, the lamp, while the bell sings the dawn,
Snow makes plum blossoms, then the sun comes up.

Millet bubbles in the pot, filling the kitchen with its fragrance,
Cold crows shift the shadows of the branches.
A wayfarer who has realized the truth of reality,
Will there be anyone like myself in the clouds?

---

212 The platform where the rite for heaven is performed. It originated from Daoism, and then it was incorporated into Buddhism and folklore during the Joseon Dynasty.

213 Golden words: Buddhist sutras. From the Silla period onwards, it was common to copy the sutras in gold or silver characters, and at the height of Buddhism's prosperity in the Goryeo dynasty, royal scriptoria were established for that purpose.

214 Allusion to the famous dream of Zhuangzi, when he no longer knew if he was himself, dreaming of a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming of Zhuangzi.

215 A Daoist hermit in the Chinese legend. It is believed that he travelled around riding on a crane.

216 Yukou, the philosopher Liezi.

The man of letters has come to his old retreat,
Having no cares, he can astound the spirit.
In the golden hall, he worships the Western Buddha,
On the heavenly platform, he greets the Northern Star.

His eyes are blue as the water of the creek,
And his Way is as fresh as the sun.
Next the cliff, he lies down in the mist,
All is due to this glorious spring.

In the woods there are no guests,
Only this quiet exhilaration, expansive and grand.
Everyday bathing in the Dragon Pool,
Always then going to Table Rock.

Hymning the pines, mountain rain begins to fall,
In the fragrant creek, the magnolia blossoms.
Along the familiar homeward path,
My straw sandals are half green with moss.

The ancient monastery has no neighbours,
In the woods, I alone admire the spring.
When the flowers bloom, they fill the vale with cloud,
Grass softens the mist on the Buddha peaks.

Listen to the music of the western stream,
See the shadows on the southern pond.
The year's splendour is truly a joy,
Quiet exhilaration, touching the divine.

The falls fly like gentle thunder,
The cool pines are shady in the noonday heat,
In the tower there is an infinity of feeling,

Let's hymn them all and sing aloud.

Afraid they might crush the medicinal herbs, I banish the deer,
Lest they muddy the clear waters, I chase away the frogs.
Along the narrow mossy path, few people come,
This is how pure and unworldly a place it is.

At the fifth watch, the clouds clear and the moon is chill,
With staff and sandals I climb to the heavenly platform.
Make three prostrations, pray again and again,
Not knowing my robes were soaked in emerald dew.

It really is a great joy to abide at this monastery,
Year round receiving neither praise nor reproach.
Sometimes I walk towards the western stream,
Take off my robe and hang it on the vine.

I love the broad rock, so white and fine,
Below it, the clear pool is empty as a mirror.
After the noon meal, I walk up there alone,
On the stony path, the blossoms fall and make it red.

What is so excellent about this monastery?
Best of all, it is far from the capital.
Clouds gather and disperse on the mountain ridge,
At the gate there are no guests to send or greet.

Concentration of the mind dispels those antlike dreams,
When the mind is calm, you can hear the orioles sing.
This is where one can forget the means,
Where moonlight itself fills the empty halls.

Extremely deep the valley, high up the noble sun,

Pear blossoms on the trees, moist-scented in the clouds.
The cuckoo seems to know the mind of this recluse,
Calling through the branches, filling the yard with snow.

Blessed am I to live in this ancient transcendental place,
Wind and spring, mountain, vale, they all suit me.
The physic herbs grow undisturbed in the deep gorges,
The flowers loved of the bees flourish in the setting sun.

Shining on the mind, the hanging moon sharpens its wisdom,
Blowing in my face, the pine breeze arouses poetic feelings.
How to know the mystic and vacant limits of creation?
Skilfully they lead this idle fellow straight to the unfathomable room.

Heaven led me into these pines and vines,
These rocks, streams and flora, far from the world.
Deep green from where I sit, are the waters of West stream,
Pale pink as I go by, are the mountain flowers behind.

To lay the fire for the tea kettle, I collect fircones,
For a tasty dish on the stove, I gather bracken tips.
There is another spot, quite picturesque,
Where the red mists curl around the Southern Peak.
By nature I love the springs and rocks,
I have built a terrace on the bank of West stream.
When I lie down alone in this lofty place,
I am always filled with quiet exhilaration.

This is the place where the wind shakes the scented trees,
This is the time when the moon hangs from the pine branches.
Who might fathom the depth of the valley?
Beneath the trees, the kingfisher will know.

What joy it is that west of Manjushri's cloister,
There is a pavilion of undescribable feeling.
Zither-like, the wind strikes the leaves of fragrant cassia,
In shakes of limpid jade, the raindrops hit the stream.

Of the silver-white rocks in the rapids, who can tell the best?
The red-silk flowers of the cliff, they vie to be topmost.
Next to the crane, the moon has a strategic perch on the pine.[217]
Far from the peak, the cuckoo cries on the bough.

清平雜詠

清平山上清平寺 殿古僧殘情可哀 雲中孤塔沒青草 松下兩碑生綠苔 當時眞樂問何在 此日清風吹面來 獨立天壇望復望 一輪明月上崔嵬 獨坐金文誦兩篇 夜深山月照床邊 蝶夢自消雙眼碧 客情非動一心圓 王喬駕鶴神猶淺 欒寇乘風道亦顚 爭似懶菴無伎量 渴泉飢粟臥雲眠 獨坐高堂萬首詩 閑吟不覺到朝曦 燈生煖蕚鍾鳴曉 雪作寒梅日上時 淡粥沸鐺香滿竈 凍烏移樹影翻枝 致知格物功成客 雲裏如吾更有誰 辭宗來舊隱 無事可驚神 金殿參西佛 天壇禮北辰 眼將溪共碧 道與日俱新 岩畔和烟臥 都緣聖德春 林間了無客 幽興獨恢恢 每浴龍潭水 常風盤石臺 吟松山雨至 香谷木蓮開 石逕歸來慣 芒鞋半綠苔 古寺無隣竝 林間獨賞春 花開仙洞霧 草軟佛峯烟 西澗聞琴盡 南池照影頻 年光眞可樂 幽興自通神 飛瀑輕雷動 寒松午日陰 臺中無限味 都付一高吟 恐踏藥苗嫌鹿下 忌渾清澗掃蝦蟆 蒼苔小逕無人到 轉覺清平與世賒 五更雲淨月色冷 一杖雙屨登天壇 禮象三三祝復祝 不知空翠沾衣冠 自住清平樂自多 終年無譽亦無呵 有時閑向西川畔 快脫雲衫掛碧蘿 自憐盤石白玲瓏 下有清潭如鑑空 齋餘曳杖獨遊賞 古逕落花深自紅 清平何事好 最好遠京城 嶺有雲舒卷 門無客送迎 神凝消蟻夢 心靜聽鸞笙 此是忘機處 虛堂月自盈 仙洞深深瑞日長 梨花數樹濕雲香 子規似識幽人意 叫過繁枝雪滿場 幸住希夷古道場 風泉崖谷稱吾望 藥畦忌客開深壑 花卉憐蜂種夕陽 蘿月照心資慧力 松風吹面動詩腸 何知造物虛靈境 巧引踈慵直洞房 天能敎我入杉蘿 泉石榮華與世賒 深碧坐臨西澗水 淺紅行見後山花 茶爐備火收松子 丹竈添羞采蕨芽 更有十分堪畫處 南峯舒卷紫烟霞 性癖耽泉石 築臺西澗涯 高閑常獨臥 幽興每自怡 檀樹風搖處 松梢月掛時 洞深誰

217 Strategic: the analogy is with the game of *baduk* (see note 210).

識此 林下翠禽知 眞樂文殊古院西 有臺蕭爽景難題 琴彈香桂風搖葉 玉振清湍雨打溪 磵石白銀誰甲乙 岩花紅錦鬪高低 鶴邊松月收棋局 隔巘子規枝上啼

An Excursion in Quietude

In mid-spring the flowers carpet the ground,
I have come to a hall half-way up Buddha Peak.
Clouds are afloat in the azure void,
The evening mist has cleared from the hills.
The Nine Heavens are far from these low places,
The Three Isles are dark and hard to find.
Once I ended my silent static Seon,
In the distant quietness my own joy sufficed.

逍遙遣寂

春深花織地 訪佛峯腰 空碧浮雲卷 晴宿霧消 九天遙底處 島杳難招 一遺枯禪寂 悠悠興自饒

Contemplation of Quietude at Sik'am

The retreat is in the honoured place of the immortals' realm
Surrounded by an ancient mountain stream.
Alpine flowers curtain it in scarlet,
Mountain cassias drape it in green.
As the place is far away, few monks come,
Since the clouds are dense, few lay people visit.
Just silently sit and do nothing,
Quiet contemplation will reveal the heavenly plan.

息菴觀靜

庵在仙區奥 臨古澗圍 山花紅錦障 桂碧羅幃 隣遠僧來少 深俗到稀 寥寥無事坐 靜露天機

Attainment of Awakening on Hearing the Novice Washing the Kettle at Night

Sitting in the high hall, burning pure incense,
Suddenly, my lively dream was broken.
All was quiet in the old kitchen on that moonlit night,
Just the boy rinsing the pot with water from the spring.

夜聞童子洗鐺聲 有省
清香一炷坐高堂 破多生夢一場 人靜古廚明月夜 泉童子洗茶鐺

At the Sight of the Wild-Tea Flower

After the forenoon meal, I rambled in the valley of the clouds,
Like an ancient crane come back to the empty retreat.
Yet there were thousands of wild-tea flowers
Beside the cliff, smiling as always in the spring breeze.

見山茶花
齋餘仙洞訪雲中 老人歸菴自空 唯有山茶花萬朶 岩依舊笑春風

Writing My Elation

How ridiculous for a monk to take a post in government!
Now its a year since I moved to Chyeongpyeongsa.
Ten thousand pines are my still increasing friends,
The yellow scrolls beside my bed my true wise masters.
At that time I was on the edge of the deep, treading on thin ice,
But who would say that this is white and that is black today?
Those eight years of arguments are a mere empty dream,
All forgotten as I lie, chin in hand, in the meditation hall.

書興

曹溪佩印愧多譏 住清平已一期 萬朶青松眞益友 床黃卷正明師 臨深履薄當時我 白言玄此日誰 八載是非皆幻夢 忘禪室臥支頤

Improvised Verse

Cloudy, then clear; clear, then cloudy,
Heaven's precision is like my mind.
How may I control this mind, and then
Teach creation to choose clear sky or shower?
The cloud bring rain to Southern Mountain;
The pines send wind to the northern valley.
All things are enjoying themselves,
Even the swallows let the insects drop from their beaks.

卽事

乍陰還霽霽還陰 天意分明似我心 安得此心能中節 教造物適晴霪 雲拖南山雨傳北壑風 欣欣物自樂 燕落銜蟲

Death-Bed Verse

A magician comes to a magicians' town,
Performs crazy things for fifty years, and then
After ridiculing all kinds of human glory and shame,
Doffs his monk-puppet robes, and ascends to the empyrean.

臨終偈

幻人來入幻人鄉 十餘年作戲狂 弄盡人間榮辱事 僧傀儡上蒼蒼

X

POEMS OF CHEONGHEODANG (1520–1604)

清虛堂集

X. Poems of Cheongheodang (1520–1604)[218] 淸虛堂集

Bulilsa[219]

In the secluded cloister, red flowers in the rain,
All around are bamboo groves, green in the mist.
White clouds settle for the night on the mountain,
A black crane accompanies the sleeping monk.

佛日庵
深院花紅雨 長林竹翠煙 白雲凝嶺宿 靑鶴伴僧眠

Climbing Cheonwangbong (Heavenly King Peak)[220]

Mid-autumn: a gust of wind
Disperses the clouds: the moon alone.
Climbing high, I gazed and gazed
All around the limitless zone.

The myriad states are so many anthills,
Chaos has no perfect skin.
In Nanke's great dream
Who then is the great man?[221]

---

218 Seosan Taesa (Master of West Mountain): Seosan (1520–1604), also known as Hyujeong and Cheongheo.

219 Bulil, literally: Buddha-Sun, on Mt Jiri, Hadong Prefecture, South Gyeongsang Province. Established at the end of Silla by National Preceptor Chin'gan and restored in the Goryeo dynasty by National Preceptor Pojo (Jinul). It became a place for meditation.

220 The highest peak on Mt Jiri, 1915m

221 In the Tang dynasty, Shun Yufen fell asleep under a *huai* (locust) tree, and dreamt of a long and successful career, marrying a princess and rising to be Governor of Nanke Commandery. When he

登天王峰 仲秋一陣風 雲散月輪孤 登高望復望 八表元無隅 萬國如蟻垤 混沌無完膚 南柯大夢裡 誰是大丈夫

Rambling on Incense Peak[222]

Walking on and on and on
Cliff after cliff piled on one another.
White clouds are born in the valleys
And suddenly Censer Peak is lost to sight.[223]
Drawing spring water to infuse the autumn leaves
The hot tea warms my breast.
At nightfall I sleep beneath the peak
My soul rides the dragon in flight
When day breaks I look down on the world:
A myriad states are ranged like the peaks.

遊香峰

步步又步步 層崖幾重重 白雲生洞壑 忽失香爐峰 汲澗燃秋葉 烹茶一納胸 夜來嵓下宿 魂也御飛龍 明朝俯天下 萬國列如峰

Longing for Home

awoke, there was a great anthill beneath the tree (*Zhongwen dacidian*, 2798.315).

222 The name of the summit of Mt Myohyang (Mysterious Fragrance) in the Diamond Mountain, in present-day North Korea. Hyujong spent a great part of his life in this mountain, and several of his poems relate to it.

223 The Greater and Lesser Incense Peaks are depicted in Jeong Seon's view of Podeokgul, dated 1711, in the National Museum of Korea (see Ch'oe Wan-su, *Korean True-View Landscape: Paintings by Chŏng Sŏn*, edited translation by Pak Youngsook and Roderick Whitfield, London: Saffron Korea Library, 2005, p.100–1).

(1)
White clouds for a thousand *ri*
Moonlight for ten thousand *ri*.
Front yard, back yard
I long for my home.
Not able to leave Luoyang[224]
Though the willows turn green.

(2)
Look at that white cloud
On the edge of Heaven.
The wanderer who has left home
Gazes into space and breathes a sigh.

望鄉
白雲千里 萬里明月 前庭後庭 惆悵鄉關 不去洛陽 柳色青青
瞻彼白雲 在天之涯 離家遊子 空望咨嗟

Answering the White Clouds

My thoughts, my thoughts
Are in the southern sky.
What my mind aspires to
Will be difficult to find in another.
White clouds, white clouds
Only you know my mind.

答白雲子
我思我思 天之南兮 心之所期 難與人兮 白雲白雲 寫我心兮

224 Luoyang, city in Henan Province and capital of the Eastern Zhou, Eastern Han and Northern Wei dynasties.

Song of Pure Emptiness

You clasp the *qin*,[225] leaning on the tall pine,[226]
Tall pine, unchanging mind.
I sing for hours, sitting by the green stream.
As the green stream, clear and empty of mind
In my mind, in my mind
Just you and me.

清虛歌
君抱琴兮倚長松 長松兮不改心 我長歌兮坐綠水 綠水兮清虛心 心兮心兮 我與君兮

For the Master of Song-Juk (Pine and Bamboo) Hall

I first heard your name from passers-by, and then from a novice of your conduct. Ah! your building a pavilion and planting pine and bamboo is like one steadfast in loyalty to a past dynasty.[227] At ease with the rivers and mountains, hytmning the wind and the moon, you are like the lofty scholars of Jin and Tang.[228] Looking up, you observe the mists flying; looking down, you watch the fish leaping, like a gentleman investigating nature. You listen

225 The Chinese *guqin* 古琴 or zither, a quiet instrument and favourite of scholars,has long been an emblem of friendship (see note 285, below).

226 Being evergreen, the pine tree is an emblem of constancy; it is also a metaphor for the man of culture and noble bearing, as in Jing Hao's (10th century) 'Eulogy to an Old Pine Tree.' See Kiyohiko Munakata, *Ching Hao's Pi-fa-chi: A Note on the Art of the Brush*, Ascona: Artibus Asiae 1974, p.16.

227 Throughout history, especially in China under the Mongols and the Manchus, there have been instances of *yimin* 遺民, subjects who remained loyal to a fallen dynasty by refusing to serve the new regime.

228 Scholars like Xie Kun (280–322) of the Eastern Jin dynasty were renowned for keeping 'the purity of his mind in the mountains and valleys even while serving at court.' See Wen Fong, *Images of the Mind*, Princeton: The Art Museum, 1984: p.102.

to the qin and blow the flute, making music and forgetting the world, just like one of the sages of the remote past. Coming to know how you were a model of virtue, I was greatly moved and composed a Song for you as follows:

Moving Heaven and Earth, receiving them in your breast,
At the pace of sun and moon, now east and then west.
Wandering with a single cup to farthest and deepest ages
With courage inexhaustible like the passing wind.
Singular and alone, who could be your match?
Linking past and present, formless universe![229]

寄松竹軒主人

初因過客 聞主人之名 再因沙彌 知主人之行也. 吁! 主人營臺榭植松竹 如遺世節義人也. 臥江山詠風月 依俙晉唐高士也. 上察煙飛 俯觀魚躍 髣髴格物君子也 鳴琴橫笛 樂而忘生 儼然一太古人也. 吾知主人之備重德 感興而爲之歌曰, 移天地兮納胸中 任日月兮西復東 一杯悠悠萬萬古 無盡英雄如過風 廖廖獨立誰與伴 貫古今兮無極翁

To Changhae[230]

On Pongnae,[231] in the ancient temple, glows
On the empty wall, the ten-year lamp.

---

229 *Muguk*, i.e. the universe before form and time.

230 Changhae (Dark Sea) is the pen name of Yang Saeon (1517–1584), scholar and calligrapher, especially cursive script, known for his writing of royal decrees. He understood well the concept of Daoist retreat and liked to serve in government posts in places where the surroundings were beautiful. He must have been a good friend of Master Seosan.

231 Pongnae (Ch. Penglai) is the name of a mythical mountain and a synonym for immortality. Here, as elsewhere in this collection of Seosan's poetry, it is used as another name for the Diamond Mountain.

I climb high to view the distant peaks,
Range on range, cloud after cloud.
Alas!
Alone I listen to the bell in the autumn mountain,
The colour of rain mingles with the dark sea.[232]
The sun sets on the stout walls.[233]
My old friend, where is he?

上滄海
蓬萊兮古寺照 空壁兮十年燈 登高兮望遠山 疊疊兮雲層層 噫 秋山獨聽鍾 雨色連滄海 落日望堅城 故人何處在

Song of Longing

In the inn that is this world
People come and go in a flash.
The moon shines on the hill bamboo,
Alone I sit and hear the kingfishers.

Spring rain, a pondful of frogs.
Going in and out, like the drum beat,
Chanting and turning, a thousand sutras.
What is the use of reading texts?[234]

All my life I have lacked cleverness,
My early learning was sleeping beneath the trees.

232 'Dark sea' i.e. Changhae, the name of the poet's absent friend.

233 'Stout walls' i.e. the ranges of the Diamond Mountain.

234 In the Tang dynasty, the Chan or meditation sect split into two schools: the Northern School continued to emphasize the use of texts, while the Southern School eschewed texts in favour of sudden enlightenment in the course of everyday tasks.

In deep sleep there comes a mixing of souls,
Transforming into a fluttering butterfly.[235]
In dreams everything is confused, yet
You wake to silence as if nothing happened.
Ha, Ha! here's the big joke,
The myriad methods are truly children's games.

詠懷

乾坤逆旅中 露電身如寄 明月三山竹獨坐聞翡翠 春雨一池蛙 出入當鼓吹 念念轉千經 何須讀文字 平生沒伎倆早學林下睡 睡熟漸交魂 變作蝴蝶翅 夢裏甚紛紜 覺來寂無事 呵呵開大笑 萬法眞兒戲

Unjeok Retreat on Mt Duryu[236]

A group of five or six monks
Have built in front of my hut.
At the morning bell we rise together
At the evening drum we retire together.

Together we draw water from the moonlit spring
Mingling the blue smoke from boiling tea.
Day by day, what do we discuss?
We chant Buddha and we meditate.

頭流內隱寂

有僧五六輩 築室吾庵前 晨鍾卽同起 暮鼓卽同眠 共汲一澗月 煮茶分青烟 日日論何事 念佛及參禪

235 Referring to the famous case of the philosopher Zhuangzi dreaming that he was a butterfly, and then being unable to determine if he was a butterfly dreaming that he was a man, or the other way around.

236 Eunjeok'am, literally: Hut of Silent Retreat. Seosan resided at Eunjeok'am on Mt Duryu (now called Mt Jiri) for three years from 1560–1562, restoring it during his stay.

Climbing to Manghae Pavilion[237]

A guest has climbed to Manghae Pavilion
And a great wind stirs the wide waters.
White waves roll with the long whales
Silver hills crash and rise once more.
Sounds that startle the heavens and shudder the earth,
Throughout the ages, without beginning or end.
Turning his head and gazing south
Mt Tai seems to have been polished smooth.[238]
The geese have flown to the borders of Chu[239]
The hoary moon is mirrored in the waters.
It feels like riding on the back of the giant roc,[240]
And wandering for ninety thousand *ri*.
Ask that guest, "Guest, who are you?"
That guest is indeed Jeongheoja.[241]

登望海亭
客登望海亭 大風激大水 白浪翻長鯨 銀山摧復起 驚天動地聲 萬古無終始 回首望南中 泰山如人砥 雁沒楚天邊 皓月生鏡裏疑坐大鵬背 逍遙九萬里 問客客是誰 客是清虛子

237 There are many places called Mangwang (Overlooking the Sea) in Korea. Possibly this is the same as the Mangyang Pavilion which overlooks the East Sea near the Diamond Mountain in Gwandong Province.

238 Mt Tai, in Shandong Province, is the Eastern sacred peak of China's five sacred mounts, and comparatively close to the Korean peninsula.

239 From the Tang poet Li Bai (701–762) onwards, migrating geese have been an emblem of parting. Chu is the former state in south central China, far distant from Korea.

240 The *peng* or roc, a giant bird that could fly immense distances, is described by the ancient philosopher Zhuangzi.

241 Jeongheoja, Pure Emptiness, the author's own name.

A Passing Thought

I was on the road to Chang'an
In Chang'an spring comes early.
Maiden Cui hates the flowers to fall,[242]
Maiden Li resents the fragrant grass.[243]

But flowers fall of their own accord
And grasses will grow back once more.
Laugh off the hardships of mankind
Laugh off the hardships of mankind.

途中有感
客在長安道 長安春色早崔娘恨落花 李子怨芳草 落花自落花 芳草自芳草 可笑人間苦 可笑人間苦

Song of Returning Home

Dying, what is it to die?
Living, what is it to live?
All our comings and goings
Are only for the sake of sentient beings.

We come as living creatures
We depart as living creatures.
Going and coming, one master,[244]
So in the end, where are you?

---

242 Possibly referring to the Tang poem *Maiden Cui*, by Yang Juyuan 楊巨源 (b. 755).

243 With their lovers absent, both women are keenly aware of the passing of time.

244 Being true to oneself in the meditation school.

還鄉曲
死也爲誰死 生也爲誰生 本無去來相 惟爲利群生 來爲衆生來 去爲衆生去 去來一主人 畢竟在何處

Mt Pung'ak (Maple Peak)[245]

How imposing is Mt Pung'ak
With its sheer and lofty peaks!
Through countless winds and rains
Your ridges stay straight, unbowed.

Though countless snows and frosts
Are falling, you stand and support the sky.
Not to mention your many pines and cedars
Drenched through by the dark sea and clouds.

Men who value antiquity
May exchange bows with the mountain.
Even heaven-born great lords
Must first practise fidelity.

I come to climb and look down
At the edge of heaven, where the red sun sinks.
Alone I dwell in the empty cloister,
Seeming to hear the tears of dragons and elephants.

楓嶽山
壯哉楓岳山 截然高屹屹 幾經風與雨 脊梁長不屈 幾經雪與霜 落落扶天立 亦

245 Mt Pung'ak, or Maple Peak: another name for the Diamond Mountain. In spring it was known as Geumgang, in summer as Pongnae (see note 230), in autumn as Pung'ak, because of the autumn leaves, and in winter as Gaegol when all the leaves have fallen and the rocks are exposed like bones.

多老松杉 青海通雲濕 珍重古之人 與山猶相揖 天生大丈夫 節義要先習 我來一登臨 天邊紅日入 獨宿塔寺空 如聞龍象泣

Nae-un Retreat

There's a cloister on Mt Duryu[246]
Its name is Nae-un'am.
The mountains are deep and so are the streams,
So it's hard for guests to find the way.
It has terraces on both east and west
Narrow indeed but broad of meaning.
Cheongheo[247] is the master there,
Heaven and earth his screen and couch.
On summer days he loves the wind in the pines
Lying and watching the clouds, white on blue.

內隱寂
頭流有一庵 庵名內隱寂 山深水亦深 遊客難尋迹 東西各有臺 物窄心不窄 清虛一主人 天地爲幕席夏日愛松風 臥看雲青白

March to the Battlefield[248]

Memories come of that day's battle on the water
When a myriad boats were flying on the sea like gulls.
Troops on either side, indistinguishable in the darkness,
The terrible cries of pain, that the waves sought to quench.
Forests of icy blades shining with fiery colour,

246 Mt Duryu, i.e. Mt Jiri.

247 I.e. Seosan himself.

248 The battlefield probably is a reference to the Japanese invasions of the imjin year, 1592.

The cutting done, ten thousand heads were as one hair.
The emerald seas fused with the tears of frightened souls,
By night their bones were shining white on the moonlit sand.
Now for a hundred *ri*, swallows fly in the spring woods,
No people in Willow Village, save the warbling of birds.
Have you not heard
That when days of peace last long, men become corrupt,
Relaxed and idle, and heaven deals out punishment?
The traveller passes with his staff in the autumn wind,
The old monastery is no more, a broken tablet among the weeds.

戰場行
憶曾當日水戰時 萬艇飛海如天鵬 兩兵交攻杳莫分 忍痛大聲波欲渴 霜劒如林飜日色 斬盡千頭如一髮 茫茫碧海驚魂泣 夜月寒沙照白骨 百里春林燕子飛 柳村無人鸎語滑 君不聞 太平日久人心頑 放逸懈怠天亦罰 客過秋風一杖去 古寺斷碑荒草沒

Thoughts on a Spring Day

With the east wind last night there came
An ailing traveller to the mountain.
The woodland birds are already singing
The wild flowers are about to bloom.

But mankind is an illusion like Scholar Guo[249]
The affairs of the world float like clouds in the sky.
Linji's single shout[250]
Burst open the deafness of a thousand days.

249 The popular stage character of a young scholar.

春日詠懷

東風昨夜至 病客來山中 林鳥已新語 野花將欲紅 人間郭郎巧 世事浮雲空 臨濟一聲喝 直開千日聾

To the Moon

O moon rising in the dark sky,
No-one to ask if now or long ago.
From your waxing and waning we know to advance and retreat,
From your light or dark we learn to rise and sink.[251]

How often have you entered the poet's phrase,
Or grieved the traveller's heart?
The mountain monk cares not at all,
Lying at ease and listening to the music of the pines.

詠月

月出青天面 誰當問古今 盈虛知進退 顯晦學昇沈 幾入詩人句 還傷遠客心 山僧都不管 高臥聽松琴

250 Linji 臨濟, in Ding county, Hebei Province. In the Tang dynasty, Chan Master Yixuan 義玄 (d. 867) resided in Linji Cloister and became the founding patriarch of the Linji School, following his enlightenment there in 854 in the course of a discussion with Chan Master Dayu. His unorthodox and iconoclastic teaching methods included a deafening shout, he 喝 intended to challenge his students' intellect and to convey the inexpressible ultimate truth. His branch of Southern Chan Buddhism was later brought to Japan as the Rinzai (Linji) School of Zen.

251 Forward and backward, ascending and descending represent one's contribution to the world and cultivating one's inner virtue. Without attachment, one should conduct oneself appropriately.

Ode to Autumn

(Lines composed by the author on Mt Myohyang,[252] in memory of the venerable monk of Mt Duryu[253])

Such vastness, so many thoughts,
Such distances, lost to sight.
Birds fly in the beauty of the mountains
Cicadas cry in the evening glow.

Black hair grieves as men grow white,
When the greenwood ails the leaves go red.
In life, apart, and in death too,
What then the good to ask the way?[254]

秋懷
<在妙香山 想頭流師翁 故寄興如此>
渺渺多懷思 悠悠望不窮 鳥飛山色裏 蟬咽夕陽中 黑髮愁人白 青林病葉紅 生離同死別 何更問西東

A Reply to Magistrate Ri's Farewell verse

Early I shook off the web of red dust,[255]
Alone and closing the monastery door.

---

252 Mt Myohyang, in the Diamond Mountain, see the note to *Rambling on Censer Peak*, p.246 above.

253 Mt Duryu, also known as Mt Jiri

254 'The way' literally, East and West, referring to life and death. In Buddhism, the Pure Land of Amitābha, in which believers aspired to be reborn, lies in the West: his counterpart in the East is Bhaiṣajyaguru, the Buddha of Medicine, to whom the faithful would pray for healing and the prolongation of life.

255 The red dust, a metaphor for the troubles of ordinary life, desire and suffering.

Today I received a guest from far away
Come to break the clouds of a myriad peaks.

Out in the wilds, the *rin*[256] has no family
Back in the cliffs, the crane has lost its mate.
We parted here at Pear Blossom Hall,
Facing the moon, my thoughts return to you.

次李方伯韻別

早脫紅塵網 招提獨閑門 今逢千里客 來破萬山雲 出野麟無族 歸岳鶴失群 梨亭從此別 對月更思君

To Monk Cheon

Every time you face a question,[257]
You must neither float nor sink.
The void is bright like the moon in water,
Slack or tense as in tuning the *qin*.

The sick seek the doctor's oath,
The child needs a mother's love.
In tasks one must be decisive,
Like the red sun climbing the eastern peak.

贈泉禪和子

歷歷提公案 莫浮亦莫沈 虛明如水月 緩急若調琴 病者求醫志 嬰兒憶母心 做工親切處 紅日上東岑

---

256 Rin: (Chinese: *qilin*) a mythical beast.

257 Seon (Chinese: Chan; Japanese: Zen) masters sought to bring their pupils to enlightenment by posing contradictory questions (Chinese: *gong'an*; Japanese: *koan*) for which there was no logical answer.

To Chin'gi,[258] again (with preface)

That which does not change is called truth, and the obstacles we meet are called changes.[259] There are those who say that the host of living things arise from truth and die in truth, and there are those who say that they arise from change and return to change. Although these are the words of enlightened people, they all fail to avoid dependence on words and they cause people to be bound up in method. In this case I say that originally there was no falsehood, so how could there be truth? Originally there were no obstacles, so how could changes occur? If you wish to be an outstanding person and escape the world,[260] please lift your eyes high! Ah! One word or one deed of a great man can shake heaven, can move ghosts and spirits, can breathe springs and autumns, swallow or spit the sun and moon. This is no accident. So I have composed a verse on "Forgetting Change" to show this:

Now in my great round mirror[261]
There never was layman and sage.
By forgetting change, the Buddhist way prevails,
By making distinctions, Mara's army will win.[262]

If you wish to clear the motes from your eyes[263]
You must first remove the illness in your mind.

---

258 Chin'gi, Hyujeong's fellow monk. They studied under Buyong Yeonggwan.

259 *Gi* 機 (Chinese: *ji*) mutual reactions to different circumstances.

260 Escape the world: the term for abandoning family and worldly ties and becoming a monk.

261 The round mirror symbolizes the wisdom of Buddha, which does not discriminate the things which are reflected in it. The term was originally used in the Faxiang 法相 (Sanskrit: Yogacārā; Japanese Hossō) or Weishi 唯識 'dharma-characteristic' school.

262 Mara's army: the army of demons with which the devil Mara sought to attack and tempt the dha, who defeated it by calling on the Earth to witness, at the moment of his Enlightenment.

263 Literally, 'the flowers in your eyes' which make things appear distorted.

A great wind suddenly sweeps away the clouds
The heavenly moon shines right through my window.

又贈眞機

不變曰眞, 觸事曰機. 或曰,"群生出於眞 沒於眞" 或曰,"出於機 入於機" 是雖達人之言, 皆未免對待立名 而令人尤增法縛者也. 我這裏本來無妄 何有眞而可得, 本來無事 何有機而可立. 欲作出世高士 請高着眼. 吁! 大丈夫一言一行 可以動天地 感鬼神, 可以呼吸春秋, 呑吐日月不可徒然也. 姑以忘機二字 因成一律以示之今我大圓鏡 本無凡與聖 忘機佛道隆 分別魔軍盛 欲去眼中花 先除心上病 長風忽掃雲 天月當窓映

Grieving for Master Pongnae[264]

I liked the wanderer, Pongnaesa
Laughing, my mind was calm,
Ceaselessly, water returns to water,
Endlessly, mountain chains to mountain.

With the blue sky over his head
And the white clouds on his shoulders.
So I grieve that he has gone, riding a crane[265]
And once gone, may not return.

哭蓬萊禪子

我愛蓬萊客 笑中心自閑 重重水歸水 疊疊山連山 碧落在頭上 白雲生脅間 因悲乘鶴去 一去不知還

---

264 *Seonja*, a person who practises meditation. Yang Saeon (see note 229, above) took his studio name from Pongnae (Diamond Mountain) where he lived. When he was magistrate in Hoeyang, Gangwon Province, he wandered in the mountains. In China the name originally applied to the mythical islands of the Immortals, Penglai.

265 Riding a crane: i.e. becoming an immortal. Although the image comes from Chinese Daoism, it is equally apt here.

Climbing Mt Kujeong[266]

A voyager from afar seeks autumn on Kujeong
Layer on layer of trees, forests and forests.
The floating clouds from dawn to dusk are changing,
The flowing streams, east and west, are timeless.

White birds fly randomly across the dark sea
The jade peaks strive to surpass the azure sky.[267]
"From the summit, how small is Lu" as someone said,[268]
One glance at the central plain, and thought is free.

登楓岳九井峯
遠客尋秋上九井 層層木落已森森 浮雲朝暮有翻覆 流水東西無古今 白鳥亂飛青海面 玉峯爭出碧天心 登山小魯曾如許 一望中原思不禁

To Master Uk[269]

In youth you studied the Confucian works
In maturity you plunged into *pothi* texts.[270]
The ages past, and heaven and earth, are all illusions,

---

266 Literally: Nine Springs Peak.

267 Jade peaks: a synonym for the Diamond Mountain.

268 Lu: Shandong Province. The summit referred to is that of Mt Tai (Taishan 泰山, in Shandong Province), the Eastern sacred peak of China. The reference is to the Chinese philosopher Mengzi's (Mencius) account in 'Jinxin zhangju' *shang*, of Confucius climbing Mt Tai and remarking that the world appeared very small.

269 Uk, a personal name.

270 *Pothi*, Buddhist texts written on leaves or leaf-shaped horizontal folios strung together by cords running through a hole at either end.

A hundred years of a person's life are but a roof for the night.[271]

On the peak where the clouds arise, your sleep is sound,
And when the mountain birds they cry, your ears are empty.
Alone and silent, facing the gleaming moon
You know not that the dew of the pines is soaking your robe.

贈昱禪子

青年勤著唐虞典 壯歲深窮貝葉書 萬古乾坤雙幻化 百年身世一籧廬 嶺雲起處眠猶熟 山鳥啼時耳亦虛 獨坐寥寥當白月 不知松露滴襟裾

A farewell to Monk Insu

The Diamond Master[272] hastens to return
The wind fills his breast and clouds his clothes.
Crying birds, falling flowers fall silent in the spring,
As the sun sinks, along the paths, the rain patters down.

The long flute sounds the hardship of parting,
The sea obscures the lone sail of a thousand *ri*.
This night, where will my friend be resting?
Though the window fills with plum and bamboo, the moon
remains.

贈別麟壽禪子

金剛道士促裝歸 風滿懷中雲滿衣 啼鳥落花春寂寂 夕陽山郭雨霏霏 一聲長笛離情苦 千里孤帆海色微 今夜故人何處宿 半窓梅竹月依依

---

271 A similar image is found in *Foding guoshi yulu* 佛頂國師語録 (No. 2565) in vol. 81 of the *Taishō Tripitaka*, comparing a century of human life to the steaming of a meal. See also note 119, above and note 314, below.

272 Wisdom can destroy false views, just as diamond is harder than all other materials.

Written for the Neungpa Pavilion on Mt Duryu

At the painting studio, the flying clouds lie dry in the water
And the mountain monk daily treads the rainbow.
How many times must the dusty world change its shape
What match for the leisured life and just being old?

At the close of spring among the immortals, flowers fall like rain,
The moon is bright in heaven above in the jade tower sky.
The cascade and the pines play an endless tune,
The ages past, and heaven and earth, are just a laugh.

題頭流山凌波閣
畫閣飛雲槁臥水 山僧每日踐長虹 幾多塵世翻新局 何代閑民作老翁 春暮仙間花雨亂 月明天上玉樓空 澗琴松瑟無終曲 萬古乾坤一笑中

Verse to match the rhyme scheme of the nameboard[273] of Sanyong Pavilion in the Diamond Mountain.

Lofty towers like a painting even ghosts will envy,
On the walls, the elegance of Liu and Han.[274]
Reaching to the moon, worn as an immortal, the thousand-foot trees
Parting the groves, singing away, the single-sound cascade.

The joys in the mountains win over those among men,

273 Almost all the buildings in a Buddhist monastery would have nameboards carved or otherwise inscribed by calligraphers of note. Here it would seem that a verse was inscribed and not just the name of the pavilion. It was common for writers to reply using the same rhyme scheme when responding to a poem sent to them.

274 I.e. calligraphy by the Tang scholars Liu Zongyuan (737–819) and Han Yu (768–824).

Life in the world is harder than the hardships of the road to Shu.[275]
Should you wish to know the Diamond Mountain's true face,[276]
It is the range of crags lined up in that pile of white clouds.

次金剛山山映樓板上韻

高樓如畫鬼應慳 壁上風騷柳與韓 帶月癯仙千丈檜 隔林鳴瑟一聲灘 山間樂勝人間樂 世道難於蜀道難 欲識金剛眞面目 白雲堆裏列峯巒

Pyohunsa[277]

The spring wind yesterday blew into Pongnae valley,
The traveller wakes from his dreams, at the dawn chorus.
Eighty towers, all of them Buddhist cloisters
Uncountable peaks, all of different heights.
In the shadow of the white clouds, the black crane flies,
In the bright moonlight, the jade streams flow.
Beyond heaven, another heaven, you would believe?
Falling flowers and flowing waters lead men astray.

表訓寺

春風昨入蓬萊洞 客夢殘時鳥亂啼 八十樓臺皆寺刹 萬千峯嶺各高低 白雲影裏飛青鶴 明月光中瀉玉溪 天外有天君信否 落花流水使人迷

---

275 *Shudaonan* (The Road to Shu is Hard), the title of the poem by Li Bai (701–762), is used as a metaphor for suffering and hardship. To reach Shu, the large western province of Sichuan, it is necessary to go through perilous mountain passes. This was the route taken by Emperor Minghuang when the Tang capital was seized by rebels under An Lushan in 755. The Emperor was forced to flee with and then to kill his favourite consort, the beautiful Yang Guifei. The three characters thus conjure up images far more powerful than the mere difficulties of the journey.

276 I.e., should you wish to know the nature of the Buddha's teaching.

277 Pyohunsa is the monastery in the Diamond Mountain where the writer practised meditation and where his portrait is enshrined.

At the request of Master Euihyeon

When the ink touches the paper, then the dream begins,
Where one must think and measure, that is the two heads fallacy.[278]
To explain a dream in a dream, doubles the deceit,
One head on another head, piling on the error.

If strings and woodwind can express the mind, then mind is false,
For wind and clouds to show the law, is counter to the law.[279]
Master, if you wish to know, I shall simply say
It is a thunderclap out of a bright blue sky.

賽義玄禪子求語

擬紙墨時初夢境 要思量處兩頭機 夢中說夢重重妄 頭上安頭疊疊非 絲竹傳心心乃錯 風雲示法法之違 師乎欲識吾宗旨 白日青天霹靂威

To Venerable Neung[280] on Pung'ak[281]

Bamboo breeze, the moon in the pines, they know each other
Free to exist, no matter whether sitting, lying, or walking
The Buddha of complete enlightenment can heal the traveller's ills,
The Bodhisattva of perfect practice can stop a child's tears.

---

278 The phrase 'two heads fallacy' is from a commentary to the *Avatamsaka sutra*, where the importance of a proper seated position (for meditation) is emphasized, lest one be misled by 'two heads'. *T.* no.1885, vol.45, 705b.

279 The whole poem emphasizes the futility of expressing the inexpressible: since existence itself is an illusion, it is in vain to explain it.

280 Changno (Ch: Changlao 長老; Skt: Āyuṣmant) refers to a monk with long experience of discipline.

281 Pung'ak: Maple Peak, i.e. the Diamond Mountain.

For making tea, bitter herbs are boiled with their roots,
For a frugal meal, fragrant herbs are steamed with their leaves.
Should one ask, in this life what task to follow?
Only this: open both eyes wide.

贈楓岳山能長老
竹風松月是相知 坐臥經行任意之 覺滿如來差病客 行圓菩薩止啼兒 烹茶苦菜連根煮 齋飯香蔬帶葉炊 人問一生何事業 只這開眼展雙眉

A Rhyme to follow Instructor Pak[282]

The One Light has neither beginning nor end,
Useless to follow those well known Three Teachings.[283]
It needs no great skill to make flames from fire,
No need to magic a horn from the head of a tiger.

Where wind and thunder rise, the silver mountains split,
When the rod and the cry Ha! startle,[284] the iron curtain ends.
Heaven or the world of man are both vain and indistinct,
Sitting once at Shaolin, alone he kept the tradition.[285]

次朴學官韻
一光無始亦無終 三敎名言枉費功 火裏開花非好手 虎頭生角豈神通 風雷起處銀山裂 棒喝馳時鐵壁窮 天上人間徒縹緲 少林曾坐獨扶宗

---

282 *Hakgwan*, the title given to local instructors who were responsible for educating the sons of officials in the provinces.

283 Three Teachings: i.e. Buddhism, Confucianism and Daoism.

284 A sharp blow on the shoulder with a rod and the cry of Ha! Known as *panghal* (Chinese: *fengha* 棒哈), this method was used by Buddhist masters to rouse a monk who has lost concentration during meditation. The sudden shock may bring about enlightenment (shattering the 'iron wall').

285 Shaolinsi in Henan Province was where Bodhidharma sat in meditation facing a rock wall.

To Monk Hyeonuk

All my life I wished to strum the stringless zither,[286]
Sadly there is no-one to understand my music.[287]
The autumn sun at Queli once warmed my back,[288]
The cold moon of Shaolin woke my mind again.

Sitting on a pine tree, or on a rock, I forget heaven and earth,
Flowers fade, flowers open, and time passes.
The pearl is in the swamp, its lustre in the mire,
Why follow madmen and drunks, picking the embroidery needle?[289]

贈玄昱禪和

平生欲奏沒絃琴 惆悵東西未遇音 闕里秋陽曾炙背 少林寒月更醒心 坐松坐石忘天地 花落花開送古今 珠在澤中光在澤

To Taeung

On a summer's day, in the pine-scented breeze
Lying at ease in the humble pavilion
Deep in the woods, I can hear the song of birds,
The clouds break, and show the shape of the mountain.

---

286 In Daoist thought, the *qin* 琴 or zither is a metaphor for the Way; a *qin* without strings would produce soundless music, conveying the ineffable character of the universe.

287 In China *zhiyin* 知音 'understanding the music' refers to the story of the great friendship between Bo Ya 伯牙 and Zhong Ziqi 鍾子期; when Zhong Ziqi was no longer there to listen to Bo Ya's playing of the *qin*, the latter broke the strings of his instrument, since there was no-one left in the world to 'understand his music.'

288 Queli, in Shandong Province, the former birthplace of Confucius, and the site of the Confucius Temple.

289 'Embroidery needle', i.e. clutching at illusions.

Steaming bitter herbs with their roots,
Filling my old jug at the cool spring,
Fleeing from fame, distancing self from dust,
Where I rest, the very ground is numinous.
Do not condemn our way of life,[290]
You should cleanse your ears and listen.[291]

寄贈大雄

夏日松風裏 頹然臥短亭 林深能鳥語 雲破露山形 苦菜連根煮 寒泉汲古瓶 逃名塵自遠 棲寂地應靈 莫妄吾家法 君須洗耳聽

To Myeonggam, SangJu, Eonhwa and other Fellow Practitioners

For those who leave home and practise the Way,
Wealth and women are foremost to be banned.
Dwelling together, then speak with care
Where alone, then guard against your thoughts.
An enlightened teacher should ever be beside your mat,
Bad friends should not share your bed.
In speech, keep away from jokes and laughter,
In sleep, do not lapse into delusion.
The Law is as hard as it is for a turtle to climb on a floating log,
The self is like a needle in the sea.

---

290 The Buddhist vocation.

291 Cleansing the ears is an old metaphor for living in seclusion. In Chinese legend, Xu You washed both his ears after receiving an invitation to govern, on the grounds that they had been contaminated; subsequently his friend Chaofu learnt the reason and, seeking to water his ox, refused to let it drink from the stream in which Xu You had washed his ears, until he had led it further upstream. In Buddhism, this Daoist episode is applied instead to the mind, which is full of falsehoods and confuses form with reality; thus cleansing the mind is more important.: summoned to court, one ancient Chinese recluse washed out his ears in the stream, then would not even allow his buffalo to drink from the water that had been so contaminated.

Radiance reflected is a truly joyful thing[292]
You should well employ both day and night.

Your quest should be vast as mountains or the sea
Seeking to attain the citadel of great enlightenment.
In choosing a master, or choosing your friends,
You must discern the marvellous and the bright.
Sitting, you must sit facing west[293]
Walking, keep your eyes on the ground.
Keep your body healthy with just one meal,
Sleep only to the third hour.[294]
Let the golden book[295] never leave your hands,
On other doctrines, let not your spirit dwell.
People, though they talk of pleasures
Those are deadly demons, truly frightful.
Our fellowship pursues lasting truth
What need have we of empty fame?

示明鑑尙珠彦和諸門輩

出家修道輩 財色最先禁 群居須愼口 獨處要防心 明師常陪席 惡友勿同衾 語當離戲笑 睡亦莫昏沈 法如龜上木身若海中鍼 回光眞樂事 忍負好光陰 志願如山海 期超大覺城 擇師兼擇友 精妙更精明 坐必向西坐 行須視地行 療身常一食 許睡限三更 金書不離手 外典莫留情 人世雖云樂 死魔忽可驚 吾儕論實事安得尙虛名

Monk Cheonkam

292 I.e. reflecting one's inner world.

293 Be mindful of your death.

294 Until 1 a.m.

295 Buddhist sutras.

When Monk Cheonkam asked me for a word, then I replied that he should reflect on himself first, before asking his teacher. The teacher also should reflect on himself.

All my life I have had no skill
Nothing done for my white-haired age.
I have pored over books to seek enlightenment,
Acquired false merit by cooking sand.[296]

In vain planting flowers on stony ground,
Swallowing fiery liquids down my throat.
Hard it is to escape the fourfold net,
Ever following the eight contrary winds.[297]

Holding the pearl, how sad to beg for it,
Having the treasure, how hateful to be poor!
Do you wish to know the treasures of our house?
Try counting the geese in the autumn sky!

天鑑禪子
求我於一言 懃懃懇懇 我先嘖自己 以及於師 師亦自責可也
一生無伎倆 虛作白頭翁 鑽紙求眞覺 蒸沙立妄功 空花栽石上 燄水吸喉中 難出四邊網 長隨八倒風 持珠悲乞丐 守藏恨貧窮 欲識吾家寶 秋天亂點鴻

Responding to Monk Ino's request for a verse[298]

---

[296] Instead of rice.

[297] Contrary winds: the eight perverted views, contrasted with the Noble Eightfold Path. See note 199, above.

[298] Ino (1548–1623) was Seosan's disciple, and fought against the Japanese during the *imjin* invasions (1592–1598). Ino's studio name was Chongmae. A master of ascetic practice, he established his own school, Ch'ongmae pa, and left a collection of writings, Chongmae chip.

Ten years I have roamed with my wooden staff
As clouds and water through rivers and lakes.
Sitting alone, my retreat is so still,
Through the open window, the moon is also lonesome.

My home town is a thousand miles away
Mother and father still live there.[299]
The emerald sea a distant link to Chu,
The blue sky a companion into Wu.[300]

Though known to be a love-renouncing monk,
[Hong]ren entrusted the firewood-selling Lu.[301]
Life in the world is but a drop of morning dew,
From light to darkness swift as colt past crack.[302]

To labour one must first make an effort,
To make the Law one should forget the body.
When the live phrase shatters the knot of doubt[303]
Only then can one be called a great master.

---

299 'Mother and father.' In Chinese, *xuanshi* 萱室, literally 'day-lily room' refers to one's mother. From the *Book of Songs* onwards, and in the poetry of Tang poets such as Bai Juyi (772–846), the day-lily (*Hemerocallis fulva* L.) was thought to dispel sorrow; its medicinal properties were also thought to bring about the birth of a son. See Pan Fujun, *Shijing zhiwu tujian* (Glossary of Plants in the *Book of Songs*), Taibei: Owl Publications, 2001, p.113.

300 Chu and Wu: areas far away across the sea in central and eastern China.

301 Lu is the secular family name of Huineng (638–713), the sixth Patriarch and founder of Chan, who was orphaned at a young age and sold firewood for a living, became a Buddhist monk after hearing Hongren (601–674), the Fifth Patriarch, reciting the *Diamond Sutra*.

302 Referring to the brevity of time and inconstancy of life. See note 122, above.

303 'Live phrase:' as distinct from the illogical or dead letter of canonical scriptures. Some Chan (Seon, Zen) masters used apparently illogical or nonsensical 'live phrases' to bring enlightenment to their disciples.

賽印悟禪子求偈

十年飛櫛標 雲水與江湖 獨坐庵猶靜 虛窓月亦孤 故鄉千里遠 萱室兩親俱 碧海遙連楚 青天半入吳 雖稱割愛釋 忍負賣柴盧 身世凝朝露 光陰過隙駒 做工先發憤 爲法便忘軀 活句疑團破 方名大丈夫

Pavilion of the Four Immortals[304]

Ancient the sea, so too the pines,
The crane departs, the clouds stretch far away.
In the moonlight, no-one can be seen,
On the thirty-six peaks,[305] autumn holds sway.

四仙亭

海枯松亦老 鶴去雲悠悠 月中人不見 三十六峯秋

Thatched Hut

In his thatched hut with three walls gone,
The aged monk sleeps on a bamboo bed.
Green hills half drenched the while
Fine rain obscures the rays of red.

草屋

304 The Four Immortals were four hwarang or aristocratic young men of Silla, who toured the scenic places by the East Sea, and who were commemorated in a pavilion built on an island in the middle of Samilp'o Lake 三日溥, northwest of Goseong. For a more detailed account, and Jeong Seon's painting of the pavilion and the lake (one panel from an eight-panel screen entitled *Beauty of the Diamond Mountain*, in the Kansong Museum) see Ch'oe Wan-su, *Korean True-View Landscape: Paintings by Chŏng Sŏn*, edited translation by Pak Youngsook and Roderick Whitfield, London: Saffron Korea Library, 2005, p.132–3.

305 The thirty-six peaks are those of the nearby Diamond Mountain.

草屋無三壁 老僧眠竹床 青山一半濕 踈雨過殘陽

Exhilaration

Orioles and blossoms share a heavenly nature,
Wind and moon change like the minds of men.
Li and Du[306] poured forth a sea of poetry,
Whose waves roll on from now till then.

感興
鶯花各天性 風月亦人心 李杜翻詩海 波瀾動古今

Monk Sung'eui visits Cheongheo

You wish to know the Master of Clear Emptiness?[307]
Though you have agreed to meet, you have not met.
You must know that beyond that snow-white cloud,
There is another stranger summit yet.

崇義禪子訪清虛
欲識清虛主 相逢定不逢 須知白雲外 別有一奇峯

Bamboo Courtyard

When golden blooms drip with dew,
And the maple leaves announce the fall,
Birds may roost in the silent hills, but

306 Li Bai (701–762) and Du Fu (712–770).

307 Master of Clear Emptiness: i.e. Cheongheo, Seosan himself.

The moon is bright and men sleep not at all.

竹院
黃花泣露日 楓葉政秋天 鳥宿群山靜 月明人未眠

To the Hermit Kangho

Worldly affairs, are as birds in the sky,
Human life, no more than floating foam.
Beneath Heaven, there are no other lands,
The mountain monk has but one staff to roam.

贈江湖道人
世事空中鳥 浮生水上漚 天下無多地 山僧一杖頭

Dwelling on Maple Peak[308]

On the distant shore, the autumn sands are pale,
In the western retreat, there sounds the evening bell.
My eyes follow the last of homing birds,
Gathering clouds bedew the triple dell. [309]

宿楓嵒
遠岸秋沙白 西庵起暮鍾 眼隨歸鳥盡 雲斂露三峯

Monk Chun

308 Maple Peak, i.e. Pung'am, in the Diamond Mountain.

309 Literally, triple peaks, possibly a reference to the three Treasures: Buddha, Dharma and Sangha (the community of monks).

Sorrow and joy are dreamed on the same pillow,
Meeting and parting rouse ten years of feeling.[310]
Without a word, at the turn of a head,
On the mountain top, white clouds are piling.[311]

俊禪子
悲歡一枕夢 聚散十年情 無言却回首 山頂白雲生

Passing Yo River[312]

Far off, the village smoke rises through the trees,
On the green waves, fisherfolk are reeling in their lines.
A single goose takes wing into the sky,
A thousand crows descend in the setting glow.

過蓼川
遠樹起村烟 碧波人捲釣 一雁入秋空 千鴉下落照

To Venerable Okgye[313]

In the shadows of the inn
Who is it comes to rest?
Comfortably asleep by the window,
I could fight ten thousand of the best!

310 Despite the illusory nature of joy and sorrow, a momentary encounter or departure can bring back years of emotion.

311 The white clouds on the mountain top are a metaphor for the white hair of old age, that comes without warning, such is the brevity of life.

312 Yocheon, a once-navigable river in Namweon, Jeolla Province, flowing out of Baegun Mountain.

313 Okgye has not been identified, however a contemporary, No Sujin (1518–1578), used Okgye as his studio name.

上玉溪
逆旅駒陰裏 何人歸去休 閑窓一睡覺 可敵萬封侯

On Meeting a Friend

Clouds and trees stretch a thousand miles,
Mountains and streams as far as the eye can see.
We meet when we are both white-haired
And reckon up the slipping of the years.

會友
雲樹幾千里 山川政渺然 相逢各白首 屈指計流年

Song of Longing

With one sound, burst out with a great laugh,[314]
Make ghosts and spirits wail and cry.[315]
Long life or untimely death, mere dreams in an inn,
But few as yet can this descry.

詠懷
一聲發大笑 神鬼哭哀哀 逆旅彭殤夢 幾人曾覺來

314 A shout or burst of laughter was another means by which Chan (Seon) masters sought to bring enlightenment to their disciples.

315 This image, frequently used to indicate the evanescent nature of human life, may perhaps be related to the Tang dynasty *Story of the Pillow* (枕中記), in which a young man on his way to the capital meets a Daoist at an inn in the town of Handan, falls asleep and dreams of completing his journey followed by an entire and successful official career; finally, after requesting leave to return home on account of illness and old age, he awakes, only to find that the Daoist has not yet finished cooking the millet for his evening meal.

A Precipice

An icy stream flies off the sheer wall
In the depths of the forest, wrapped in mist and cloud.
With granite and steel resolve, the wanderer
Will open the gate and tread the falling flowers.[316]

一巖
寒流飛絶壁 深樹鎖烟霞 鐵石肝腸客 開門踏落花

Bidding farewell to Won Sunim on his going to Gwandong

Softly like the wings of a goose
Icy darkness falls from the autumn sky.
Pressing on at evening in the mountain rain,
Tilting your rain-hat against the river wind.

送願禪子之關東
飄飄如隻雁 寒影落秋空 促筇暮山雨 欹笠遠江風

Thoughts on the Road

Being known, its hard to avoid the world
No place to have peace of mind.
So with my staff, and on again

316 'Open the gate' i.e. achieve enlightenment. 'Falling flowers' may perhaps refer to the obstacles in seeking this: in chapter 7 of the *Vimalakirti Sutra* Sariputra is admonished by the heavenly goddess who is scattering flowers on the assembly, as he tried to brush off the falling flowers thatattached themselves to him, symbolizing worldly attachments. The poem emphasizes the difficulties of achieving enlightenment.

As far as possible deep into the mountain.

途中有感
有名難避世 無處可安心 飛錫又飛錫 入山恐不深

Staying at Chaeong Arbour

The bright moon hangs close to the village
At dawn there sounds the distant temple bell.
Bamboo breezes sway the traveller's drunken steps
Floral nectars stay the inconstant bee.

宿蔡邕亭
明月近村留 淸晨遠寺鍾 竹風移醉客 花雨定遊蜂

Farewell to a friend going to Gwanseo

Level with distant peaks, the setting sun
Gazing west, the river flows by.
The traveller, how does he feel?
A single goose brings autumn to the sky.

送人關西
遠山橫落日 西望水空流 客子情何許 天邊一雁秋

Walking on White Sand by the Azure Sea

The sea's colour is a blue to rend the heart
Of the sick man on the horizon.
Autumn scatters leaves on the river,

He follows the geese right into the sun.[317]

青海白沙行
海色傷心碧 天涯一病身 秋來江上葉 雁趁日邊人

Three Verses for Haengju Sunim

By ten years' work this man has made
His store of worries melt away.
He has mastered the great scripture store,[318]
Burnt incense and studied yet the Way.[319]

Forget oneself and forget the world
All that's left is this bag of bones.
In the depth of night, not a breath of wind
Moon-shadow pursues me among the pines.
White clouds have become old friends
Moonlight is the life of me.
Among the myriad peaks and vales
Should I meet another, I offer tea.

示行珠禪子
十年工做人 積慮如氷釋 看盡大藏經 焚香又讀易 忘我兼忘世 頹然只一身 夜深風不動 松月影侵人 白雲爲故舊 明月是生涯 萬壑千峯裏 逢人卽勸茶

A Sigh of Transience

317 Indicating a man who has withdrawn from the world.

318 The whole Tripitaka.

319 The *Yijing* or Book of Changes.

Life's joyful times and places
Pass with the years in the blink of an eye.
Spring runs as the current flows
Summer follows and the green shades vie.

歎逝
人生行樂處 過眼年光催 春隨流水去 夏逐綠陰來

For my Old Home

A guest is come, and grieves for what is past
Yet the flowers grow as last year bright.
My friend, where is he now?
A mountain lodged in the azure height.

題古宅
客來傷往事 花發去年紅 古人何處在 山寄碧虛中

In Praise of Spring

Spring in the capital is so fine,[320]
Songs and dancing fill the streets.
Flowers bloom and the wine gets dear
Past midnight, but none head for the sheets.

賞春
洛陽春色好 歌舞滿街時 花發酒增價 夜深人未歸

320 'The capital ...' Luoyang, in Henan province, was the capital of several Chinese dynasties. In the spring it was famous for the lush blooming of tree-paeonies (*mudan* 牡丹). 'Flowers bloom red for the Senior Graduate' 花發壯元紅慢 is the title of a song celebrating this season in Luoyang when the paeonies were at their best, and the dancing girls at their most alluring. See *Zhongwen dacidian*, 31461.334.

Climbing Buddhosnisa Peak[321]

Falling leaves expose the mountain bones
Fine skies reveal the depths of the main.
Great indeed the measure of this man,[322]
A thousand suns shine from his noble brain.

登佛頂嵒
木落露山骨 天晴見海心 大哉男子量 千日照虛襟

Walking on Namsan[323]

In a simple hut, inside a fence
An old man with silk-white hair
Leaning on his staff, visits the fallen flowers
And composes a verse to bid adieu to spring.

山南行
草屋柴門裏 老人頭白絲 扶藜訪花落 能賦送春詩

Thoughts on the Road

Far, far the rivers flow to the east

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321 Buljeongdae, Buddhoṣṇīṣa Rock, is one of the spectacular sites in the Diamond Mountain, depicted by Jeong Seon (1676–1759) in a painting dated 1747, in the Kansong Art Museum. See Choe Wan-Su, *Korean True-View Landscape: Paintings by Chŏng Sŏn (1676–1759)*, ed. and trans. by Youngsook Pak and Roderick Whitfield, London: Saffron Korea Library, 2005, pl.12, pp.114–116.

322 I.e. the Buddha.

323 Namsan, South Mountain, close to the ancient Silla capital Gyeongju, has many splendid Buddhist images carved in situ from huge granite boulders. The whole mountain is a kind of sacred precinct.

Long, long the mountains stretch from the north.
Wide, wide the skies above him
Who knows what moves the sage?

途中卽事
遠遠水東去 長長山北來 茫茫天下客 誰識道人懷

An orphaned crow

Your mother's gone, you little crow
Cawing away with grief so deep!
What's to say between man and bird?
Today this thought comes to mind.

失母烏
失母慈烏子 啞啞哀怨深 何論人與烏 今日起予心

Grieving for Gangneung[324]

Love the state and grieve at the ancestral shrine:
Even a mountain monk is subject to the king.
Chang'an, the capital, where is it now?[325]
Looking back, tears wet my clothing.

哭康陵
愛國憂宗社 山僧亦一臣 長安何處是 回望淚沾巾

324 Gangneung is the name of the tomb of King Myeongjong (r. 1545–1567), the thirteenth King of Joseon, but here refers to the king himself.

325 Chang'an ('Lasting Peace') was the Chinese capital for many dynasties, and so resonates in Korea too as a symbol of the capital of the country.

Gazing at the Lofty Tower

It stands alone, tall and mountain-like
All day long, the birds fly round and up.[326]
Looking out, the autumn colours are far away
And the vast sea seems smaller than a cup.

望高臺

獨立高峰頂 長天鳥去來 望中秋色遠 滄海小於杯

Hymn to the Moon

Whether lamenting or rejoicing
Long, long ago and at this very instant,
Heaven-born, the great bright mirror
That shines through countless peoples' minds.

詠月

悲悲又喜喜 古古亦今今 天生大明鏡 照破幾人心

Passing through Gaya

Fragrance of fallen blossom fills the valley
Warbling of birds is heard throughout the wood.
The monk's cloister, where can it be?
In the spring hills, half hid in cloud.

遊伽耶

落花香滿洞 啼鳥隔林聞 僧院在何處 春山半是雲

326 Such a scene can still be seen today at Yingxian in Shanxi Province, the largest wooden pagoda in China, dated 1113, where thousands of swallows nest in the eaves and ceaselessly fill the air around.

A Scholar's Arbour

The shore birds have flown into the bamboos
Branches stir and scarlet petals fall.
The pavilion is high enough to take in the distant sea
Nearby on the river, some geese are flying in.

處士亭
渚禽飛入竹 枝動落殘紅 亭高呑遠海 江近數飛鴻

Wandering on Seosan[327]

On the sunset mountain, our guest has lost his way,
His staff alarms the roosting birds at rest.
From Seogaksa there sounds the bell,
Pine and bamboo deep in the green mist.

遊西山
暮山客迷路 笻驚宿鳥心 鍾鳴西嶽寺 松竹碧雲深

Passing by Buyeo[328]

Past events are but fleeting traces,
Mountains and rivers are ever enduring.
Robes and caps must be donned by the light of the morning moon[329]
When, amid plants and flowers, the wild birds sing.

327 Seosan, West Mountain, is also the studio name of the author. Seogak, literally West Peak, also known as Hyangbong, Fragrant Peak, is situated to the west of the capital.

328 Buyeo, at one time the capital of Paekche.

329 I.e. the splendid robes of the Kingdom of Paekche have been thrown away.

過扶餘
往事皆陳迹 山川尙不迷 衣冠晨月上 花草野禽啼

Sickness in Old Age

Old he goes, and others scorn
Sickness comes, and friends are few.
Ordinary concerns and principles
When it gets to this, are all at nought.

老病吟
老去人之賤 病來親也疎 平時恩與義 到此盡歸虛

For Pongnaesa[330]

The mountains so green, the sea so vast
The clouds so high, the rain so wet.
In what place can my beloved be?
Looking up, in a corner of the sky.

With brushstrokes that can topple the peaks
Verse clearly worth ten thousand gold,
The mountain monk has no worldly goods,
Only the infinitude of the mind.

寄蓬萊子
山蒼蒼海茫茫 雲浩浩雨浪浪 何處美人在 望之天一方 筆健頹三岳 詩淸直萬金
山僧無外物 惟有百年心

330 Pongnaesa (see notes 229 and 263, above) is the studio name of Yang Saeon (1517–1584), Confucian official and one of the four greatest calligraphers of the early Joseon period.

To Ilseon[331]

The Three Teachings[332] are a great round mirror[333]
But writing is no more than just a skill.
Working hard, sweating like a horse,[334]
Ends up cooking sand for rice or engraving on the ice.

Meditation is like the cave with a ghost[335]
Writings too are simply the dregs.[336]
Should you ask what I value the most,
With both hands I offer – the raindrops.

贈一禪子
三敎大圓鏡 文章只一能 費工徒汗馬 沙飯亦鏤氷 思量是鬼窟 文字亦糟粕 若問解何宗 捧行如雨滴

Dharma King Peak[337]

The mountain stands in half the azure sky
Fleecy clouds there came and went.

[331] Seosan's disciple Ilseon (1533–1608)

[332] Three Teachings, i.e. the vast and profound teachings of the Buddha.

[333] The wisdom that is able to see the whole world is often compared to a mirror.

[334] On the battlefield, a horse must undergo great hardship.

[335] A reference to Wonhyo's decision not to go to China to study, after a night stranded in a cave full of terrifying ghosts.

[336] In conformity with the southern branch of Chan, whose masters rejected the study of the scriptures in favour of intuitive enlightenment through ordinary life.

[337] I.e. Buddha Peak.

I gazed at the heavens and laughed out loud:[338]
Aeons passed in that one moment.

法王峯
山立碧虛半 白雲能有無 仰天一大笑 萬古如須臾

Collecting Goeun's Writings[339]

Deep in the mountains, what's to amaze?
Out of the rock, so many pines and cedars
Careless of danger, with unchanging mind,
In all four seasons, a single evergreen.[340]

集孤雲字
山中何事奇 石上多松栢 夷險不移心 四時青一色

Tammil Peak

In the thousand hills, after the leaves have fallen,
On the four seas, when the moon is shining,
The vast skies are all one hue.
So why distinguish us and them?[341]

338 Like a shout or other loud noise, this is another metaphor for sudden enlightenment. See note 313, above.

339 Choe Chi-won (857–?), a great scholar during the Silla Dynasty (57 BC–AD 936). Goeun (Lonely Cloud 孤雲) is his studio name.

340 In East Asian painting as well as in literature, the noble pine, evergreen throughout the harshest of winters, is compared to the Confucian scholar or the Buddhist monk with steadfastprinciples.

341 Literally, between Hua (Han Chinese) and Yi (outer uncivilized peoples).

探密峯
千山木落後 四海月明時 蒼蒼天一色 安得辨華夷

A Reply to Elder Namhae (inspired by an event)

The waves of Namhae,[342] they never rest,
Mt Duryu's[343] tones stay just as green.
What a shame it is to channel karma,
As useless as cleaving water and blowing sunshine.

答南海翁<因事有感>
南海波雖動 頭流色自蒼 可憐渠發業 割水與吹光

A Response to Governor Yi Sik

Rivers and seas, how could they have no thoughts?
Mountains and forests, they too have minds.
But not like those who wear belts of gold and jade,[344]
Who must ever sink or swim with the world.

次李方伯<拭>
江海豈無意 山林亦有心 不如金玉帶 與世善浮沈

For Graduate Li[345]

342 The southern sea.

343 Another name for Mt Jiri.

344 Belts of gold and jade, worn by those in high office.

345 Someone who was preparing to take the state examinations in order to become an official.

On chilly nights you have caught fireflies[346]
Laboriously conning the Six Classics.
Ten years labour, bitter too,
And what have you got? just empty fame.

贈李秀才
寒夜撲飛螢 喃喃讀六經 十年勞且苦 所得一虛名

To Master Hae'un

The chrysanthemums are about to smile,
My head of hair must also bow to autumn.[347]
How to describe the passing of time?
I take my brush to write my new sorrows.

惠訔禪子
菊花將解笑 頭髮不禁秋 行陰那可記 揮筆寫新愁

Responding to Magistrate Yun

Night rain sings on the pine branches[348]
The blue lamp alone burns bright.
Even with the whole of the sky for my paper
Such emotions would be hard to write.

次尹方伯
夜雨鳴松榻 青燈獨自明 長天爲一紙 難寫此中情

346 Poor students collected fireflies in order to be able to read books in the dark.

347 I.e. grow white with age.

348 Literally: pine couch, referring to the typical horizontal appearance of the branches of pines and cedars.

Dwelling in the Mountains

Mountains and rivers may have their masters,
But wind and moon have never had strife.
Once more there is news of spring
And plum blossoms fill the trees with life.

山居
山河雖有主 風月本無爭 又得春消息 梅花滿樹生

For Yi Chuk-ma[349]

Quiet or busy, though we went our separate ways,
Yet of years and months we both endure the flow.
Meeting, we speak of past events,
White-haired in the mellow autumnal glow.[350]

贈李竹馬
閑忙雖異路 歲月忽同流 相逢說往事 白髮黃花秋

Bidding Farewell to Myeong Seonja

Gracefully waving, bamboos one and all
No footsteps where the leaves do fall.
White clouds have lost the place to go

349 Chuk-ma (literally: bamboo horse, or hobby-horse) was the studio name of the military official Yi Chong'in (?–1593). In 1593, during the *imjin* invasions, he died defending the Chinju Fortress from the Japanese. Hyujeong dedicated no fewer than seven poems to him, so they must have had a close friendship.

350 Literally, 'yellow-flowered autumn' referring to the seasonal chrysanthemum.

And know not on which peak to rest.

送明禪子
飄飄竹一笻 葉落沒行蹤 白雲迷去處 棲息定何峯

Visiting a Friend Out of Office

Spring is gone and the mountain flowers have fallen
The cuckoo urges people to come home.[351]
Countless wanderers at the end of heaven,
Have vainly watched the white clouds fly.

訪謫客
春去山花落 子規勸人歸 天涯幾多客 空望白雲飛

Climbing high to enjoy autumn

I gaze afar at the southern sky
Where the distant hills are bluer still.
In a long life, there must be hardships,
Yet who pays homage to Longevity Star?[352]

登高賞秋
送眼南天遠 遙山點點青 長生應有苦 誰拜老人星

A Sigh for the World

351 The cuckoo is supposed to be a reincarnation of the Chinese Emperor Wang of Shu, who lost his kingdom and was driven into exile. Thus the cuckoo symbolizes the innocent exiled man dreaming of reinstatement.

352 This star was believed to control the length of one's life.

Green stay the hills, but men's hair is white
Years and months drift like the stars.
In this floating life, what place is good?
Both heaven and earth are in the dark.

嘆世
青山人白髮 歲月如流星 浮生何處好 天地亦冥冥

A chance rhyme

The pine branches sing with the mountain rain[353]
My companion hymns the falling plum blossom
Now this spring dream is over
My servant comes to brew some tea.

偶吟
松榻鳴山雨 傍人詠落梅 一場春夢罷 侍者點茶來

Passing a lodge and hearing the *qin*

Dancing like snowflakes, the delicate fingers,
The song may be over, but the emotions flow on.
The autumn river, flat as a mirror,
Depicts a range of green mountains.

過邸舍聞琴
白雪亂纖手 曲終情未終 秋江開鏡色 畫出數青峯

Responding to Scholar Heo's rhyme on Stone Gate

353 See the poem Responding to Magistrate Yun (p.283).

The pines hum, the moon shines on the rocks
Among the flowers, someone plays the *qin*.
The green peaks are the eyes of the ancients
Which remain in the hearts of today.

次許學士遊石門韻
松吟石上月 人弄花間琴 青山古人眼 留與後人心

Passing by the Monastery on the Lake

Whistling long in the sky
White clouds fly over the water.
As the evening bell shakes the bamboo dew
The mountain moon follows this monk home.

過湖寺
天門一長嘯 江上白雲飛 暮鍾穿竹露 山月隨僧歸

Inscribed on a Portrait of Qingliang[354]

All eighty thousand volumes of the Tripitaka
The master had them on the tip of his tongue.
A clear wind cleanses the golden sands,
Beneath the cassia there sets the autumn moon.[355]

題清凉影帖
八萬大藏經 師能彈一舌 清風灑金沙 桂子落秋月

354 National Preceptor Qingliang, Huayan school Master (also known as Chengguan, 738–839) who sought to reconcile doctrinal teachings and meditation, emphasizing practice.

355 The moon has an ancient association with the cassia, a tree with tiny fragrant flowers in late autumn, whose fragrant bark is ground and sold as cinnamon. In ancient depictions of the moon, the hare is shown pounding the elixir of immortality under a cassia tree.

To General Gwak[356]

He has learnt to conquer ten thousand foes,
To clear the River his only goal not done.[357]
With epic song by turns rousing and fierce,
His gallant spirit is as stern as autumn.

上郭戎帥
曾學萬人敵 河淸志未酬 長歌時激烈 壯氣凜如秋

On the Ancient Battlefield

There was snow on the hills and ice in the river
That year when they led their horses to water.
On the yellow sands, none but white bones remain
But for the rank grass, spring makes it green again.

過古戰場
山雪河氷裏 當年飮馬人 黃沙餘白骨 腥草自靑春

Journeying with scholar Cho to Cheonghak Village[358]

The mountain monk hymns clouds and streams

356 Gwak Chae-wu (1552–1617). He had considerable successes in battle during the *imjin* Japanese invasions of Korea. At the height of the factional disputes that ensued, he abandoned his official position and lived as a hermit.

357 To make the Yellow River run clear (i.e. to achieve peace throughout the world) is tantamount to achieving the impossible, making it clear that the General is a man of dauntless courage and determination.

358 Cheonghakdong is on Mt Jiri, where a blue crane (*cheonghak*) was said to live, and so from ancient times was a favoured place for hermits.

The scholar writes poems of hearts and minds.
But all their works are like falling leaves
Scattered by the wind, that no men know.

與趙學士遊青鶴洞
山僧雲水侶 學士性情詩 同吟題落葉 風散沒人知

Passing by the former Residence of Graduate Yun

Songs and dances are silent now
The wind in the pines alone is boss.
Birds sing and no man is seen,
Strange rocks sleep in the verdant moss.

過尹上舍舊宅
歌舞今寥落 松風獨有臺 鳥啼人不見 怪石眠蒼苔

The Recluse

Tilling and hoeing, with nought else to do,
A man grows old with the woods and streams.
The warbler wakes him from his noonday doze
A fitful drizzle drifts in the wind.

隱夫
耕鑿無餘事 林泉一老翁 因鶯驚午夢 殘雨細隨風

A Thatched Hut

The moon sinks in the black west sea
Above the clouds the northern ranges soar.

Where is the guest in dark robes clad
Burning incense and reciting the Sao?[359]

草堂
月沈西海黑 雲盡北山高 何處青袍客 焚香讀楚騷

Monk Song'am

On his pillow, my friend has fitful dreams
In the sky, the birds are flying by.
As petals fall in the quiet cloister
Swallows drop mud on his robes.

In the woods there are few words,
Too many would disturb the mind.
Just one verse with feeling
You can write and I'll recite.

松巖道人
一枕客殘夢 空中飛鳥過 落花僧院靜 泥燕汚袈裟 林下閑文字 多多必亂心 情詩唯一首 可以備吾吟

For Master Gam Wandering as a Cloud

More than rinsing his bowl and burning incense
Of worldly affairs knows he none.
He only thinks where his master will rest

---

359 The *Li sao* ('On Encountering Trouble') by Qu Yuan (d. ca. 315 BC), the author of the *Chu ci* (Songs of the South). Qu Yuan was disillusioned that virtuous and able officials were not employed by the state, and so took up a life of wandering, becoming a model for conscientious intellectuals.

Under the cypress' cooling breeze.

Herbs and roots, and his ramie robe are all
Even in dreams, he knows nothing of the world.
He sleeps under the lofty pine
Where rest both clouds and moon.

For burning incense or rinsing out his bowl
The woodland stream runs close at hand.
Spartan are his household needs
He has no ties with the rich or bad.

Though he pretended to be a sparrow in a bottle
In the end he became like a man in a dream.
By toiling away for worldly profit,
One simply adds fuel to the karmic fire.

送鑑禪子之雲遊

洗鉢焚香外 人間事不知 想師棲息處 松檜聒涼颸 菜根兼葛衲 夢不到人間 高臥長松下 雲閑月亦閑 焚香又洗鉢 林下水邊身 清苦吾家事 勿親濁富人 假托瓶中雀 還成夢裏人 營營求世利 業火更加薪

On Travelling South

One may laugh at human affairs
Great talents do not set up house.
At the open window, that old scholar,
Talks of life as just squashing lice.

南行卽事

可笑人間事 高才不作家 寒窓老博士 捫蝨話生涯

Gangwol Studio[360]

With the left hand, grasp the lightning,
With the right hand, thread the needle.
Mountains and clouds steady the eye,
River and moon is all my meditation.

江月軒
左手捉飛電 右手能穿鍼 山雲生定眼 江月入禪心

Thatched Hut

Beside the pond, the green grass grows,
Over the rocks, the heedless cascades sound.
In these empty hills, the rain often blows,
And petals fall, and no-one sweeps the ground.

草屋
石上亂溪聲 池邊生綠草 空山風雨多 花落無人掃

Visiting a Friend Out of Office

In the blue sky, a single goose flies off,
Over the azure sea, the three peaks loom.
The flute sings of the fallen plum blossoms,[361]
In the traveller's mind is sadness and gloom.

---

360 Gangwolheon: literally, 'River and Moon Pavilion'. It was one of the outstanding sights of the Nam Han River, and the cremation place of eminent monk Hyegeun (1320–1376) who died in Silleuksa. His disciples built a hexagonal pavilion and gave it his studio name, Gangwolheon.

361 The Song of Fallen Plum Flowers is the name of a tune for the flute.

訪謫客
青天一雁沒 碧海三峯出 笛奏落梅花 客心增鬱鬱

To the Signless Recluse[362]

In the whole universe, a single easeful guest,
Since he left home the years and months unwind.[363]
Of Peach Valley the lush bamboo his dream[364]
Of Maple Peak the clouds and streams his mind.[365]

贈無相居士
宇宙一閑客 離家歲月深 桃源花竹夢 楓岳水雲心

Lament for the World

Like a spark from a stone, our life goes by,
As rosy cheeks fade to heads of white.
Amid the mountains, ten years are but a dream,
Man lives no longer than the mayfly.

嘆世
石火光陰走 紅顏盡白頭 山中十年夢 人世是蜉蝣

362 One who has renounced all forms, inner and outer.

363 Left home, i.e. became a monk.

364 Peach Blossom Valley (Chinese: Taoyuan) refers to the idyllic world discovered by accident by a fisherman from Wuling in Hunan Province, and immortalized in poetry by Tao Qian (Tao Yuan-ming, 325–427). Ever since, the phrase has been synonymous with a mysterious and unrediscoverable paradise, hence the title of this poem

365 Maple Peak: Punggak, in the Diamond Mountain.

Climbing the Mountain Pass and Thinking of Mt Duryu

In the northern land, he is a stranger new,
In the southern world, he was once the master.
For ten years he has lived alone in the mountain
For a thousand miles, the moon has been his friend.
Once master of the southern world,
Newly come to the northern land.
For a thousand miles, the moon has been his friend.
For ten years alone the mountain has been blue.

登嶺憶頭流
北地新爲客 南天舊主人 十年山獨在 千里月相親 南天舊主人 北地新爲客 千里月相親 十年山獨碧

For Puhyu[366]

Ten years to grind one sword
That will destroy one's enemies.[367]
An arrow light enough to pierce the iron drum[368]
A hammer of a weight to smash the golden mountain.

Parting, our feelings pulse with a throb
The moon sets amid our confusion.

366 Puhyu was the studio name of Monk Seonsu (1543–1615), who studied under Master Yeongkwan (1485–1571). He was outstanding in ascetic practice and made a considerable contribution to the Meditation School.

367 Literally, 'cut out the livers of foxes.'

368 One of the exploits of the historical Buddha's legendary life was to pierce a series of drums in archery target practice.

Shaking my sleeves for a sudden return
The endless mountains are empty of clouds.

浮休子
十年磨一劍 斬盡狐貍肝 箭輕穿鐵鼓 鎚重碎金山 臨行情脈脈 桂子落紛紛 拂袖忽歸去 萬山空白雲

Mourning a Son

Twenty years ago, a dream
Vaguely dreamt on a pillow.[369]
Life is the suffering of birth and death
Go west and listen to the wind in the branches.[370]

哭兒
二十年前夢 昏昏一枕中 人間生死苦 西去聽柯風

A Cherished thought for Master Yeongjeong

Daily at night, heaven shuts its door
Yearly in fall, earth brings an end to life.
Is it not strange that this one thing[371]
Should always emit so great a light?

詠懷示永貞禪子
晝夜天開闔 春秋地死生 奇哉這一物 常放大光明

---

369 See note 270 above, on the metaphor of a dream for the evanescent nature of human life.

370 Go west, a metaphor for going to the Pure Land of the West, the realm of Amitābha.

371 In Seon Buddhism, 'One-thing' means the self-nature, the Original-face, the Buddha-nature, or the One-mind, the essence or the ultimate reality of the universe.

Eulogy for Sage Zaisong[372]

Twice born but enlightened in a single dream,
Cool moon and pine on each other shine.
White hairs have turned to rosy cheeks,
But the millenial crane is ancient still.

讚栽松道者
兩身一夢覺 松月冷相照 白髮却紅顔 千年鶴自老

Written for Abbot Hoeam[373]

With spirit at ease even in the wild ghost cave[374]
This is where the bright-eyed monk dwells.
Killing the patriarch and killing the Buddha,[375]

---

372 Zaisong is the studio name of Hongren (601–674), the Fifth Patriarch of the Chinese Chan Buddhism, who one time was planting pine trees on Niutou (Ox-head) Mountain. He wanted to study under the tutorship of Daoxin (580–651), the Fourth Patriarch, but he was too old to be accepted as a student, so he had to be reborn again to be his disciple. Hence the reference to 'twice-born' in this poem. *Zaisong* or 'planting pine trees' also refers to a *gongan* (J: *koan*) in Chan Buddhism, posed by Xiyun 希運 (d. 850, from Huangbo 黄檗 in Jiangxi Province) to his follower Yixuan 義玄 (d. 867), the founder of the Linji 臨濟 branch of Chan Buddhism. Xiyun asked why Yixuan was planting trees, so deep in the mountains. Yixuan answered that it was firstly to mark the boundary of the monastery gate, and secondly to serve as a name board for later generations, and struck the ground three times with his mattock. Huangbo said 'If that is really so, you have already taken my beating [i.e. answered my question]' [Yixuan] once more thrice struck the ground with his mattock, by way of thanks. Xiyun said: 'Now that I have met you, my lineage will flourish.' See Ding Fubao, *Foxue da cidian*, 1395a.

373 Probably Hoeamsa, where the great monks Naong (1320–1376, see collection VII in this volume) and Muhak taesa (1327–1405) dwelt. Later adopted as a pen-name by Songgye (Nasik, 1684-1765).

374 Another allusion to Wonhyo's enlightenment (see note 334, above).

375 Literally: 'boil' but the expression 'meet the Buddha, kill the Buddha; meet the patriarch, kill the patriarch' is found in several Buddhist texts, including the record of the sayings of the Tang monk

A divine radiance shines in the Great Void.

題檜嵒方丈
閑神野鬼窟 明眼衲僧居 烹祖又烹佛 神光爍太虛

Lament for the World

The world dharma of the Three Worlds[376]
Is but lightning and clouds in a dream
Inconstant evils and unclean
Hordes of insects in confusion.

嘆世
三世世間法 猶如夢電雲 變壞幷不淨 蟲輩亂紛紛

To Seon Master Taean

Denying that the green mountain is green
Denying that the white clouds are white
At that stone window there is a man
Who looks around and finds the great void small.

贈泰安禪子
不許青山青 不許白雲白 石窓有一人 四顧虛空窄

Huizhao (648–714). The expression refers to becoming free from any form of attachment whatsoever. See *Zhenzhou Linji Huizhao chanshi yulu* 鎭州臨濟慧照禪師語録 (T. no.1985, vol.47:0500b.22) 逢佛殺佛. 逢祖殺祖. 逢羅漢殺羅漢. 逢父母殺父母.逢親眷殺親眷. 始得解脱. 不與物拘 ('Meet the Buddha, kill him; meet a luohan, kill him; meet father and mother, kill them; meet friends or relatives, kill them; only then will you obtain freedom from attachment, and not be attached to thinngs.'

376 Past, present and future.

Grasping both Man and Sensory Perception

Pear petals by the tens of thousands
Fall in the clear and empty scene
The oxherd's flute is heard on the hill
But boy and ox are both unseen.

人境俱奪
梨花千萬片 飛入清虛院 牧笛過前山 人牛俱不見

Rejecting both Man and Sensory Perception

The pavilions and towers are those of Qin[377]
The rivers and hills belong to Han,[378]
In Peach Valley there is a guest[379]
And the sound of a song from the sky beyond.

人境不奪
樓閣秦樓閣 山河漢山河 桃源有客子 天外一聲歌

The Four Likes Pavilion

Water as bright as the eyes of a monk
Mountains as blue as Buddha's poll[380]

---

377 The Qin dynasty, 221–206 BC

378 The Han dynasty, 205 BC–AD 220.

379 Referring to Tao Qian's story of the fisherman who accidentally discovered a utopian land, See note 357, above.

380 In East Asian Buddhist paintings, the hair of the Buddha is depicted in bright blue.

Moon as imprint of the single mind
Clouds as ten thousand sutra scroll.

四也亭
水也僧眼碧 山也佛頭青 月也一心印 雲也萬卷經

The chanting monk

With joined palms, and sitting facing west
With single mind 'Amitabha' chant.
All through life in dream or thought
Always intent on that white lotus plant.[381]

念佛僧
合掌向西坐 凝心念彌陀 平生夢想事 常在白蓮花

The Enlightened Seon Master

How fine is that cool and lucent land
Where white clouds fly and fill the skies!
Viewing himself as just a leaf
He sits at ease with sparkling eyes.

覺禪子
好是清涼地 白雲飛滿庭 視身如草葉 敷坐眼惺惺

Passing Bongseong[382] and Hearing a Cock at Noon

[381] Amitābha's Western paradise is said to be filled with white lotuses.

[382] There are two places with the name Bongseong, one in Hapcheon county, South Gyeongsang Province, the other in Gurye county, South Jeolla Province, but it is not known which is meant here.

Hair may get white but never the mind
Thus the ancients once divulged.
Now when I hear the cock's crow
A man can then achieve his task.

Suddenly I gained self-understanding[383]
All phenomena are but this single thing[384]
The precious treasury of untold wealth[385]
Is after all just an empty mask.[386]

過鳳城聞午鷄
髮白非心白 古人曾漏洩 今聽一聲鷄 丈夫能事畢 忽得自家底 頭頭只此爾 萬千金寶藏 元是一空紙

To Monk Yeonhwa

At root the self is just the four elements[387]
And the universe is just a cage.
The mountain monk looks at the setting sun
And suddenly the world becomes a void.

383 The expression *zijiadi* (from home base) is found in a commentary to the *Avataṁsaka sutra* 註華嚴經題法界觀門頌 T. no.1885, vol.45.0705a12: 日用自家底何煩尋路跂閑堂行道全由我

384 In Buddhism, it is called the Buddha-nature, the One-mind, or the self-nature, etc., which all indicate the ultimate truth of cosmos beyond expression and human ken.

385 I.e. the Tripitaka.

386 Literally, a blank sheet of paper.

387 *Sida*, 'the four great ones' earth, water, fire and air. Earth is things that are hard, water those that are fluid, fire those that have heat, and water, those that are in movement. The idea that all things are composed of these four elements originated in India, and was introduced into Buddhism from there.

贈蓮華道人
根身四大聚 大地一樊籠 山僧觀落日 世界忽成空

To Teokeui sunim

In my home I have a precious flame
I can laugh at the lamp from the west.[388]
That dead of night, yellow plum trust[389]
In vain has been left to a greedy monk.[390]

贈德義禪子
吾家有寶燭 可笑西來燈 半夜黃梅信 虛傳粥飯僧

Expounding the Sutra of Complete Enlightenment

So wide it is, empty and free,
Mind and mouth must cease debate.
What shame in that ever silent land,
Always to be discussing right and wrong.
In broad day the rumbling sound of thunder
Frights the old dragon in the emerald lake.
A cool breeze blows over Vulture Peak,[391]

388 The light from the West refers to the transmission of Chan (Seon) Buddhism by Bodhidharma.

389 Huineng (638–713), who would become the Sixth Patriarch, underwent great hardship and even, according to chapter 22 in *The Story of the Stone* (*Hongloumeng*), took employment in the monastery kitchen in order to become a disciple of the Fifth Patriarch, Hongren (601–674), then living on Yellow Plum Mountain in present-day Hubei Province. Hongren is said to have transmitted his doctrine to Huineng in the middle of the night.

390 Greedy monk: literally, someone who becomes a monk only for the rice congee, and who is not sincere in his devotions.

391 Vulture Peak: the name of the mountain in Magadha where Śākyamuni preached the *Lotus Sutra*.

And the bright moon rises on Sceptre Crag.[392]

講圓覺
廓然虛豁豁 心口絶商量 可憐常寂土 終作是非場 白日雷聲動 碧潭驚老龍 淸風吹鷲嶺 明月上圭峯

A Reply to Cheonmin *sunim*

The void was always silent and empty,
Why then do you toil over scripture?
On the chill autumn river, the lovely moon
Has never yet belonged to lord or master.

酬天敏禪子
虛寂本無物 何勞轉大藏 秋江寒月色 元不屬張王

Praising the Cypress from my Hut

After the fifteenth, the moon is no more round,
And after noon the sun begins to set,
But the cypress in the front yard,[393]
Alone remains the whole year green.

草堂詠栢
月圓不逾望 日中爲之傾 庭前栢樹子 獨也四時靑

---

392 There actually is a mountain by the name of Guifeng in China, but it is also the name of the great Chan Master Guifeng Zongmi (780–841).

393 'The pine tree in the front yard' is one of the most celebrated *hwadu* (Japanese: *koan*), given in answer to the question 'Why did Bodhidharma come from the West?' credited to Chan Master Congshen (778–897) of Zhaozhou. Many practitioners studied this question, so it was always in their minds.

Nae Euncheok (Inner Solitude)

From ten years' wandering the traveller
Returns with more white hairs,
The woodcutters have felled all the bamboo,
So where shall we find another Xiangyan?[394]

內隱寂
飄泊十年客 歸來白髮添 樵人刈竹盡 何處覓香嚴

Ancient Thoughts

The wind is still, but the petals still fall
The birds sing, but the mountain stays silent.[395]
Dawn breaks for both clouds and sky,
Both water and the bright moon flow.

古意
風定花猶落 鳥鳴山更幽 天共白雲曉 水和明月流

Wintry Woods

The three world wheels are shattered,[396]

394 One day the Chinese Chan monk Xiangyan (from Qingzhou in Shandong Province) was sweeping the monastery grounds, and happened to hit a bamboo stem with a small stone that he had swept away. With the sharp sound of the stone, he attained sudden enlightenment.

395 The first two lines of this poem were originally written by early Chinese poets. Shen Gua in his *Mengxi bitan* challenged his friends to find a match for the first line, written by Xie Zhen (謝貞). Wang Anshi (1021–1086) matched it with the second line, written by another early poet, 王籍 Wang Ji (480–550). Shen Gua commented that the first line suggested movement in quietude; the second quietness in action.

396 The three wheels of iron, wind, and water which, according to Buddhist cosmology, support Mt

The four great elements are split,[397]
Crows and hawks, it makes no difference,[398]
One may lie in the green pine clouds.

寒林
三輪世界碎 四大形骸分 烏鳶何厚薄 可臥青松雲

To Master Yeongji

Where the road ends and the heart stops
On level ground a thousand spears are raised.
A thousand men flee open-mouthed,
One alone laughs: Ha! Ha!

靈芝禪子
道窮心絶處 平地起干戈 千人口呿走 一人笑呵呵

Master Shin stretches his legs

The withered trees have lost their spring beauty,
The mountain goat clings to the rocks.
When my wanderings by hill and stream are over,
I'd like the cost of my straw sandals back.

Above they stretch the heavenly net,
Below they dig the tiger-catching pit.
Where a single sword will go straight in,

Sumeru, the centre of the cosmos.

397 Earth, water, fire and wind.

398 Both are birds of prey.

Raise aloft the great general's banner.[399]

心禪子行脚
枯木別春色 羚羊挂石邊 山川遊歷罷 還我草鞋錢 上布天網子 下設陷虎機 單刀直入處 高拂大將旗

Seon Master Toun

All his life, the novice should
Brew tea for Master Zhaozhou.[400]
When the mind is gone and the hair is white
What need is there to recite Nanzhou?[401]

道雲禪子
衲子一生業 烹茶獻趙州 心灰髮已雪 安得念南洲

Seon Master Eunghwa

Look up to heaven with a long sigh
The bow is broken, the arrows are spent.
Its back into the demons' cave

399 I.e. straightforward tactics lead to victory.

400 When a monk visited Zhaozhou (Chan Master Congshen, 778–897), the Master asked: 'Have you been here before?' The monk answered 'Yes' then Zhaozhou said 'Drink some tea.' When another monk came and was asked the same question and replied 'No, I haven't been here before' then Zhaozhou again said: 'Drink some tea.' The abbot was curious and asked Zhaozhou, 'Why do you offer them both tea, whether they have been here before or not?' Zhaozhou replied: 'Drink some tea.'

401 Nanzhou: the southern continent, Jambhudvipa, the land south of Mt Sumeru. However, this unproductive region is the only place where the plant called *yanfu* grows and the place where the Buddha is supposed to appear as the lotus flower grows only in the swamp, not in clear water. This place later came to symbolize the mundane world of sentient beings

If there is any further argument.

應和禪子
仰天噓一聲 箭盡弓還折 若也更商量 依前入鬼窟

We Were to Meet, But you Did Not Come

My eyes follow the last of the returning geese,
To where the emerald sea meets the azure sky.
For miles around, spring grasses still,
On a thousand peaks, nothing but the evening sun.

有約君不來
眼隨歸雁盡 碧海連天蒼 十里猶春草 萬山空夕陽

Thoughts in Seoul

Where has all the spring beauty gone?
Innumerable, the houses in the capital.
The mountain monk sits by the gate,
And flowers in the cloister unnoticed fall.

洛中卽事
春色歸何處 長安百萬家 山僧掩門坐 空落一庭花

To Chion taeson,[402] Returning to his Family[403]

[402] *Taeson*, the first official title received by a monk on passing the examinations.

[403] *Gwiyeong*, literally, 'returning to tranquillity,' is used of a bride visiting her parents after marriage, or of a son after taking office. Monks too left their homes and families.

Heavy indeed the blessings of our upbringing
Our duty to teachers and family cannot be light.
On the very day you reached the capital
You will have heard the cuckoo call.[404]
The day the Chan monk returned to his family
It was the second month of spring in Gangnam.[405]
Keep that robe of 'mountains and water'[406]
Clean of the dust from horses hooves.[407]

贈志彦大選之歸寧
教育恩均重 師親禮豈輕 長安纔到日 聽取子規聲 禪子歸寧日 江南二月春 休將山水衲 取染馬蹄塵

Farewell to Master Chi

On the departing road, the leaves fall late
And the stream goes murmuring on.
The abandoned goose calls mournfully,
On a thousand peaks, autumnal rides the moon.

送芝大師
離程葉飛晩 一水去悠悠斷雁聲悲壯 千峯月亦秋

Passing the Site of the Former Capital

Evening clouds shroud the battlements,

404 In Chinese, the cuckoo's name is a homophone for 'the son returns.' See also note 350, above.

405 Gangnam, south of the Han River.

406 Some monks' robes were adorned with landscape motifs.

407 A metaphor for the secular world.

Chill rains bathe the ruined terrace.
Though the mountains are green as ever,
Of those brave men, how many did return?

過古都
暮雲連癈堞 寒雨洗荒臺 山色青依舊 英雄幾去來

Hwanam (Who Refused Honours, They Say)

Riches and honour were not in his mind
Neither merit nor fame could stain his name.
For him, thoughts of the world had turned to ash
With beating wings he was in the clouds.

His body was as light as the white clouds
His mind was one with the bright moon.
Roaming throughout the universe
His freedom had no match at all.

幻庵(曾辭爵 故云云)
富貴不留心 功名豈染指 世情已作灰 鼓翼青雲裏 身與白雲雙 心將明月一 行行宇宙間 自在無倫匹

Reply to a Travelling Monk

Thousands of miles, and years apart,
Like a lone candle, this night my heart.
When shall we two share a laugh
And hymn at eve the windy moon?

答行禪子
萬里經年別 孤燈此夜心 何時開一笑 風月對床吟

For Novice Taixi, Visiting his Parents

How laughable the desires of the world,
As ice will melt, as tiles loose and fall,
Too much favour turns to hate
Joy at its height leads to grief.

太熙沙彌歸寧
可笑世間愛 氷銷瓦解時 恩多翻作恨 歡極却成悲

For Master Woncheol[408]

Once through the Patriarch's Pass
None can doubt the Buddhas of Three Ages.
That midnight entrusting of Yellow Plum
What a ridiculous thing that was!

By his complete understanding of countless layers of cloud
He is forever the heir to the Jogye sect.[409]
With a loud laugh, he lies in the empty mountain,
Where in the moonlight, a pine cone drops.

圓徹大師
一徹祖師關 不疑三世佛 黃梅半夜信 可笑是何物 圓徹萬重雲 永爲曹溪嫡 大笑臥空山 月中松子落

To Elder Wonhye

408 Woncheol's name means something like 'complete understanding'.

409 Jogye is the Korean rendering of the Chinese Caoxi, the name of the monastery in Guangdong where Huineng, the Sixth Patriarch, resided. Thus Jogye came to stand for Chan (K: Seon) Buddhism.

Easeful and silent is the abbot
A master who has left the dusty world.
His lifelong merits and vocation
Are such as only the white clouds know.

元惠長老
閑靜丈夫兒 離塵出世師 一生功與業 惟有白雲知

For Sage Hwajeong

One stem of Xiaoxiang bamboo[410]
Cut by Lake Dongting and played.[411]
If not our wanderer, Hwajeong,[412]
Who else could know this flavour?

贈華亭道人
瀟湘竹一枝 斫去洞庭吹 不是華亭客 誰能此味知

To Seon Masters Won and Mil

Black smoke rises from the roaring fires
All men are cast into the cooking pot.[413]
As the ancients clearly saw
There is no distinction of us and them.

---

410 One species of bamboo has an elegantly mottled skin, said to be caused by the tears of the Goddess of the Xiang.

411 Lake Dongting, into which the Xiao and Xiang Rivers flow, and celebrated by many poets in China.

412 Hwajeong's name, literally 'Lotus Pavilion' in Chinese, is also the name of a pavilion at Lake Dongting. It connotes the pleasures of a life free from officialdom.

413 I.e. in hell, where sinners suffer.

The lively stream is clear as glass
The bright blue sky a single hue
All creatures float on distant waves
When oh when will they return?[414]

示圓密二禪子

黑風起瞋火 生生做鑊湯 古人用心處 人我定雙亡 活水清如鏡 天光碧一痕 多生漂遠派 何日返初源

An answer to the Dharma Master's Question

One hundred and twenty-one heretic masters
All misconstrued the true principles of the Law.
If you merely recite and then again forget
Body and mind will have nowhere to lodge.

The mind is entangled in many falsehoods
Floating or sinking at random in wrong belief.
Where the frosty sword has thrust but once
A cold brilliance will illumine forever.

答座主問

百二十邪師 俱迷眞實義 一念忘又忘 身心忽無寄 緣心多巧偽 妄識亂浮沈 霜劍一揮處 寒光爍古今

Seeing Off Master Gam to Mt Odae[415]

The roots of my shaven hair are white
My long robe a thousand wisps of cloud.

414 The immaculate self-nature, our 'original face,' or the Buddha-nature.

415 Mt Odae is in Pyeongchang County, Gangwon Province.

Nirvana is but last night's dream
Life and death mere empty flowers.[416]

送鑑禪子之五臺
短髮千莖雪 長衫萬片霞 涅槃如昨夢 生死亦空花

To Seon Master Toneung

Ages since guest and host have parted,
Vast indeed is the empty sky.[417]
Grasp well that which is before your eyes,
As the mountain stands among the white clouds.

贈道能禪子
歷歷離賓主 寥寥絶色空 目前勤記取 山立白雲中

Matching the Rhyme of Bodhisattva Shin

Ever busy was Confucius
Always empty the World Honoured One.
Voluble or reticent, which of these
Was acquainted with the Cloud-Resting Pavilion?

In autumn the meditation bench is chill,
Faint as a firefly, the new moon shines.
Of truth, there is only a single taste
No need to distinguish sweet and sour.

416 Flowers in space are not real flowers, but defects in eyesight can cause them to appear. They are just names and delusions.

417 In the ultimate reality, there is no such thing as this and that, and realization of this truth is enlightenment and Nirvana.

次申上舍韻
活活孔夫子 空空釋世尊 呑含一口客 誰識臥雲軒 禪榻秋光冷 螢窓月色新 箇中惟一味 愼莫辨甘辛

To Jingak Sunim

Follow not the dusty turn
But be alert to the single chant.
Headless the hordes who madly go
Toiling in vain after empty forms.

贈眞覺禪和
莫逐塵緣轉 須歸一念醒 失頭狂走輩 役役枉勞形

Homage to the Portrait of Bodhidharma

Whether low or tall and lofty
Who was it opened your blue eyes?
By the setting sun, among the hills,
Spring cuckoos call their names.

贊達摩眞
落落巍巍子 誰開碧眼睛 夕陽山色裏 春鳥自呼名

Homage to the Portrait of the Master

His white robe is cut from the clouds
His clear pupils are cleft from water.
With a stomachful of pearls and jade
Shining mysteriously like the Great Dipper.

贊先師眞
剪雲爲白衲 割水作清眸 滿腹懷珠玉 神光射斗牛

Song Ascending Mt Baegun[418]

White clouds and mountains, layer on layer
Self-existent sublimely lofty peak
A thousand ages supporting the sky
Yet the sharp wind has never changed your face.

Moon floating on warm cassia fragrance
Clouds enveloping the cold pines in shade.
Amid the mountains, such amazing things
Are not there for ordinary folk to sense.

登白雲山吟
白雲山幾疊 身在妙高峰 千古扶天勢 劫風無改容 桂熟香飄月 松寒影拂雲 山中奇特事 不許俗人聞

Answering a monk

Outside the shutters there sings the mountain rain
Before the window is lit the traveller's lamp.
Now that we are together
What need to debate the Three Paths?[419]

---

418 Mt Baegun lies between Changsugun in South Jeolla Province and Hamyanggun in South Gyeongsang Province. Its height is 1279m.

419 The Three Paths or Three Vehicles are, 1) Shravaka, or the disciple-vehicle, one who depends on Buddha's words; 2) Pratyeka-buddha, the solitary-sage, or self-enlightened; 3) Bodhisattva, or the Bodhasattva-vehicle, one who practises the Six Paramitas.

答禪和問
簷外鳴山雨 窓前點客燈 一參相見了 何必問三乘

Grieving for a Deceased Monk

Come whence the white clouds come
Gone where the bright moon goes.
Going and coming, master of All-in-one
Where indeed do you abide?

哭亡僧
來與白雲來 去隨明月去 去來一主人 畢竟在何處

Written on the wall of Ilseonsa

The mountains have no mind to be blue
The clouds have no mind to be white.
But among them is a monk
And he too has no mind to be a wanderer.

題一禪庵壁
山自無心碧 雲自無心白 其中一上人 亦是無心客

Hymn of Longing

Sickness is all in the mind[420]
What the use of piling up words?
A five-word four-line poem
Can express a lifetime's aim.

420 Literally: mind of flesh.

詠懷
病在肉團心 何勞多集字 五言絶句詩 可寫平生志

Travelling in Gwandong

Years and months pass as water flows
Birth and death are like departing swans.
Loudly chant beyond land and sky
Mountains and streams move my heart.

關東行
歲月如流水 興亡若去鴻 高吟天地外 山海動胸中

Moving House

Ten years abiding by the sea
Thatched hut blown in the wind.
I have moved within the clouds
Myriad mountains of one mind with me.

移居
十年居海上 茅屋大風侵 移入白雲裏 萬山惟一心

Staying Overnight at Youngju

The *Peng* flies to the limits of heaven[421]
On the three mountains the cassia flower falls.
As the long wind crosses the azure sea

421 The image is from the opening chapter of the *Zhuangzi*, which describes how the immense *peng* bird can fly to the southern ocean with a single beat of its wings.

So the white moon lingers over the cool sands.

宿瀛洲
鵬去天門廓 三山落桂花 長風過碧海 白月留寒沙

Visiting a recluse among the Pines

How pleased he is with his hut among the pines
And among the pines he has a terrace too.
When guests come, he does not sweep the stone
For fear of hurting the green moss.

訪松間隱士
自悅松間屋 松間亦有臺 客來不掃石 惟恐損蒼苔

Seeing off a Friend Leaving for the South Sea

The moon is reflected in countless rivers
Flowers bring spring to every corner.
Level with the sky is Samjuk Mountain
Endless the journey of the solitary homecomer.

送人之南海
月入江江水 花連處處春 橫天三竹嶺 萬里獨歸人

Abbot[422] of Sanggye

422 Pangjang (Ch: *fangzhang* 方丈) refers to the 'ten-foot square' cell in which the abbot or head of a Seon monastery dwells. Originally the term referred to the abode of the lay Buddhist Vimalakirti, but in Chan Buddhism it came to be used for the Abbot of a monastery.

White clouds before and behind the peak
Bright moon over streams both east and west.
The monk sits as falling flowers rain down
The wayfarer dozes as the mountain birds sing.

雙溪方丈
白雲前後嶺 明月東西溪 僧坐落花雨 客眠山鳥啼

Hymn to Autumn

By the window, the bamboo sings the night rain
Leaves of paulownia are strewn on the couch.
As the clouds retreat, the emerald sea appears,
When the geese are gone, how vast the sky extends.

詠秋
窓竹夜鳴雨 秋梧葉滿床 雲收碧海出 雁沒青天長

Hermit on Flower Mountain

Cleansing the mind, if not the ear,[423]
I have quite forgot the form of the world of men.
With my ox, going into the mountain
Where the spring meadows are a sheet of green.

花山隱者
洗心不洗耳 人世已忘形 抱犢上山去 春田一帶青

[423] On 'cleansing the ear' see note 290, above.

Seeking Cloud Valley

My boat has passed Zither-playing Rock,
Clouds arise on Dancing Crane Terrace.[424]
Peach Blossom Valley, I know, is not far off:[425]
On the swift stream, fallen blossoms race.

尋雲溪洞
帆過彈琴石 雲生舞鶴臺 桃源知不遠 流水落花來

Parting from a Mountain Friend

One mountain dweller bids farewell to another:
As white clouds, where shall we meet again?
Bitter the sound of the pines beneath the moon,
Darkened the mountains under the rain.

別山友
山客送山客 白雲何處尋 松聲月下苦 山色雨中深

To a Venerable Seon Master

By the sea at evening, clouds fill the sky
In the cold mountains, leaves rustle in the wind.
By the deserted pool, a lone shadow sits,
And the autumn moon shines on his meditating mind.

---

424 Dancing Crane Terrace, on Mt Tai in Shandong Province, was so named by Emperor Gaozong of the Tang dynasty in 666.

425 Peach Blossom Valley: see note 357, above.

贈禪長老
海暮雲空結 山寒葉自吟 虛潭描坐影 秋月照禪心

Sitting by Night

Like a guest, the long moan
Of the wind rising from the valleys.
Deep in the night in Swallow Cloister[426]
With the moon shining on Cool Mountain.[427]

夜坐
有客一長嘯 風生萬壑間 夜深燕子院 月照清涼山

To Monk Wonmin

Twenty years since your ordination
From me you have learnt pure seclusion.
All my life, the places to stay
Are the four noted mountains of the East Country.[428]

贈元敏禪子
出家年二十 從我學清閑 一生棲息處 東國四名山

---

426 According to *Toegyejip* (the collected writings of Yi Hwang, 1501–1570), there was a temple of this name situated about twenty *ri* east of Andong in North Gyeongsang Province, where a colossal statue of Maitreya was enshrined.

427 Mt Cheongyeong (Cool Mountain) is in Punghwagun, also in North Gyeongsang Province.

428 East Country, i.e. Korea. The four noted mountains probably refer to Mt Geumgang (the Diamond Mountain) and Mt Odae, both in Gangwon Province, Mt Myohyang in North Pyeong'an Province (where both the author Seosan Daesa and Samyeong Daesa Yujeong, 1544–1610, resided), and either Mt Jiri or Mt Gaya; however, there is no standard list.

Remembering the Patriarch

Ten years since you last drew breath
Departing and dividing life from death.
The autumn wind travels endlessly
Holding back tears, alone I watch the clouds.

祖室有感
十年消息斷 一別死生分 秋風萬里客 含淚獨看雲

Byoung'am

A man lies in a thatched hut
A river flows by the ancient walls.
Growing flowers to watch the butterflies,
Planting willows to listen to the orioles.

屏嵒草堂
人臥草堂上 江流入古城 栽花看蝶舞 移柳聽鶯聲

Monk Cheonhui

Beyond the passes, the general's commands
Are just like the orders in the monastery.[429]
Then swords cut through the dragon-tiger ranks,[430]
And men's blood fills the yellow sands.

---

429 Life in a Buddhist monastery was subject to the *vinaya* or disciplinary rules. The instructions given by high monks were also called *ryeong*, 'orders,' the same character used for military commands.

430 Military battle banners carry images of dragons and tigers.

Before speaking, if there is no direction
After speech, there will be no way to follow.
Few can chime in and understand the music,[431]
They sleep long in the deep green hollow.

天熙禪子
塞外將軍令 政如衲僧家 劍衝龍虎陣 人血滿黃沙 言前無的旨 句下絶追尋 惆悵知音少 長眠碧洞深

Responding to a Poem by Lee Chung'ui

Mock not the mountain life as simple
Like white clouds that idly come and go.
From ancient times till now, city folk
Have faces filled with dust and dirt.

戲次李忠義韻
莫笑山家淡 白雲閑往來 古今城市客 滿面是塵埃

Song of Returning Home

Places where we come to life and go to die
In truth, what are they after all?
The great void is basically silent and empty
Beneath our feet, a clear wind blows.

還鄕曲
生來死去處 畢竟如何是 太虛本寂寥 脚下淸風起

---

431 'Know the music' means having the inner understanding capable of receiving the message, in this case the teaching of the Buddha.

Farewell to Monk Iljeong

Throughout the night we have been talking
A thousand pearls drop in the jade dish.[432]
My staff soars as the mountain shades grow late,
And a cool wind blows over the murmuring stream.

送一晶禪子
半夜開清話 千珠落玉盤 錫飛山影晚 風送水聲寒

Walking on White Sands by the Azure Sea

As the wind ever blows on the fish-filled sea
So earth and sky never rest awhile.
The minds of men are like this too,
As changeable as the myriad mountains.

The wind arises from mid-ocean,
Spreading silk round all Korea.[433]
Cheongheoja of Maple Peak,[434]
He is the wanderer walking here.

青海白沙行
鵾海風常擊 乾坤不暫閑 人心亦如此 翻覆萬重山 風生大海中 展錦三千里 何人是上賓 楓岳清虛子

432 A simile evoking a clear sound, first used by the Tang poet Bai Juyi (772–846) in his *Pipa Lament*, composed in 816.

433 Literally: 'three thousand *ri*' – the length of the Korean peninsula. The 'silk' perhaps refers to the foam-tipped waves of the sea.

434 Cheongheoja: the writer himself, the person dwelling in Cheongheodang. Pung'ak (Maple Peak) is the name of the Diamond Mountain in autumn.

Staying at Sanggye Lodge and seeing an Old Friend

The moon is white in the frosty night
When oranges are both green and yellow.
A lone lamp burns by the traveller's couch:
His mind is with his far distant friend.

宿雙溪方丈見故人詩
月白霜淸夜 棖黃橘綠時 孤燈燃客榻 千里故人心

Hundred Pagoda Valley in the Diamond Mountain

Rain so dense one might think there was no ground
Clouds open and suddenly there are the mountains.
Meeting a monk, we laugh together
Greatly enjoying our centennial ease.

金剛山百塔洞
雨暗疑無地 雲開忽有山 逢僧一相笑 大得百年閑

Dreaming and Waking

Resting on that lofty Handan pillow[435]
I passed by a thousand towns.
But suddenly when I awoke
The paling moon was only half as bright.

夢覺
高臥邯鄲枕 周流百十城 遽然開一夢 殘月半樓明

---

435 Handan pillow: see note 314, above.

For the Master of Okgye

I curbed my will when I was in office,
I let loose my feelings in my old age.
Its not just forgetting profit and gain
But all that outward show as well.

示玉溪主人
屈志爲官日 放懷年老時 非惟忘利祿 況復外形儀

A Summer's Day

On this searingly hot day
Sitting alone on White Cloud Terrace
The cool wind knows my mind
Coming from the depths of the bamboo grove.

夏日
炎蒸天下日 獨坐白雲臺 清風會人意 竹林深處來

Thanks for Sending a Melon

In the fifth month, with his new melons,
The farmer has thought of this ailing monk.
Splitting it and putting between my teeth,
Like green jade, it cools my very bones.

謝送瓜
五月新瓜子 田夫慰病僧 破來一入齒 蒼玉骨寒氷

Responding to Graduate Li

Without thought, clouds issue from the peaks
With intent, the birds know to return.
Scholars and monks, though said to be the same
The ones are ever busy, the others all at ease.

次李秀才韻
無心雲出岫 有意鳥知還 儒釋雖云一 一忙而一閑

For Second Proctor Pak[436]

You seek the wealth of a thousand gold,
I delight in the poverty of a single robe.
There's no need to talk of penury or ambition:
Both of us are people in a dream.

贈朴學錄
君戀千金富 我甘一衲貧 莫論窮與達 同是夢中人

In Praise of Spring

Before the gate, green willows hang
Bringing secret news of spring.
I call my friend back to tread the velvet moss:
A thousand mountains vie this scenic evening.

賞春
門前碧柳垂 漏洩春消息 喚友踏青歸 千山爭暮色

---

436 During the Joseon dynasty, *Hangnok* (Second Proctor) was an official of the Senior Ninth Grade in the National Academy. See Edward Wagner, *The Literati Purges: Political Conflict in Early Yi Korea*, Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1974, p.128.

Sighing for a Lost Friend

He is no longer among the living,
But hills and streams show no change at all.
Sad and grieving, a single shadow
Stays his staff to search the sky.

亡友嘆
人物非吾輩 山川似去年 悠悠悲隻影 停錫問蒼天

Inscribed on a Work by Master Sun

A rustle in the pines startles the roosting birds
Where the clouds break, they show the green mountains.
And the simple monk with a single robe
All year stays alone and in seclusion.

題淳師卷
松鳴驚宿鳥 雲破露青山 一衲清閑客 長年獨掩關

To Monk Jin

Men must ever toil away,
Nor rest even half a day.
Alone, our revered master,
For years has not come down the mountain.

Like the wild daisies and sagebrush
That are for self-sale everywhere,
He has come back there,
To recline and hear the wind in the trees.

贈眞禪和
人間長役役 不曾半日閑 珍重吾師獨 經年不下山 蓬蒿一隻箭 曾自賣西東 歸去還來此

Autumn Night

Clearing, the rain startles the new moon,
Deep in the night, the mind is clearer.
I hug my pillow, but sleep does not come,
The leaves hum with autumn sounds.

秋夜
雨霽驚新月 夜深魂更清 擁衾眠不得 木葉送秋聲

Sleeping at Wonam Station

Unable to return home in the clear autumn,
Hearing the cuckoo all night long,
The setting moon is hung in the window,
He dreams of home thousands of miles away.

宿圓嵒驛
清秋未歸客 終夜聽子規 一窓山月落 千里夢相思

Cheonggan Arbour

The clear stream tinkles like jade;
The sounds cleanse the mind of the wayfarer.
On this autumn day, he is unaware of evening,
The mountain moon shines on the maple grove.

清澗亭
清澗有聲玉 聲聲洗客心 秋天不覺暮 山月照楓林

Song of Sutra Chanting

A thousand Buddhas on a single sheet,
They are reciting the Buddha at the top of their voices.
Will the Buddha really listen to their invocation?
What a foolish thing it is to do!

誦經贊
一紙畫千佛 盡力高聲喚 喚之欲應之 可謂癡頑漢

Red Stream Ravine[437]

One gust of the east wind,
And the stream is red with fallen blossoms.
The mountains rise above the clouds,
The monks return in the evening light.

紅流洞
東風一吹過 花落滿溪紅 山出白雲外 僧歸夕照中

Watching My Own Shadow

How long has it been since I left my parents' side?
The years and months have multiplied,
With age the son has his father's looks,

[437] It flows in front of the entrance of Haeinsa, one of the Triple-Gem temples in Korea, representing the Dharma, on Mt Gaya, in Hapcheon, North Gyeongsang Province.

In the depths of the pool, the mind is startled.

顧影有感

一別萱堂後 滔滔歲月深 老兒如父面 潭底忽驚心

Watching Chess

Winning and losing is just like the flash of lightning,
Sink or swim, as fast as the wheel turns.
One life is like one word
Just like the person in my dream.

看棋

成敗倏如電 昇沈疾若輪 一生如一局 亦如夢中人

Poem of Three Dreams

The host dreams of speaking to his guest,
The guest dreams of talking to the host.
But I say that these two dreamers too
Are no more than persons in a dream.

三夢詞

主人夢說客 客夢說主人 今說二夢客 亦是夢中人

In Response to the Request of Great Master Jang

Sitting together in the shade of green hills,
Looking back at the setting sun.
The long river flows ceaselessly,
And so it is with the passage of time.

賽藏大師求偈
共坐青山影 回看落日天 長江流不盡 今古亦如然

To Gyeongseong Sunim, the New Abbot

Take sages and ordinary people in your hand,
Receive laymen and monks in your breast.
Now if you ask who this is,
It is the old man with boyish head and bright eyes.

寄新庵主人敬先禪子
聖凡收掌上 塵刹納胸中 却問是誰者 童頭碧眼翁

Pung'ak[438]

Infinite infinities,
Climbing one mountain to see another beyond.
If even empty space can be narrow,
Then any thing can be large and broad.

楓岳山
無盡數無盡 登山更見山 虛空亦可窄 何物大而寬

Appreciation of Spring

On the willow, the oriole's song is sweet,
On the plum tree, the snow may fly.
There is no way for sentient beings to comprehend
The insights of the mountain monk.

438 *Pung'ak* or Maple Peak: the Diamond Mountain.

賞春
柳上鶯聲滑 梅枝雪欲飛 山僧觀物眼 不許世人知

Seeing Off Ji Sunim

When shall we hear again
If we part now?
Once separated by the autumn clouds,
No longing heart could help us meet again.

送芝師
今朝相別後 消息幾時聞 明日秋雲隔 思君不見君

Occasional Verses

In heaven and earth, just one empty house,
All of history is but one fleeting breath.
Here there is only one master,
Across aeons of time and space, a single colour.

If a thousand sages found it hard,
How then could the six modes of existence[439] know?
The windows in all directions are wide open,
And the wind blows by itself under the moonlight.

For ten years now he has been rushing,
Just like a butterfly fluttering round a flower.
Pushing aside the pillow, I have returned to the mountain to sleep

---

439 Six paths or realms of reincarnation, or six states of karmic existence: namely, Devas or heavenly existence, human existence, Asura or malevolent spirits, animals, hungry ghosts, and hell.

And a pure wind rises from the bamboo leaves.

雜詠

天地一虛堂 古今一瞬息 其中一主人 曠劫一顏色 千聖猶難測 六凡安得知 八窓虛豁豁 風月自相吹 十年奔走人 戲逐花邊蝶 拂枕歸山眠 清風生竹葉

A Parting Song for Cheomin Sunim at Baengnyeongsa

It has been thirteen years since we met last,
And how glad it is to meet again!
We talked all night lying side by side on the bed,
Till the moon was low on the window paper.

When we parted and headed south,
The mountains were red and the stream so green.
The mundane world is truly a burning house,
Let us not forget our White Lotus bond.
Meditation and doctrine have degenerated to names and fortune,
And the pursuit of glory has misled the world.
That boundless good of our dreams,
Was just to be in the green mountains.

贈別白蓮社處敏禪子

別後十三年 今逢情不已 連床夜話長 澗月低窓紙 告別天南去 山紅澗碧時 人間眞火宅 毋失白蓮期 禪敎流名利 榮華誤世間 夢中無限好 只是在青山

Seeing Off Abbot Yeong[440]

This body of mine is the wayside inn,

440 He must be either Cheoyeong or Inyeong, one of the author's disciples.

And everything in the world is but a floating cloud.
As when you see an owl has caught a mouse,
Flying high, careful to avoid the crowd.

送英庵主出山
一身眞逆旅 萬事皆浮雲 如見鴟爭鼠 高飛愼不群

A Letter of Advice to Gak Sunim Leaving Nae'unjeoksa

Nae'unjeoksa is a nice place to abide;
It has an excellent view and sweet water to drink.
It was so famous that even the King of Silla Dynasty
Once stayed at this monastery.

With pine pollen to eat and coarse hemp to wear,
In search of truth, one must forget the body.
All past saints also underwent
Such hardships to attain the truth.

內隱寂覺禪和出山因書警之
宜棲內隱寂 地勝更泉甘 却憶新羅主 曾來駐此庵
松花兼葛衲 爲法更忘身 往古多賢聖 皆曾耐苦人

Appreciation of the Visit of Layman Kim

You, Sir Kim, have renounced the world,
With your instrument you visit this mountain abode.
A single tune opens the mind's eye;
The river is clear and the moon too is empty.

To whom shall I tell all the endless stories
Hidden in my heart, which will take a lifetime to tell?

Let's listen to the Yangchun[441] melody,
When pine tree and moon fill the window.

謝金信士來訪
金公物外客 抱瑟訪山居 一曲開心目 江清月亦虛 無限心中事 平生說向誰 陽春彈一曲 松月滿窓時

Appreciation of the Visit of Haeng'un Sunim

I am roaming with noble cranes
On thousands of peaks and in countless valleys.
They have been there in the mountain all the time,
Yet the pleasant wind brought them forth.

謝行雲禪子之訪
千峯與萬壑 青鶴共徘徊 本是山中物 清風引出來

To Graduate Yi

Reading a host of books in a grumbling tone,
Discussing the present and olden times.
Remember, scholarship is nothing special,
It is only to empty one's mind.

贈李秀才
喃喃書萬卷 論古亦論今 積學非他術 只要攝我心

A Recluse

The wind and the moon are different from the dusty world,

441 The name of a tune for the *kayageum*, meaning 'balmy spring.'

And the mountains and the rivers are just like pictures.
If you fare are able to grow old here,
You may deserve to be called a real hero.

隱夫
風月非塵世 山川是畫圖 君能向此老 不曰丈夫乎

The Paulownia Tree in the Yard

The sound of the rain in the mountain at night
Awakens the wayfarer from his dream.
He opens the window and sees the tree in the yard,
Its thousand leaves make a single autumn sound.

庭梧
半夜鳴山雨 悽然客夢驚 開窓見庭樹 萬葉一秋聲

An Exultation

The moon rises and a thousand mountains fall silent
Spring returns, and ten thousand trees are green.
If anyone could understand the true meaning of all these,
It will be better than reciting the entire Buddhist canon.

No one could stop the passing time,
Its hard to cure the sickness of decay.
I have, however, a secret prescription;
It is to cultivate the scripture of the mind.

In suffering there was once no pain,
In bustling life there is time to be idle.
Who knows? In the blazing house.

There may yet be a nice cool spot.

雜興

月出千山靜 春回萬木榮 人能知此意 勝讀大藏經 光陰繩不繫 衰病藥難醫 我有眞方術 心經勉受持 苦下元無苦 忙中亦不忙 誰知火宅裏 別有好清涼

To a Friend from the Mountain

Who said that it is quieter in the deep mountain
When the birds are singing in the woods?
We are already old, you and I,
Yet it is truly enjoyable to talk with you thus.

山中贈友

誰道深林下 鳥鳴山更幽 與君成二老 談笑一風流

Passing by the Old Monastery

Chirping of the cicada on the ailing tree;
And I see the shadow of the bird in the icy pond.
The Dharma Hall is grand as ever,
The same green moss cover a thousand Buddhas.

過古寺

病樹蟬聲咽 寒塘鳥影回 巋然餘古殿 千佛一莓苔

A Sentiment

The enticing smile is a hatchet under the pillow,
And sweet words are the vipers in the bed.
I have eye trouble

Long must I face the flowers that block the light.

因事有感

巧笑枕邊斧 甘言席上蛇 老夫有眼疾 長對決明花

To a Seon Practitioner

When the mountain is green, the mists lose their beauty,
When the flowers drop, its spring for the bamboo.
Try to be proud in rags,
Keep well among the cliffs and valleys.

一禪子

山碧烟無色 花殘竹有春 惡衣甘守節 嵒谷好藏身

Pine Studio

The deep grove is thick with leaves,
Many birds come to my house.
Alone I lie in the east studio,
Through the pines the moon fills the space.

松軒

林深多葉密 衆鳥集吾廬 獨臥東軒下 松窓月入虛

Song of Longing

As the wind blows the clouds spit out the moon,
Dense in the woods, the leaves give birth to fall.
Piling the pillows I raise another sigh,
While the long river flows on and on.

詠懷
風行雲吐月 樹密葉生秋 堆枕起增歎 長江不盡流

A Song from the West[442]

There is no one to appreciate the music
That comes from the West.
The notes flew up to the sky
The wind and the clouds were the listeners.[443]

西來曲
西來這一曲 千古沒人知 韻出靑霄外 風雲作子期

Silent by Nature

The unmoving mind and body;
This is the placid essence of human nature.
This is also the utmost stage of the patriarch;
In the moonlight, the wind shakes the shadow of the pine tree.

性默
身心俱不動 性默以爲宗 祖印高提處 風搖月影松

To the Monk Chanting the Name of Buddha

Meditation is the Buddha prayer,
And the Buddha prayer, meditation.

442 The Buddha's teaching from India.

443 Listeners: see note 286, above.

The essence of mind is extremely bright and gnostic
Beyond expression and expedience.

贈念佛僧
參禪卽念佛 念佛卽參禪 本心離方便 昭昭寂寂然

To Won Sunim

Blood flows in everyone's body;
How then could one waste even a single day?
Think of the Great Patriarch Huike;[444]
Make up your mind about life and death before it is too late.

贈圓禪子
人人皮有血 可忍消白日 斷臂豈徒然 及時生死決

To Ilyeong Sunim

Ilyeong's mind is moonlight on the ground,
The six senses[445] are sinking in the sea.
Looking up to heaven far away,
A pure and timeless radiance shines.

贈一靈禪子
一靈心地月 六識海中沈 擧目望天外 淸光徹古今

444 The Second Patriarch who cut off his arm to be accepted as a student of Bodhidharma.

445 They are the six aspects of consciousness passing through the six sense organs, gates, or roots of the eye, ear, nose, tongue, touch, and thought.

Appreciation for the Visit of a Musician

You have arrived this spring evening
To play the lute for me.
The birds are singing where the flowers fall,
Upside down, the reflection of the mountain in the river.

謝金樂士來訪
客來春日暮 爲我一彈琴 鳥啼花落處 山影倒江心

Mocking Myself

The most leisurely man in heaven and earth,
You may say, is he who has renounced the world.
Yet the clouds and mountains never deserted me,
And the moon and the wind are also as poor as I.

自嘲
天地一閑客 曰惟忘世人 雲山不辜我 風月亦從貧

Youngnang Pass

Ever since I trod empty space and sounds have ceased,
No thoughts ever took shape in my mind.
When the rain bathes the lonely wheeling moon,
The wind sweeps through the pine trees in countless gorges.

永郎嶺
步虛聲斷後 無復想形容 雨洗孤輪月 風驅萬壑松

Hwaggye Village[446]

The flowers are falling in Flower Bloom Village,
Beside the blue crane's nest no crane returns.
The precious red petals float beneath the bridge;
You hurry to the sea, I return to the mountain.

花開洞

花開洞裏花猶落 青鶴巢邊鶴不還 珍重紅流橋下水 汝歸滄海我歸山

Longing for Home

White clouds for a thousand, ten thousand miles,
The moon shines bright in the yards, both front and back yards
When shall I return to my native home?
The colour of the willow trees in the capital is ever so green.

望鄉

白雲千里萬里 明月前庭後庭 惆悵鄉關不去 洛陽柳色青青

A Funeral Ode

The mountains so silent, the sea so distant,
The east breeze ripples the water like mist.
Where are you now? Tell me, thou lonesome spirit.
My eyes see no farther than the edge of the sky.

挽詞

山寂寂海茫茫 風淡淡烟蒼蒼 孤魂何處在 目斷天之方

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446 This village is located in Hadong County, South Jeolla Province. Hwaggye 花開 in Chinese characters means 'flowers in bloom.'

Rambling by the Han River

Green, green the willows after morning rain,
The East wind gentles the waters like a mist.
The music of the jade flute is heard from the boat,
And they call the fisherman the immortal of the river.

遊漢江

楊柳青青朝雨過 東風微動水如烟 一聲玉笛舟中出 漁子指云江上仙

Farewell to Cheongryeon Sunim, Leaving for Pung'ak

Ah! Cheongryeon, going to Maple Peak,
There will be many rivers and mountains on your way!
To what place will your lonely shadow go?
Like one white cloud in an infinity of blue.

送青蓮禪子之楓岳

青蓮禪子向楓岳 足下江山重復重 隻影飄飄何處去 白雲萬里蒼茫中

Planting a Pine Tree and Chrysanthemum

Last year I planted a chrysanthemum in the front garden,
And this year, a pine tree behind the railing;
Not that this mountain monk loves flowers and plants,
But to let people know that "Matter itself is empty."

栽松菊

去年初種庭前菊 今年又栽檻外松 山僧不是愛花草 要使人知色是空

Hwaamsa in Seorak Mountain[447]

Birds fly in the sky far away over the azure sea
A man lies on the green mountain in the sunset.
In the creek in front the snowy current sings over the rocks
At the back a red rain chases the spring breeze.

雪岳山花嵒寺
鳥飛碧海長天外 人臥青山落照中 前澗雪波鳴石齒 後園紅雨逐春風

Dream of Passing Li Bai's[448] Tomb

A wayfarer who has been harbouring regrets for ever so long
Looks back in vain on white clouds and green mountains.
Where is the friend who that year enjoyed wine with me?
I only see the rising moon in the sky far away.

夢過李白墓
過客悠悠千古恨 山青雲白首空回 當年把酒人何去 杳杳長天月自來

Visiting Home

I lost my parents when I was very young, and left home when I was ten. At the age of thirty-five I returned to the village, there were no neighbours either north or south. All had been ploughed, and mulberry and barley are now in leaf, swaying in the east wind. Overcome with sadness, I wrote this

[447] This must be a variant reading for Hwaomsa 華嚴寺 (originally 禾巖寺), a monastery established by Preceptor Jinpyo 真表 in 769.

[448] Li Bai (701–762) is one of the most celebrated poets of the Tang Dynasty, famous for his love of wine.

verse on a ruined wall, stayed one night and returned to the mountain.

After thirty years, I came back to my old home ,
People have died, houses ruined, the village a waste.
Wordless, the green mountains on this spring evening,
Do I hear a lonely cuckoo singing from somewhere?
As I walked by, boys and girls were peeping through the paper windows,
Crane-haired elders were asking my name.
Tears were shed when they finally knew my childhood name,
And deep in the night the moon hung in the sea-dark sky.

還鄕

余丱年孤哀 十歲離家 三十五歲還鄕 則昔之南鄰北閭 蕩然爲耕 桑麥靑靑 動搖春風耳 不勝哀楚 書懷于廢宅之壁 一宿而還山焉 三十年來返故鄕 人亡宅癈又村荒 靑山不語春天暮 杜宇一聲來杳茫 一行兒女窺窓紙 鶴髮鄰翁問姓名 乳號方通相泣下 碧天如海月三更

Remembering the Day When I Shaved My Head

Twenty years ago, a boy who loved to study
Resolved to do something very singular.
When he realized that this body is but a delusion
That nothing in the universe is not empty.

Twenty years ago he was floating in the bitter sea of life,
Seeking the fame and wealth of the mundane world.
One night he listened closely to the words of Seon,
Next morning he gave his black hair to the silver knife.

斷髮日書懷

之乎取味管城公 二十年前錯用工 一覺此身同幻夢 世間無物不爲空 愛名愛利身輕薄 二十年前苦海漂 一夜細聽禪語了 朝將靑髮就銀刀

Thatched Hut on Pongnae[449]

Everywhere, near and far, flowers in bloom,
So many red rains dropping into the creek.
Looking back after reading the *Hwangjeng Sutra*,[450]
The moon hung low on the eighty-thousand peaks.

蓬萊草堂
處處開花遠近迷 幾多紅雨落前溪 黃庭讀罷一回首 八萬峯頭月欲低

Seeing Off Cheonu Sunim to Pongnae

The blue sea and the white sands are your new abode;
A thousand peaks, a myriad valleys your old home.
I am sending you south where the clouds end,
This old fellow turns to hide the tears in his eyes.

送天雨之蓬萊
青海白沙新活計 千喦萬壑舊因緣 送爾南天雲斷處 老夫回首一潸然

Calf-calling Bird

Once a cowherd, now a bird,
Year on year still loving the warm spring breeze.
Deep in the hills, the woods so dense, there is no way to seek,
Still we hear the calf-call in the mist and rain.

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449 Pongnaesa (Chinese: Penglai), legendary mountain of the immortals; also used for Diamond Mountain.

450 *Hwangjeng Sutra* (Chinese: *Huangtingjing*, Scripture of the Yellow Court) an ancient Daoist text that teaches how to attain endless life.

呼犢鳥
前是牧童今是鳥 年年猶愛舊春風 山深樹密無尋處 呼犢一聲烟雨中

Thoughts of a Sick Man

A man with all kinds of sickness closed the door
So as not to see the beautiful pond after the rain.
But a boy runs to say that the lotus is in flower,
And an old monk announces that the bamboo shoots are born.

病懷
春深院落客多病 雨過池塘愁閉門 童子走云蓮出水 老僧來報竹生孫

Cheongheo Hall[451]

At my cottage, the brushwood gate is never closed,
When the moon is bright, I lie down high before the north window
Do not say that the recluse indulges in quietude.
Inside or out, the wind is my pipes and strings.

I am an old man living in Duryu valley,
At ease with blue clouds and chill bamboo.
From now I shall forever give up thoughts of returning West,
And avoid all those who ask about the ferry point[452]

清虛堂
草戶柴門長不閉 月明高臥北窓前 莫言隱者耽寥寂 內外清風是管絃 老入頭流專一壑 碧雲寒竹可安身 從今永斷西歸計 免向人間更問津

451 Cheongheodang is the name of the residence of Venerable Hyujeong. the author of this verse, from which he took his pen name.

452 It means crossing the sea of suffering and attain enlightenment.

Venerable Old Tong

With a single robe, one gourd, one small room,
His whole life he lay in the white cloud mountains.
At the brushwood gate there are no welcomes and no farewells,
Bright Moon and Clear Wind come and go as they please.

通長老

一衲一瓢一間屋 一生長臥白雲山 柴門草戶無迎送 明月清風自往還

Seeing Off Master Hyechong

North, south, east and west, with no settled place,
His whole life depending on a single staff.
All he tastes is the feeling of the mist on the tip of his tongue,
Straight into the mountains with countless peaks.

送慧聰禪子

南北東西無定着 生涯只在一枝筇 舌頭細嚼烟霞味 直入千峯更萬峯

A Wandering Monk

In spring, he heads South from the East Sea,
And in the fall, heads to the mountains in the West, and back North again.
For three hundred sixty days he is ever wandering,
Nor does he know when he might return home.

行脚僧

春從東海南飛錫 秋向西山又北方 三百六旬長擾擾 不知何日到家鄉

Parting from a Childhood Friend

When we first met ten years ago,
We talked about the mountain, clouds, the sea, and the moon.
And when we arrived at the stream, hand in hand to part,
The woods were full of birdsong, bidding farewell to spring.

贈別李竹馬(仁彦)
十年故友初相見 說盡山雲海月情 握手臨溪還惜別 一林啼鳥送春聲

Seeing Off a Novice Departing for Maple Peak

For the lush grass on the long dike, he has just his staff,
The white clouds are pathless, can he find the way?
Tonight and every night, I shall watch the eastern moon,
Rising at the edge of heaven, opposite the eighty thousand peaks.

送應沙彌之楓岳
碧草長堤只一筇 白雲無路可追蹤 從今夜夜關東月 應望天涯八萬峯

Farewell to Someone Going to the Capital

For forty years this old settler of matters[453]
Has loves to live in the mountains.
If anyone asks my whereabouts,
Tell them I am living in a thatched hut on Mt Jiri.

送人赴京
四十年來老判事 性甘雲水臥青嵐 有人若問棲身處 知異山中一草庵

453 The author had passed the higher state examination for monks, and was appointed as a judge for the affairs of doctrine and dhyana.

To the Senior Brother[454] Abiding in Mt Cheonhu

Great distance invigorates the yearning mind,
And we have not seen for five years.
Night after night we dream of meeting there,
Where heaven and blue sea meet and the white gulls fly.

寄天吼山年兄
東西渺渺思何許 不見尊兄已五年 夜夜夢魂相會處 連天青海白鷗邊

Parting with Ung Sunim

Farewell to my friend at Cheonghak Gorge,
Where white clouds and flowing waters multiply.
I long to know where we shall meet again?
Where the moon shines on the mountains and the bell sounds deep in the night.

別應禪子
送別故人青鶴洞 白雲流水幾重重 欲知此後相思處 月照千山半夜鍾

Appreciation of the Visit of a Childhood Friend

With bamboo staff and spring wind, guest from a thousand miles
Night rain at the pine window, the lamp from ten years ago.
We talked about our previous lives with great feeling,
We laughed to death that this old monk was a neighbour.[455]

454 A fellow examinee who passed the higher state examination for the priesthood together.

455 It means they were fellow monks in the previous life.

謝李竹馬來訪
竹杖春風千里客 松窓夜雨十年燈 含情欲說前身事 笑殺鄰單一老僧

Mt Taebaek[456]

Where the bald head of Huntun rubs the heavens,
This mountain monk has built a thatched hermitage.
A man beside me points at the measureless lands,
Where the plains stretch to the southern sea.[457]

太白山
混沌骨頭磨碧落 山僧開鑿立茅庵 傍人指點無窮域 一片中原接海南

Self Derision

Age is usually regarded as important in our lives
Now I finally regret my past behaviour.
How can I get water from the Sea of Heaven,
To cleanse this monk's past reputation?

自嘲
大抵人生年齒貴 如今方悔昔時行 何當手注通天海 一洗山僧判事名

Poem Composed on the Request of Local Magistrate Seong

Beware the knife under the pillow and the poison in the drink.
Hence do not disclose the secret of my mind even to a close friend.

456 It is located between Bonhwa County, North Gyeongsang Province and Samcheok Country, Gangwon Province, on the northern border of present-day North Korea.

457 Haenam, at the southernmost point of the Korean peninsula.

Even in the mundane world, there must be a safe place.
Sit up straight, empty your mind, and forget about right and wrong.

賽成方伯求韻
衾裏戈矛杯鴆毒 莫因親昵漏吾微 世間亦有平田地 端坐虛懷泯是非

Appreciation of Seon Master Gam's Visit

For ten years I have been ill and closed my brushwood gate,
By water or through the mountains the way is long and guests few.
In the woods a bird sings, as if a thought had come
Out of the deep white cloud, a monk returns.

謝鑑禪子來訪
十年衰病掩柴扉 水遠山長客到稀 林下鳥啼如有思 白雲深處一僧歸

Mooring at Sunset on the Ye River on the Way to Mt Yongmun[458]

Some notes from the long flute at my cloudy window,
A pair of strange birds flying over the pine tree.
At sunset I stopped the boat near Silleuksa,
And watched the bright moon sink in the autumn river.

遊龍門晚泊驪江
數聲長笛散雲窓 松上奇禽忽作雙 晚泊孤舟神勒寺 更看明月落秋江

To Hermit Baegun

I am neither among men, nor an immortal,

458 It is located in Yangpyeong Country, Gyeonggi Province, the site of Yongmunsa.

Tilling the mountain and catching the moon is how I spend the year.
Princes and monarchs have nothing to do with me.
Frogs drum and mosquitoes thunder by my earthen couch.

贈白雲處士
不是人間不是仙 耕山釣月度流年 皇王帝伯非吾事 蛙鼓蚊雷土榻邊

Appreciation of Autumn

All around the autumn glow is amazing,
Ambling and humming in the sunset.
The mountains red and green, in the finest colours,
The stream sings and birds recite their poems.

賞秋
遠近秋光一樣奇 閑行長嘯夕陽時 滿山紅綠皆精彩 流水啼禽亦說詩

At the Thatched Hut of Bodhisattva Park

Wealth and honour are but floating clouds, not worth a thought,
Merit and fame are just snail's horns, I care not for them.
On this spring morn, waking from a long nap,
I lie listening to a hundred tunes of mountain birds.

朴上舍草堂
浮雲富貴非留意 蝸角功名豈染情 春日快晴春睡足 臥聽山鳥百般聲

Following Pak Ungyeong's Rhyme

I am a parrot chasing the coloured clouds,
You an orchid leaf diffusing a strange fragrance.

Mountain forests and market place, all partake of the nature of heaven,
And there is no way to hide their natural disposition.

走次朴雲卿韻
我是鸞翔逐彩雲 君爲蘭葉吐奇芬 山林朝市皆天性 一世行藏燕尾分

A Sentiment I had at Gwaga Arbour

After the old sandbank was replaced by new sand,
An egret loiters on the spit between the two streams.
Yet a boatman, not knowing the changes,
Meeting someone, still talks about the old mountains and rivers.

過柯亭有感
新沙已換古沙岸 二水洲中白鷺閑 舟子不知陵谷變 逢人猶道舊江山

Climbing the Heavenly Kings Range[459]

In a myriad valleys, I hear the sound of streams,
Strange rocks and old trees are hard to tell apart.
Tomorrow I go east to Hamyang,[460]
Looking back, Mt Duryu is wrapped in cloud.

登天王嶺
萬壑泉聲處處聞 奇嵒古木勢難分 東行明日咸陽道 回首頭流是白雲

459 It is not verified but there is a good possibility that it is the mountain pass to the west of Mt Jiri.

460 It is the name of a township located in South Gyeongsang Province.

Homecoming Song

When my staff suddenly hits the floor, the maras flee,
The old path[461] is bright, my steps are firm.
Life and death, coming and going, its all one.
Lalalili Lilala!

還鄕曲
嚗然放杖天魔走 古路分明脚不差 生死去來爲一貫 囉囉哩哩哩囉囉

To Elder Wonhye

Our destiny is always wide open, but men are not aware,
In the third month, when flowers fall, people wake.
But one pair of emerald eyes, clear as water
Sit and grasp the universe, and the brightness of sun and moon.

元惠長老
八字打開人不識 落花三月睡初醒 一雙碧眼淸如水 坐奪乾坤日月明

Great Master Gakhaeng

High he rests among the clouds, far from the red dust,
Loving the wind from the pine trees, he never shuts the door.
Grasping the great sword that is sharp as the winter blast,
For the sake of sentient beings, he cuts off all delusions.

Monks, mountains, and water are the three who know him,
As crane, clouds, and the pine trees are friends in the world.

461 The path of the saints.

Without knowing quietude and emptiness of original mind,
In this life, how could we be at ease?

覺行大師
雲房高臥遠塵紛 只愛松風不閉門 一柄寒霜三尺劍 爲人提起斬精魂 僧兼山水三知己 鶴與雲松一世間 虛寂本心如不識 此生安得此身閑

To Ihwan Sunin

First he settled his life on the two gates,[462]
Then he eased his body by a phrase of the Jogye Order.[463]
Now in the green mountains he sings the song of homecoming.
This is a Seon master who is truly at rest.

On the mirror of true-suchness he empowers his mind,
In the sea of extinction he rolls the waves of understanding.[464]
With a cry, he defeats the armies of birth and death,
On the great void of self-existence he flies his staff.

Unconcerned, all his life he dwells among the clouds,

---

462 Two gates: the study of the universal teaching of Buddha and sudden enlightenment. The universal teaching of Buddha means the perfect and unsurpassed teaching, the doctrine of which is to analyze the high and low quality of all doctrines, and of sudden enlightenment claimed by some Chan Buddhists as the antithesis to gradual enlightenment.

463 I.e. through the teachings of Huineng, the Sixth Patriarch.

464 I.e. the eight perceptions. The Consciousness-only school classifies mind into eight categories: Visual perception, auditory perception, nasal perception, taste perception, sensory perception, mental faculty or sixth perception, will or karmic consciousness, or seventh perception, and the storehouse of consciousness, or eighth perception. If the final category of the perception of Buddha claimed by some sects is added to this classification, the total will be nine.

And he laughs at Dongpo's 'half-day at ease.'[465]
No longer distinguishing right and wrong, loss and gain,
He jests with ancient turtles carrying three mountains on their backs.[466]

示離幻禪子
頓二門曾立命 曺溪一句亦安身 青山猶唱還鄉曲 定是禪家休歇人 眞如鏡上鼓心機 寂滅海中翻識浪 一喝倒鋒生死軍 太虛自在飛青杖 一生無事臥雲間 却笑東坡半日閑 得失是非都放下 戲牽跛鼈載三山

Climbing a Height for a View of the Sea

There is no inside in space, or outside either,
North and south, east and west, are all delusions.
Spring and autumn, wind and moon all come and go,
The Five Peaks and the Dark Ocean, one hair will blow .

登高望海
虛空無內亦無外 南北東西逐妄知 春秋風月伸還屈 五岳滄溟一髮吹

Following the Rhyme set by Great Master Yun

What is the use of arguing about meditation outside the norm?
Look at the crescent moon: an eyebrow hung in the sky.
Even if you use the sea as ink and the mountain as a brush,
It is impossible to write down all the thoughts in my heart.

465 Dongpo: Su Shi (1037–1101), one of the most celebrated poets of the Song Dynasty. The phrase '[going to a monk's window to spend a] half-day at ease' comes from one of his poems.

466 According to legend, Penglai and other islands in the bottomless sea, the abodes of immortals, were suppported on the heads of giant sea turtles, to stop them floating around. See Anne Birrell, *Chinese Mythology: an Introduction*, 1993, p.186.

My eyes saw brightly that 'one taste meditation'[467]
When the forest moon from the sky came into my window.
Then first I knew that our true nature is beyond letters,
So why had I read the Flower Garland Sutra's countless pages?

次允大師韻
對面何論格外禪 一眉新月挂青天 海爲硯水山爲筆 難寫胸中無盡篇 目擊昭然一味禪入 窓松月正當天 始知此性離文字 枉向華嚴讀萬篇

Written for Toigye's Scroll[468]

Fu Xi's principles govern all things,
And Confucianism is the master for a myriad generations.
Now you have mastered loyalty, magnanimity, veneration, and integrity,[469]
You are now the true hero of all that is East of the Sea.[470]

書退溪卷
伏羲數理三才主 孔子綱常萬世師 忠恕敬誠公已達 海東天地一男兒

To a Teacher

Without knowing himself, he goes around,
False teacher of men, a laughing stock of the world.
Not knowing the arteries, without a discerning eye,
In his whole life, how can he utter a defining word?

---

467 It is another name for Tathagata meditation, or the supreme vehicle meditation,`

468 Toigye (Retirement Stream) is the pen name of Li Hwang (1501–1570), one of the most revered Confucian scholars of the Joseon Dynasty.

469 They are the basic and the most important virtues of Confucianism.

470 Korea, to the east of the mainland China across the Yellow Sea.

上敎師
未明自己外邊走 妄作人師慙宇宙 血脈不知宗眼無 一生安得斷言句

Seeing Off Seon Master Su Departing for Mt Duryu

The master was born in Hoiyang;[471] he is seven years younger than myself. At the age of eight or nine, he and I studied for some thirty years under Venerable Deokam Sunim[472]. The master not only instructed our study, but also loved us dearly, a double benefit.

In the spring of *chongmyo* (1567), I retired from the priesthood and travelled around the country. When I arrived at Mt Myohyang, my health declined, and I had to stay there for three years. When I was treating my health, I received the news of the decease of our master, and when I arrived to attend the funeral, all the disciples were in a sad mood gazing at the sky. We cremated our master's body and set up a sarira stupa.

After the funeral, he just sat in the empty room all by himself like a man out of his mind, and then remembering the last instruction of the master to study even harder when the master is gone, he paid homage to the sarira stupa and started a long journey of visiting my hermitage. When we met again, we just sat looking at each other with no words to say. At long last, when we wiped off our tears, what we found for the first time was that we were already old men with grey hair.

He stayed with me for four years, sharing the sweet rice, and often talking about our younger days. That was the only joy for a sick old monk. But he could not stay with me any longer, because he had to return to his old place in the south, where he spent all his life. When we were studying together

471 The old name of the present Gwangyang City, South Jeolla Province.

472 When Venerable Hyujeong, the author of this verse, failed in a stateexamination in 1534 when he was fifteen years old, he went into Mt Jiri, became a monk, and studied under Seungin Sunim. It is presumed that Deokam is the pen name of the Master Seungin.

when we were young, we were just like brothers. Now he has come to say farewell, and he has asked me for a word. So I composed a few lines of poem for the remembrance of our parting. But it is not just a formal parting stanza. It is a farewell message that has been kept in my heart for a long time.

At parting time, hu hu, the words would not come,
We gazed at each other while it got later and later.
In the woods, the mist was thickly woven,
The shadow of a lone crane softly flying away.

When we paid homage to our former master,
The moon was in the river, heaven and earth as one,
Like two painted candles, only more amazing,
They should be like the truth, before your honoured spirit.

This event at the cloister gate is truly sad,.
Life is a delusion greater than on the stage.
If you wish to spread the Seon precepts in the south,
You must do it while the mountain monk is still alive.

贈別壽禪師之頭流

禪子晞陽人也 其生於世也 後乎吾生之七年也 年纔八九 與我同事于頭流山德庵先師 操拔篲立師之門庭者 尙至於三十年 可謂所得非一也 先師亦以善應機鋒 愛而重之 丁卯春 余辭退 遊歷諸方 至於妙香山 病臥三年 不幸 先師忽焉厭世 甑蓮鏡蛇 禍孽多端 千里訃音 一朝欻至 徒自哀哀哭 望天涯而已 禪子於是 收靈骨 竪浮屠 喪已終事已畢 端坐虛室 寂若忘生 一日忽覺尋思之囑 禮辭靈龕 足繭千里訪我於 香山北麓之茅庵 初相見 各無一語 良久 拭淚畢 忽驚兩頭俱白 重重太息 因結四夏 同甘粥飯 往往開吐竹馬事 亦老病中 一啓齒也 然禪子之生涯在南 不得久住 今日告歸 索我一語 云懃懃懇懇 遂不已已 吁! 臨別感懷 古人形於紙墨者多矣 余豈獨無慨然哉 況禪子之於我也 於義則有兄弟之親 於法則有師資之分 情鍾莫逆恩愛綢繆者 古今希有也 雖予伏枕鳴鳴蜂管蠹毛也 久則久矣 然當此送別 情不自抑 不經意而强揮之三絶句 乃情也 非詩也 所謂百年肺肝千里面目者以此 臨別匆匆說不盡 索然相顧更遲遲 平林漠漠

烟如織 鶴影飄飄獨往時 香山已禮先師了 月入淸江上下天 畫燭一雙今更寄 須依世諦奠靈前 寂寞緇門事可悲 人生浮幻轉於戲 南方若欲傳禪旨 須及山僧未死時

Self Derision

The patriarch's deep precepts, the words he left, now I understand,
I regret reading "Pursuit of Knowledge" in the *Zimenjingxun*.[473]
My sandals I threw away beyond the East Sea,
But my short staff is still beside Diamond Mountain.

自嘲
祖師深旨落言詮 悔讀緇門勉學篇 草履抛來東海外 蓬萊猶在短笻邊

A Passing Thought

Old as the hills and time are Tang and Yu,[474]
To benefit the world, no talent has come forth.
No sooner written than I must once more erase,
Dropping my head, I hug my knees and sigh.

偶吟
山川日月是唐虞 濟世無才稱丈夫 一筆寫成還抹却 低頭抱膝暗長吁

Seeing Off Seom Sunim Departing for Lake Gam[475]

473 A Ming work containing the collected writings of the great masters, a textbook for monks to study, adopted during the Joseon Dynasty.

474 Tang and Yu: Yao and Yu, two of the sage-kings in the Golden Age of China's remote antiquity.

475 Gamho: the name of a lake in the Diamond Mountain, very close to the East Sea.

For years with no duties, I have lived idly,
I have read all of the *pothi* leaf texts from the West.
If anyone asks me what is there in the mountain:
On Gam Lake there shines the moon for Cheongheo.[476]

For clarity, the water beats the white moon,
Rolling, the clouds uncover the green hills.
Cheongheo and his guest are masters of the lake;
Sadly, while the guest is at ease, his host is not.

送蟾禪子之鑑湖
年來無事自閑居 看盡西來貝葉書 若問山中何所有 鑑湖明月照清虛 水澄偸白月
雲捲露青山 清虛賓子鑑湖主 惆悵賓閑主不閑

A Passing Thought

Confidently, a youth tried to distinguish Buddha and Confucius.
There will be no end to such a study.
Time flies and sickness never leaves us alone,
And what we get for our lifelong effort is only white hair.

書懷
志欲青年分孔釋 着工心地死前休 光陰箭疾身多病 一事無成空白頭

Invitation to the White Cloud

White cloud! White cloud!
What year, what day did you come to this green mountain?

476 Cheongheo ('pure emptiness') the author's Buddhist name.

Though you say this is your birthplace,
You follow the pure wind, and its long since you returned.

招白雲子
白雲子白雲子 何年何日入青山 雖言本是山中物 恨逐清風久不還

To Seon Master Shin'am, Abbot of Shin'am

This old monk greets the master of New Hermitage.
When guests from outside come, do not tarry.
Though my body never stirs from the mountain,
Yet the white clouds and flowing water come to the realm of men.

寄新庵主人新庵禪子
老僧寄語新庵主 外客來時莫等閑 山與一身雖不動 白雲流水到人間

An Occasional Sentiment

Confucianism and Buddhism are empty names, signs to confuse.
In the hills, at court, or the market place, they bring only sorrow.
The ultimate truth is beyond letters and names,
And silence is the true way to be with nature.

Among men, when will be the end of right and wrong?
Planning a single life is truly hard to do.
The green mountains may last year after year,
But old Taebaek[477] just climbs up to heaven.

477 This could be Li Bai (701–762), the great Chinese poet, whose pen name is Taebaek in Korean; or it may refer to Mt Taebaek, on the border of North Korea and China.

因事有感
儒釋虛名紛指馬 山林朝市各酸然 由來至道離文字 今日無言政合天 人世是非何日已 一身生計可愴然 青山若也年年長 太白老夫應上天

Great Master Beopjang[478]

Cut down the tree that has no shadow,
And burn all the foam in the water.
What a joke it is when the oxherd,
Riding the ox, still looks for the ox!

法藏大師
斫來無影樹 燋盡水中漚 可笑騎牛者 騎牛更覓牛

To Changhae[479]

The autumn wind, oh! it blows my clothes,
Evening birds, oh! they hurry home.
Lovely ladies, oh! they do not come,
Bright moon, oh! empty mountain.
Cold pines, oh! chilly bamboo,
Moon rising, oh! at the edge of heaven.
A recluse, oh! sitting by night,
Sees his shadow, oh! and thinks of his plight.

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478 The Korean monk Beopjang (法藏, 1351–1428), whose master was Preceptor Naong (1320–1376, see collection V in this volume) of the late Goryeo Dynasty. It is believed that this verse was given to the author's student Soyo Taeneung (1562–1649, see collection XIII in this volume) as a *hwadu* for meditation practice.

479 For Changhae, see Yang Saeon, notes 229 and 329, above.

上滄海
秋風兮吹衣 夕鳥兮爭還 美人兮不來 明月兮空山 松寒兮竹冷 月出兮天邊 幽人兮夜坐 顧影兮自憐

To Abbot Hoeam (to be shown to the Master)

White, so white, and blue, so blue,
Empty, so empty, and red, so red.
Ha! What in the world it is?
The fields are so green with grass,
That even a wild fire could not burn.

題檜岩方丈(示住持)
白的的青寥寥 空索索赤條條 咄 是何境界 原頭多草色 野火不能燒

Deokjun Sunim

Moonlit waves break against the cliff,
Pinetree pipes emit their pure sound.
Here if you should not understand,
You will betray their kindly care.
As always they say,
Right now rest if you wish, rest away,
But if you seek an end of seeking, there is no way.[480]

德峻禪子
月波翻石壁 松籟送清音 於斯若不會 辜負老婆心 良久云 卽今休去便休去 若覓了時無了時

[480] This is the essence of meditation. Resting the mind, or no-thought is the secret.

For Uicheon Sunim[481]

A fresh lotus flower in the fire would be a marvel,
Comparable with walking all day on a thousand swords.
Do not try to find any clue from what I am saying,
Just cut off your thoughts of life and death.

If you stare for three years, you can shoot a flea,
If you concentrate for five months, you can nab a cicada.
What I am doing every day is nothing special;
Just chanting and ever watching the lotus in the fire.

示義天禪子
火裏生蓮雖好手 爭如千劍日中行 山僧指示無端的 斬却心頭辨死生 定眼三年能射蝨 凝神五月可粘禪 山僧日用無多子 念念常看火裏蓮

Climbing Censer Peak[482]

All the cities of the world are but anthills,
And all the mighty warriors are vinegar flies.
With the bright moon in the window and the void for my pillow,
The wind sounds an uneven murmur among the endless pines.

登香爐峯
萬國都城如蟻室 千家豪傑若醯鷄 一窓明月清虛枕 無限松風韻不齊

To Elder Hui

For ten years you have sat upright, walling your mind,

481 Uicheon, i.e. National Preceptor Daegak (1055–1101), the first Seon poet in this volume.

482 Hyangnobong, Censer Peak, is in the Diamond Mountain.

So accustomed are the birds in the bush that they are not frightened.
Last night at Pine Pond the wind and rain were wild,
The fish got a horn and a crane cried thrice.

贈熙長老
十年端坐擁心城 慣得深林鳥不驚 昨夜松潭風雨惡 魚生一角鶴三聲

For Great Master Inyeong

Brought from the West was this song;[483]
Yet for ages no one has understood it.
The tune has spread to the far ends of the sky;
Yet only the winds and the clouds listened to it.

贈印英大師
西來這一曲 千古沒人知 韻出青霄外 風雲作子期

Death-Bed Verse

A thousand plans and ten thousand thoughts
Are like a snowflake in the cooking pot.
The mud-buffalo walks on water,
The universe of empty space cracks apart.[484]

483 'The song' means the Buddhadharma; the one who listened and understood was Zhong Ziqi, hearing the music of his friend Bo Ya. Bo Ya destroyed his instrument once Zhong Ziqi was no longer there to listen (see note 286, above).

484 The last two lines are typical ways of Seon poems in rendering the inexpressible truth through improbable things to deconstruct the ideas of deluded mind of sentient beings to lead them to their original-face or the immaculate Buddha-nature. It is also a kind of hwadu or word-head, a device used in Seon meditation and Seon dialogue between the master and student to awaken the deluded mind of the student to help him attain enlightenment.

臨終偈

千計萬思量 烘爐一點雪 泥牛水上行 大地虛空裂

XI

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF SEON MASTER JEONGGWAN (1533–1608)

靜觀集

XI. Collected Writings of Seon Master Jeonggwan (1533–1608) 靜觀集

The Hwadu Bird

All those hwadu birds,
All the time calling hwadu.
Lying at night by the window of the meditation hall
And hearing them, can you not feel shame?

話頭鳥
各各話頭鳥 時時勸話頭 禪窓終夜臥 聞此可無羞

For a Blind and Deaf Seon Monk

If you do not hear, you will hear the voice of self-nature;
If you do not see, you will see the true mind.
You will meet the emptiness of clear water and moon
Where self-nature and mind are forgot.

贈盲聾禪老
不聞聞自性 無見見眞心 心性都忘處 虛明水月臨

Death-Bed Verse

The three-foot hair-splitting sword,
Long hidden in the Northern Dipper:
Only when the clouds have all dispersed in space
Will it reveal its sharp edge.

臨終偈
三尺吹毛劍 多年北斗藏 太虛雲散盡 始得露鋒鋩

Memento

All that I possess in the world is
Nothing more than this body.
When its four parts have dispersed,
What joy to enter the great void!

不忘記
世間何有所 身外更無餘 四大終離散 快如登太虛

Mountain Monastery After Rain

After the rain, South Peak unrolls its green heights,
The mountain colours still face the old retreat.
Sitting alone with clear mind and thought,
Half my life with seven pounds [of dharma robes] on my shoulder.

山堂雨後
雨收南岳捲青嵐 山色依然對古菴 獨坐靜觀心思淨 半生肩掛七斤衫

Sitting Deep into the Night

Fresh wind and bright moon, the night pond so cold.
Sat and watched the lonely lamplight leisurely
Extremely bright is the gnostic jade;
What other place to seek peace of mind?

夜坐
風淸月白夜塘寒 坐對孤燈意自閑 一顆靈珠光粲爛 更於何處問心安

To Daoist Jun

A blink of the eyes, a raised eyebrow, nothing special,
Nor has rejoicing by looking at each other any effect.
Strive lifelong to be a man of no action,
Just lie all year in the arbour in the clouds.

贈俊道人
揚眉瞬目非臻妙 對面熙怡亦未堪 爭似一生無事漢 春秋長臥碧雲菴

The Old Monastery

A wayfarer stopped at an old monastery in spring;
Brewed tea beneath the cliff, raising the evening mist;
An old stupa in the woods, unheeded by men,
Evening crows flying into the white clouds.

古寺
客尋蕭寺正春天 煮茗岩前起夕煙 古塔隔林人不管 暮鴉飛入白雲邊

To a Poet Monk

A waste of time to enjoy water and appreciate the mountains;
Chanting the wind and hymning the moon is also a chore.
If you truly realize Bodhidharma's coming from the West,
You may be called a man who is free from the world.

贈詩僧
翫水看山虛送日 吟風詠月謾勞神 豁然悟得西來 方是名爲出世人

To a Blind Monk

You will see the true-nature when you do not see things;

You will hear the mind when you do not hear the sound.
You will be one with an infinite number of worlds
when you do not rely on the eyes,
Just like Aniruddha's timeless fame.[485]

贈盲禪者
不見色時還見性 不聞聲處反聞心 不用肉眼通沙界 那律佳名播古今

Fortuity

In the bamboo grove a spring breeze and the ground is cold.
Deep in thought, I sat long at the low railing.
Not many understand the music of the stringless qin,[486]
By the moon alone I clasp the soundboard and play.

偶吟
竹院春風特地寒 沈吟長坐小欄干 沒絃琴上知音少 獨抱梧桐月下彈

To Monk Ji

As a man living in comfortable retirement outside the world,
Freely I pass from dawn till dusk.
My feet and the moon tread a thousand mountains,
My body follows the clouds for a myriad miles.
How could there be any gate of right and wrong
When there originally were no you and me?
If no birds come with flowers in their beaks,

485 Aniruddha, see note 48, above.

486 Stringless qin (zither): the world beyond common sense and speculation, or the realm beyond speech and letters.

The spring breeze will spread its scent in vain.

贈芝禪客
優游超物外 自在度朝昏 足踏千山月 身隨萬里雲 本無人我見 那有是非門 鳥不含花至 春風空自芬

To a Meditating Monk

Sitting quietly on the platform in the south,
You are contemplating on non-emptiness of emptiness.
You should not be troubled even by the realms beyond
the spheres of sound and the phenomenal world;
You should never fall into the error of perceiving and hearing.
Behold the moon on the quiet and bright autumnal pond,
And the lofty pine tree on the mountain pass covered with snow.
When you break the dark barrier (of the patriarch),
Then the thunder wind of Seon will be known to the world.

贈觀禪子
靜坐南臺上 觀空不是空 勿拘聲色外 寧墮見聞中 湛湛秋潭月 亭亭雪嶺松 玄關搥擊碎 方得震禪風

Seven Buddhas Monastery[487]

There is a monastery on Mt Duryu[488] east of Prajna Valley,
Splendid is its Buddha Hall in the moonlight.
A fragrant and propitious mist flies through the halls,

487 A celebrated subsidiary monastery of Sanggyesa on Jiri Mountain in Hadong County, South Gyeongsang Province. Seven Buddhas can also refer to the Medicine Buddha, Bhaishajyaguru.

488 Now known as Mt Jiri.

Sounds of the bell on the evening breeze wake me from my dream.
No blue cranes come to Blue Crane Valley,
But the white clouds still lock White Cloud Peak.
The stone gate far glimpsed 'neath Sanggye Creek[489]
Is also enveloped in the colours of autumn.

題七佛菴

寺在頭流般若東 月明金殿影玲瓏 香消瑞靄飛庭榻 夢覺疎鍾落晩風 青鶴不來青鶴洞 白雲長鎖白雲峯 石門遠見雙溪下 秋色依微一望中

Hardships of the Road

Early in life, I left my birthplace leaving the dusty world behind,
In straw sandals I trod the famous mountains.
Long ago by the autumn moon I trailed the clouds under,
Today in the spring breeze I ford the river to return.
With the taste of meat who would know the bitter taste of herbs,
Clad in silks who could know the cold of patched robes?
I should like to return to my old home in the sunset mists,
But its so far away and the road is hard to go.

行路難

早脫紅塵出故關 芒鞋踏破遍名山 昔年秋月隨雲去 今日春風渡水還 肉味那知蔬味苦 錦衣誰識衲衣寒 欲歸故園煙霞裏 萬里悠悠行路難

To a Meditation Practitioner

Becoming a monk, you should stay away from the common herd;

489 Sanggye 雙溪 means twin creeks, flowing down toward Seven Buddhas Monastery; Sanggye Temple is located below Seven Buddhas Monastery.

One bowl for your body, and forget the rest.
Out there in the sunset mists your mind has made a pact,
Among men why think to seek glory and disgrace?
Slowly with the months and years I have wandered,
Lingering freely in the mountains and by rivers.
If you try to find the self-nature in words,
It will be like plucking floating bubbles from the fire.

贈禪者

出家須是出凡流 一鉢身隨萬事休 物外煙霞心已契 人間榮辱意何求 悠悠歲月逍遙遣 處處山川自在遊 欲向語言知自性 還如撥火覓浮漚

The Original Self-nature is the True Buddha

Every phenomenon possesses its subtle self-nature,
And reveals its colours in a myriad ways.
The mountains are originally mute, and heaven blue.
Water is originally clear, and the moon bright.
When spring comes, the swallows arrive; in autumn, they depart.
As night falls, people go to bed; at dawn they wake up
Long for a crane, short for a duck, to each its nature.
On the rice paddy paths, all's well when the farmers sing.

本源自性天眞佛

妙性頭頭本現成 靑黃紅白萬般形 山元默默天元碧 水自澄澄月自明 春到燕來秋便去 夜深人寢曉還惺 鶴長鳧短天眞體 陌上農歌是太平

Return to the Original Mountain after a Long Journey

Took ordination at an early age,
Shaved my head for the Buddha,

Prepared the three garments[490] according to the rule;
And wherever I go, all that I carry is only a bowl.
My body follows the myriad mile clouds,
My feet like the moon read the thousand mountains.
Called on the enlightened masters to weed the grass of ignorance,
Followed the path of saints in search of the truth.
Meditate to pass through the gates of patriarchs,
Cultivate the Way to inherit the wisdom of sages.

In my mouth I recite a thousand sutras,
In my bag there is not a single thing.
After rambling all those fine places
Come back to lie in the old rock cave.
In the bamboo cloister, the green shade is cool,
Plum blossoms almost darken my window.

A cool breeze blows in the old garden,
Bright sunshine fills the empty room.
In the spring valley the birds bring flowers,
In the autumnal woods, monkeys pick the fruit.

On my cold couch, the tears of night flow slow,
Past midnight, no more smoke from the censer.
Deep are the clouds at the valley dawn,
No trace of man at the cliff gate.
This void chimes with the emptiness of self-nature,
And quietude fits well with the true extinction.[491]

When thirsty, I draw water from the cold spring,

490 A monk's three robes, in Sanskrit samghati, uttarasanga, and antarvasa.

491 Another expression for nirvana.

When hunger comes, I gather frozen chestnuts.
Deep in the woods, the evening birds return,
The narrow path lights up in the setting sun.

Not a thing is there for living,
My single lamp counts my days.
Who else to play with in the white clouds?
I enjoy myself like the moon in the pines.

行脚歸故山

髫年早出家 投佛剃鬚髮 奉律備三衣 行藏唯一鉢 身隨萬里雲 足踏千山月 撥草訪明師 尋眞求聖轍 參禪通祖關 學道繼賢哲 口裏誦千經 囊中無一物 遍遊名勝區 歸臥故岩窟 竹院綠陰清 梅窓踈影沒 淸風吹故園 白日照虛室 春谷鳥含花 秋林猿摘實 床寒夜漏長 更盡爐香歇 洞府曉雲深 岩扉人跡絶 寥寥合性空 寂寂契眞滅 渴後汲寒泉 飢來收凍栗 深林歸暮禽 微逕照斜日 無物作生涯 孤燈爲計活 白雲誰共遊 松月自怡悅

XII

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF THE GREAT MASTER BUHYUDANG (1543–1615)

浮休堂大師集

XII. Collected Writings of the Great Master Buhyudang (1543–1615) 浮休堂大師集

To Dhyana Instructor Hwa (Flower)

If enlightenment is not true treasure,
How Nirvana could possibly be a subtle mind?
You can never catch up with lightning;
Children are trying to find it in vain.

The Buddha-dharma does not require many words;
Forget the words and see the essence.
If you open the live eye on the crown of your head,
All the demons and heretics will be self-defeated.

贈華禪伯
解脫非眞寶 涅槃豈妙心 電光追不及 兒輩謾勞尋 佛法無多字 忘言須會宗 頂門開活眼 魔外自歸降

Looking Back Home

Looking back home a thousand miles afar,
Thoughts of return bother me night and day.
But the old mountains remain wherever they are,
And the clouds and waters are infinitely far away.

望鄉
千里望家鄉 歸心日夜忙 故山何處在 雲水更茫茫

To Dharma Instructor Hwa (Harmony)

With subtle means he opens his live eye,

Responding to things, he stirs the dark wind.
If he could step upon the crown of Vairocana Buddha,
The lotus would bloom in the fire.

Infinite is the distance between heaven and earth,
And our lives are contained in a tiny bag.
If I could forget about the body and the world,
I could play with anything wherever I go.

贈和法師
當機開活眼 應物振玄風 更踏毘盧頂 蓮花出火中 萬里乾坤路 生涯在一囊 都忘身世了 隨處弄青黃

At Sangwonsa[492] on Mt Chiak

Ancient the stupa in the cloister,
Cold the breeze from the valley pines.
The sound of the bell wakes from drunken sleep,
And the lamplight informs dawn and evening.
Sweeping the yard cleanses one's bones,
And burning the incense purifies the spirit of the wayfarer.
It is the sleepless midnight,
And I see the heavy snow falling outside the window.

雉嶽山上院
雁塔庭中古 松風洞裏寒 鍾聲驚醉夢 燈火報晨昏 掃地清人骨 焚香淨客魂 不眠過夜半 窓外雪紛紛

492 This monastery is located at the foot of Nammae Peak of Mt Chiak in Wonju City, Gangwon Province.

Matching the Rhymes on the Signboard of Gaklimsa[493]

Deep in the mountains the wild colours break,
From the nearby stream, the waters sing continually.
The moon is hidden among the trees on the peak,
The mist rises from the spring beneath the woods.
The pine trees in the cloister take ancient shapes,
And the birds are heralding the news of spring.
Sitting alone and leaning on the south railing,
A cool breeze was rising in the evening sky.

次覺林懸板韻
山深野色斷 溪近水聲連 月隱峰頭樹 烟生林下泉 庭松含古態 春鳥報新年 獨倚南軒臥 淸風起暮天

Matching the Rhymes on the Signboard of Woljeongsa[494]

A vagabond from the rivers and lakes far away,
Sat leaning against the railing in the setting sun.
The shadows of the mountain are reflected in the river,
And the spring birds are returning in the evening.
Longings for home spread far beyond the sky,
Yet this is the place to seek thoughts of return.
In the gauzy fogs and mists,
Several hundred lofty peaks.

493 Gaklimsa was formerly sited to the east of Mt Chiak.

494 Woljeongsa is the Fourth District Head Temple of the Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism, located on Mt Odae in Pyongchang County, Gangwon Province.

On the road below Odae Mountain.
At the close of day he walks so slow,
Enters the cloister and forgets the world,
Climbs the tower and thinks of the master.
The bell sounds from the monastery in the clouds,
The pine shadows steep in the moonlight.
In all places his mind is settled,
Fixed in meditation and never moved.

次月精寺韻
江湖萬里客 落日獨憑欄 山影沈江倒 春禽帶暮還 鄕愁天外散 歸意此中寬 縹緲烟霞裏 巉巖幾百盤 五臺山下路 日暮步遲遲 入院渾忘世 登樓却憶師 鍾聲雲裏寺 松影月中危 到處心凝定 禪關久不移

At Ugyeong Pavilion[495]

There is a monastery on the moonlit hills,
In the depths of clouds and water.
The moon shines on the pagoda in the yard,
And the wind tolls the bell on the tower.
The night is too quiet to fall asleep,
The spirit is full of poetic thoughts.
Take off my cap to compose a line,
My white hairs are all messed up.

次右慶樓韻
含月山有寺 雲深水重重 月映庭中塔 風鳴樓上鍾 夜靜夢魂斷 興多詩思濃 岸巾吟一絶 白髮轉髼鬆

495 It probably indicates a pavilion at Sacheonwangsa (Four Heavenly Kings Monastery), in Gyeongju, the capital of the Silla Dynasty (57 BCE–936 CE).

To Sage Mun

The pensive dialogue between the two wayfarers
Does not seem to know the passing of the time.
A mind at ease can banish the world;
Old age helps us to forget the body;
The extinction of karmic actions subdues worldly conditions;
And concentration of the mind opens the dharma eyes.
The wish to know how to sit quietly,
Will shine on the sutras of our mind.

次李相韻贈文道人

客裏還逢客 談懷日欲傾 心閑能外世 年老已忘形 磨業塵緣靜 凝神道眼明 想知常宴坐 返照自心經

To Hui Sunim[496]

Pine pollen I have eaten all my life,
With lotus leaves I shall pass my remaining years.
My aim is fixed like a mountain peak,
My mind is settled like the sea.
All my concern has been to find the Way,
Not relying on cry-stopping cash.[497]
If I manage to attain emptiness of mind,
Like dust I shall return to the beginning of the world.

[496] Probably Huieon (1561–1647), one of the disciples of the author of this poem. As the dharma successor of Master Buhyu, he established one of the seven sectarian schools that succeeded the Master's teachings.

[497] Deceiving a crying child by giving it yellow leaves as golden bank notes. An expedient method approved in meditation practice to lead the student to the right way.

次熙師韻
松花長作食 荷葉過殘年 立志如山嶽 安心似海天 常懷求道念 不滯止啼錢 若到心空處 同塵隨世緣

Condolence on the Death of Song'un[498]

Dwelling on Pongnae[499] in the clouds and mists,
At the news of invasion you came out of the mountains.
Heedless of self, for the defence of the country,
You crossed the seas to make peace and save the world.
All through your military service, you kept your mind,
All the while in government you had no ambition.
There is no way to stop the fate of life and death,
But when we meet again, you will have regained your old face.

For half a hundred years you have confronted the chaos of the world,
How many nights in uniform have you spent by the river village?
Faed with arrows and stones, your mind was unmoved,
Your merits were known to the people, you were ever more revered.
Its all over, the sea banners are toppled now,
Ah, whom shall I ask about this profound will (of heaven)?
The autumn day when we met, do you remember?
Now I send a fellow monk to comfort your distant soul.

挽松雲章

498 Song'un (Yujeong, 1544–1610) led the Sangha Volunteer Army to fight against Japanese invasion of the peninsula (1592–1598), and also went to Japan as a government envoy to secure the release of Korean prisoners of war and bring them back home. His dharma name was Yujeong 惟政, and his pen names were Samyeongdang 四溟堂, Song'un 松雲 (pine cloud). Song'un and Buhyu, the author of this verse, were close friends as the venerable priests of the time.

499 Another name for Diamond Mountain, see note 263, above.

高臥蓬萊杳靄間 聞兇入境出深山 忘身爲國輸忠節 渡海和戎濟世難 長在轅門心自適 常遊宦路意猶閑 死生有數存亡隔 相見唯期換舊顔 半百年間逢世亂 戎衣幾夜宿江村 親臨矢石心無劫 功被生民德益尊 已矣海幢從此倒 嗟哉密旨向誰聞 秋天相見君知否 又送門人慰遠魂

Sanyeong Pavilion[500]

The shadow of millennial cypress on the ancient riverbank,
The midnight toll of the distant bell beneath the new moon.
The morning mists stretch far out to sea,
The chorus of spring birds call the mountain monk.
Emerald the water in front of the pavilion, the breeze in my face,
The heavy dews of the clouds beyond the eaves wet my clothes.
How wonderful is it to lean on the railing all day,
My heart is like a mirror, spotless and free.

次山影樓題

千年檜影溪邊古 半夜疎鍾月下新 十里朝烟連海氣 數聲春鳥喚山人 樓前水碧風生面 檻外雲濃露滴巾 終日憑欄多勝事 胸中如鏡自無塵

Reply to the Verse Sent by Gentleman Kim

The confused and dusty world is like a house on fire,
The man dwelling in the woods has forgotten his name.
Living at ease he has only the moon and the mountains,
Quietly sitting and burning incense to seek the sutra in his heart.
The sound of the bell deep in the night strengthens his resolve,

500 A pavilion built across the river that runs in front of the famous monastery Yujeomsa on Diamond Mountain.

The autumnal light of the evening sky moves his poetic sentiment.
Where is the reclusive sender of this verse?
By the balustrade reciting, his eyes ever brighter.

次寄金生員

塵世紛紛如火宅 隱淪林下擬亡名 閑居無事弄山月 靜坐焚香尋自經 半夜鍾聲添意氣 暮天秋色動詩情 何處幽人吟送句 臨軒一詠眼還明

Reply to Master Jongbong[501]

The Buddha-dharma's dissemination and practice is timeless,
Because there could not be any rise and fall in the mind.
The brains of demons and heretics will split at its sound,
After the words of truth, everyone will take them to their heart.
The dharma assembly will be held right there,
The true-nature will return with great confidence.
Birdsong and blossom-fall, that is the truth,
Should I just enjoy, to whom should I speak?

Now is five hundred years since Buddha's decease,[502]
And our faith is declining day by day.
Silly songs are all that people know,
Who will then keep the incomparable doctrine?
If monkeys want to jump, it's hard to stop them,

501 A pen name of the Venerable Master Yujeong, see note 497, above.

502 A reference to the second of the three periods of Buddha's teaching: first, the period of illustrious doctrine of the Buddha, practice, and realization of enlightenment, which will last for 500 years after Buddha's decease; second, the semblance period lasting until 1,000 years after Buddha's decease, when the doctrine and practice still flourish, but there is no realization of enlightenment; third, the period of decay which will last for 10,000 years after Buddha's decease, when only doctrine remains and there is neither practice nor realization of enlightenment.

If the horse gallops away, it won't come back.
If there is no illustrious sage in this age of decline,
To whom shall we entrust the truth of the doctrine?

次鍾峰

佛法流行不關時 卽心便是豈盛衰 聲前魔外俱腦裂 句後人天共任持 法會儼然當處在 禪風凜爾箇中歸 鳥啼花落眞消息 只自熙怡說向誰 今當後五百年時 吾道陵夷日益衰 可笑巴歌人共和 堪嗟了義孰能持 心猿騰逸難調制 意馬飄馳不復歸 叔世若非終南老 法門消息付與誰

To Genius Min

Owing to the war, the whole world is covered with smoke and dust,
And there is no end of worries of the people and the nation.
How long has the Kingdom been in danger?
It has been years since the King fled in his carriage.
Standing alone in the setting sun, longing for a good general,
Anxiously on moonlit nights questioning heaven.
It is very quiet and there is no one who could raise an army;
Softly softly flowed my tears beside the white clouds.

次閔秀才

干戈四海漲烟塵 憂國憂民思渺然 宗社傾危今幾日 乘輿播越已多年 斜陽獨立思良將 月夜沈吟問上天 擧義寥寥無一士 茫茫垂淚白雲邊

To Hwan Sunim

The Way originally had no words, it is not easy to explain,
It also has neither form nor colour that can be described.
Beneath the cliff, the green bamboo stands with the clouds,
And the yellow blossom on the terrace is fragrant with the dew.

贈環師
道本忘言難指注 更無形色可思量 巖前翠竹和雲立 臺上黃花帶露香

To any Seon monk

It is nothing special to visit a master and study the Dao;
It is like riding the ox to go home.
You can take a big stride at the end of a hundred feet pole,
Countless Buddhas are just flowers before the eyes.[503]
Plucking weeds[504] and respecting the wind are also nothing special;
I should like to see myself before my parents gave birth to me.
If you happen to tread on the crown of Vairocana Buddha,
What you will see is nothing but a meditation out of the ordinary.

贈某禪子
尋師學道別無他 只在騎牛自到家 百尺竿頭能闊步 恒沙諸佛眼前花 撥草瞻風無別事 要明父母未生前 忽然踏着毘盧頂 觸目無非格外禪

To Elder Jun

When you visit to ask a question, you must rid yourself of pride;
When you practise, you should banish greed and anger.
If you regard praise and censure as passing winds,
With your mind empty of all things, the Way will itself come new.

贈峻上人
參問須宜除我慢 修行只合去貪嗔 雖聞毀譽如風過 萬事無心道自新

503 I.e. illusions. The Buddhas are as numerous as the grains of sand [in the Ganges].

504 The grass here means ignorance.

Reply to Gentleman Yang

Cover your tracks, hide your fame, so that none know you;
You do not have to see by yourself and verify.
Though the scholar's hat and the monk's robe have different names,
When the words come with the wind of Seon, their meaning is the same.

次梁生員

晦迹韬光人不識 何緣目擊認心通 儒冠釋服名雖異 語及禪風意亦同

An Idle Verse in the Mountain

I sweep the yard, offer incense, and close the door to the day.
This body may feel lonesome and dreary, but this mind is at ease.
When the autumn wind stirs the leaves by the window
Free of care, I always read the ancient teachings.

山中閑詠

掃地焚香晝掩關 此身孤寂此心閑 秋風葉落山窓下 無事常將古敎看

A Sentiment

Seeking the truth, stumbled into arguments of right and wrong;
Not noticing that that for years I've been the butt of laughter.
Only waking did I know that self and the world are but phantoms,
And resolved to stay by the white cloud for the rest of my life.

感懷

尋眞誤入是非端 不覺多年作笑端 夢罷始知身世幻 誓心終老白雲端

Reply to Layman Byeon

Where the streams flow and the rocks are strange,
You have settled to live for a hundred years.
Deep in the clouds and hidden places, who might come?
Only a mountain monk will come and knock on the gate.

次邊處士山居韻
溪水潺湲石怪奇 卜居應定百年期 雲深地僻人誰到 唯有山僧來打扉

To Elder Sun

A body dreaming in a thatched three-mat hut;
Sitting upright and without care is how he passes the time.
If anyone asks the joys of secluded life,
Its how the beauty of Maple Peak is refreshed by the rain.

贈淳上人
茅屋三間一夢身 兀然無事坐經春 有人若問幽居興 楓嶽奇觀雨後新

A Sentiment

Jade green the moss on the hall, that's buried the path,
No strength to advance, and a mind so sad.
What a pity not to grasp the diamond sword[505]
And waste time to no purpose in the cloudy hills.

Life floats on and on like the river flowing east,
Before you know it, autumn frost crowns my head.
Matters strive against mind, and the body is old;
Standing alone in the sunset, I cannot help but be sad.

505 The sword that can cut off any defilement.

感懷
玉殿苔生沒路頭 進前無力意悠悠 可憐不把金剛劍 空向雲山暗度秋 浮生冉冉水東流 不覺秋霜已落頭 事與心違身又老 斜陽獨立不堪愁

To Jo Sunim

A hundred years of night and day, your body in a dream;
How could you go on the way you have been doing?
If you want to know the truth beyond the frame,
Just go to the mountain peak and ask the man of stone.

贈照禪和
百歲光陰夢裏身 豈能長久莫因循 要知格外眞消息 須向峰頭問石人

Autumn Sentiment

Its been fifty years, my head is already white,
Lying alone on my sickbed, my thoughts are sad.
With purpose unfulfilled, I have vainly grown old,
No better than the mountains when the fall hits the trees.

秋日感懷
半百年間已白頭 病床孤臥意悠悠 不成壯志空成老 況値千山落木秋

To Gyeongryun Sunim

All my life I have roamed at the edge of the clouds,
With no mind for cares, I have lived at ease.
Nowhere in the green mountains that is not my land,
And still today with my short staff, I follow my destiny.

贈敬倫禪子
平生放浪倚雲邊 萬事無心任自便 何處青山非我土 短笻今日又隨緣

Feelings about Scholars Fleeing from Disorder

Concerns about the nation and people are mounting everyday,
And so many dwellings are ravaged by the war.
Though my breast is filled with patriotic feelings,
Just my one arm has no power to reveal my ardent mind.

Moving to escape the bandits, I went deep in the mountain,
All around war is raging ever closer.
The capital has fallen and people are dying in their beds,
Who will confront the enemy and comfort Heaven?

The fierce Japanese crossed the sea and destroyed the walls,
Soldiers captured both capitals[506] and burned them down.
No one from inner or outer circles, is resolved to fight to the death;
Where to find one who will show loyalty to the King?

The East and Northern regions are dark with smoke and dust,
The refugees have been escaping East and West for months.
The bandits spread all over like wildfire,
The people have no place where they can be safe.

It is truly a difficult time to be born
When everything is tiresome and dangerous.

506 They indicate the ancient capitals of the country: Hanyang, the capital of the Joseon Dynasty (1392–1910) and the present Seoul, and Gaeseong, the capital of the Goryeo Dynasty (918–1392).

In the whole country, people are killed in their beds,
In the sunset I stand and the tears flow in streams.

次諸賢避亂書懷

憂國憂民日益深 只緣兵火萬家侵 滿腔雖有忠情在 隻手無因露赤心 移棲避寇入山深 四境干戈日益侵 又陷京都人枕死 誰能禦敵慰天心 兇倭渡海陷諸城 兵火屠燒又兩京 中外無人效死戰 事君何處見忠誠 湖東湖北暗烟塵 播越東西幾朔旬 賊勢四方如火熾 蒼生無處可安身 生斯季運命途薄 身帶窮愁世亦危 擧國人民交枕死 斜陽獨立淚雙垂

At Sanggyesa

The green mountains ever shine above Sanggye,
The cranes are gone, no-one the hidden stony path.
Standing alone, it grieves my heart to think these remains,
At sunset the birds return to roost in the clouds.

題雙溪寺

青山依舊映雙溪 鶴去人亡石逕迷 獨立傷心思故跡 夕陽歸鳥入雲栖

To Song'un[507]

Pick tea leaves in the morning, gather firewood at eve,
And harvest wild berries: I am not totally poor.
Burn incense and then sit alone with no other cares,
Though I do wish I had some close friends to talk with.

寄松雲

朝採林茶暮拾薪 又收山果不全貧 焚香獨坐無餘事 思與情人一話新

[507] See note 497, above.

Chwijeok Peak[508]

After the rain, the mountain flowers dazzle the eye,
The tracks of Immortal Choi,[509] a thousand years old.
But why seek after longevity and everlasting youth?
Still I hear the lonely melody of the flute in the cloud.

吹笛峰
雨後山花照眼明 崔仙陳迹已千齡 長生不老何須問 雲裏依然吹笛聲

Hongryu[510] Valley

When the rain stops, the mountain grass is even greener,
Flowers bloom along both banks, red reflected in the stream.
Strolling about reciting verse and lost my way home.
It must be that my body is empty, and so too are all things.

紅流洞
雨歇春山草色濃 花開兩岸映溪紅 徘徊唫賞忘歸路 疑是身空物亦空

Ridiculing Pompous People

Human life is evanescent, a lightning flash,
Wearing out the spirit in going to and fro.

508 'Flute-playing Peak' – one of the many peaks of Mt Gaya.

509 Choi Chiwon (857–?): At the last period of the Silla Dynasty, disillusioned at the corruption of politics of the time, he secluded himself in Gaya Mountain, where the present Haeinsa, one of the Triple-Gem monasteries in Korea, representing the Dharma, is located. The legend tells that he went to heaven in his last age leaving only a pair of shoes behind.

510 Hongryu means 'red stream.'

Retire among woods and streams, be poor but happy,
You will not know fatigue, or the winds of right and wrong.

嘲士大夫
人間浮命電光中 徒費精神走北東 退隱林泉貧亦樂 不知身困是非風

A Warning to the World

A hundred years go by in an instant,[511]
There is no way to abide for long in this world.
You must be diligent when you are healthy and young,
Otherwise you must get busy at your dying hour.

What a shame it is to waste one's time,
In the world, people grow old in the midst of right and wrong.
Far better to sit upright on the platform,
Apply oneself to study, and inherit the patriarchal way.

警世
百歲光陰如過隙 何能久住在人間 宜隨强健須勤做 生死臨時不自閑 虛負光陰眞可惜 世間人老是非中 不如端坐蒲團上 勤做功夫繼祖風

Verse composed when Ill

So sickly is this body of mine that I spent in bed
All summer in pain, and now it is autumn.
Who said that our lives are but a fleeting moment?
Years go by and I am still not dead, that makes me sad.

---

511 Literally: 'going past a crack,' a metaphor of a horse galloping past a crack in the door, so only seen for a split second. See note 122, above.

Attacked by cold and heat, my heart and belly ache,
There is absolutely no way to ease this sickly body.
Far better to cremate this body like a shooting star,
And return to the original body of true-suchness.

病吟
一身多病臥床頭 自夏沈吟又過秋 誰道須臾人命在 延年不死亦多愁 冷熱交侵胸腹痛 千謀無計可安身 不如星火闍維盡 還合眞如本自身

Deathbed Verse

For seventy years I have wandered the sea of illusion,
This morning, I shall shed this body, and return to the original source.
Originally the true tradition of emptiness had no obstruction,
Where then do we find the roots of enlightenment, life and death?

臨終偈
七十餘年遊幻海 今朝脫殼返初源 廓然眞性元無礙 那有菩提生死根

XIII

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF GREAT MASTER SAMYEONGDANG (1544–1610)

四溟堂大師集

XIII. Collected Writings of Great Master Samyeongdang (1544–1610) 四溟堂大師集

A Scribbling

The clumsy scheme is the cause of failures,
Sat deep into the night and never closed the gate.
Investigated thirty-thousand eight-hundred schemes,
And found that my forty-nine years are wrong.
Is there anyone who is truly awakened in this age?
Very few have practised meditation without fault of old.
The bell was quiet, the moon was sinking, the sky was brightening,
With a start I found my clothes soaked by the dew.

謾書
藏舟計拙事多違 坐到更深不掩扉 細數三千八百策 方知四十九年非 秖今穿耳人誰在 從古枯禪世所稀 鐘盡月沈天欲曙 始驚寒露濕蘿衣

Parting from Secretary Byeon in Autumn, 1599

When the summons came from the court, I entered military service,
A moment that divided lands of barbarism and civilization.
The whole world is in disorder, war is still raging,
For ten years I have fought off the enemy, and again I must serve.[512]
At the corner of the fort, at sunset I watch the birds return,
With a heart longing to return I gaze at the fleeing clouds.
When shall we have done with sweeping out the evil spirit?
Stirring the ash in the bronze duck,[513] I burn a little incense.

512 Instead of returning to the monastery, he had to remain in military service even after the war ended, for reasons such as the construction of defensive walls and other urgent matters.

513 'Bronze duck' – censer in the shape of a duck.

己亥秋 奉別邊注書
恭承朝命下轅門 夷夏山河到此分 四海風塵猶轉戰 十年征戍更從軍 城隅落照看廻鳥 天外歸心望去雲 掃盡妖氛定何日 撥灰金鴨細香焚

Passing Jincheon[514]

At the old inn on the Double Ninth[515] I grieve to carry a sword,
My body is sick, and I have only the moon for company.
To be roasting taro at Hyeongbong, that is my desire,
The official path, riding a horse: how could they suit me?
In this pestilential sea, for ten years I have guarded the border,
When can I fix my day of return to the fragrant monastery?
In the clear sky a single goose flies into the distance, east of the river
By the flickering lamp I inspect my worn-out clothes.

過震川
古驛重陽抱劍悲 病身唯有月相隨 衡峯燒芋眞吾願 官路乘肥豈我宜 瘴海十年空遠戍 香城何日定歸期 天淸一雁江東遠 明滅燈前攬弊衣

Reception of the Cabinet Ministers in the Capital Before Leaving for Japan as an Envoy[516]

For years I have made mistakes, a silly waste of life,
For months in dharma robes I have tarried in the capital.

514 This is the name of a place in North Chungcheong Province, presumably the site of one of the fierce battles the Master waged as a General in command of the Sangha Volunteer Army.

515 Jungyangjeol: festival day of the ninth day of ninth month in the lunar calendar.

516 After the war, the author was sent to Japan by the royal court in 1604, when he was 61 years old, as an envoy, and returned with 3,500 Koreans who had been prisoners of war.

I miss my peaceful life, and hate not to see the spring,
In my song I am driven half mad, thinking of the mountains.
Floating a cup, I joke about crossing the sea;
Tossing my staff, I am ashamed to be talking of military things.
There are many elders who could take care of the state affairs;
I wish to receive beautiful verses when on my eastern journey.

謹奉洛中諸大宰乞渡海詩
年來做錯笑餘生數月荷衣滯洛城 愁病平分送春恨 歌吟半惱憶山情 浮杯謾道堪乘海 飛錫初羞誤說兵 爲國重輕諸老在 願承珠唾賁東行

To a Roaming Monk

You came by river and sea,
You went by river and sea.
By river and sea the way is long,
Where then shall we meet again?

贈行脚僧
爾從江海來 還從江海去 江海路迢迢 重逢又何處

Manpok Falls[517]

Of the mundane world this is the White Jade Capital:[518]

517 Manpok 萬瀑 means 'ten thousand falls.' It is in the Inner Diamond Mountain, where there are countless falls and pools. For Jeong Seon's depiction of this scenic place, see Ch'oe Wan-su, *Paintings by Chŏng Sŏn* (1676–1759), ed. and trans. by Youngsook Pak and Roderick Whitfield, London: Saffron Books, 2005, pp.90–93.

518 The palace of the heavenly Gods. Famous poets from Li Bai in the Tang and Su Shi in the Song dynasty onwards have used this expression in their poems.

With glass valleys and fragrant walls.
A myriad falls are shooting down, a thousand peaks are capped with snow;
And their long sounds startle heaven and earth.

萬瀑洞
此是人間白玉京 琉璃洞府衆香城 飛流萬瀑千峯雪 長嘯一聲天地驚

Sitting by Night in the Autumn Studio

Sitting alone, unable to sleep, pursued by thoughts,
Fireflies like fleeting shadows passed the western corridor.
On the lofty mountain the moon was rising in the autumn sky,
Just one night's mind to return, my ear hair is already frosted.[519]

秋軒夜坐
獨坐無眠羈思長 數螢流影度西廊 崇山月出秋天遠 一夜歸心鬢已霜

Writing My Thoughts

Of late I have had many ills, and I sigh by the dragon bell,
Of my rare close friends, half are already gone.
Only left are the clouds, pines, and deer,
In my evening years I grow old with the serried peaks.

寫懷
邇來多病歎龍鐘 親友凋零半已空 獨有雲松與麋鹿 暮年相伴老重峯

519 As a monk the writer has a shaven head, but his ear hair has grown white with age.

To Elder Yeong'un

Thousands of devils, countless difficulties are but phantoms;
They are like a boat carried back and forth by the rapids.
When you can penetrate the diamond and swallow the chestnut bur,
Only then will you know your parents before you were born.

贈靈雲長老

千魔萬難看如幻 直似灘頭掇轉船 呑透金剛竝栗莿 方知父母未生前

Sitting in Autumn at Black Crane Gorge[520]

With a gust of the West wind, the rain has stopped,
In the vast sky not a wisp of cloud was to be seen.
I sat dead still in the empty room admiring these marvels,
Heaven-scented cassia flowers were falling all around.

青鶴洞秋坐

西風吹動雨初歇 萬里長空無片雲 虛室尸居觀衆妙 天香桂子落紛紛

To Elder Han

Beneath your robe, the mani-gem is there as always,
You should never mistake the shape in the mirror to be real.
Turn your body round and be straight in your old home,
As soon as you see your aged parents you will be at ease.

贈閑長老

衣下麽尼依舊在 不須虛認鏡中頭 翻身直到故園裏 一見爺孃方始休

520 A secluded and beautiful valley on Mt Jiri.

To Dharma Instructor Nan

The myriad doubts all arise from a ball of single doubt,
Doubts come, doubts go, just see yourself with doubt,
You will capture dragons and phoenixes,
And with a single blow demolish those iron walls.

贈蘭法師
萬疑都就一疑團 疑去疑來疑自看 須是拏龍打鳳手 一拳拳倒鐵城關

To Hermit Muk[521]

Meditation practice needs not many words,
Just be always silent when you see yourself.
If you should lose Zhaozhou's *mu*,[522]
Even if your mouth has no words, I will have nothing to do with you.

My Master is the Buddha of India;
He is able to send even a cripple to his native home.
But now, you do not have to return to come home:
The moon hangs over the green cassia, the gibbons sing.

贈默山人
參禪不用多言語 只在尋常默自看 趙州無字如忘却 雖口無言我不干 我師天竺金仙氏 直使跉跰返故園 自是不歸歸便得 月臨青桂有啼猿

521 Muk means 'silent'.

522 *Mu*: 'nothing.' The allusion is to a conundrum of Tang monk Congshen (778–897) from Zhaozhou (see note 176, above); a monk asked him if dogs possessed the Buddha nature, and Congshen replied 'Nothing.' 'But,' objected the monk, 'the Buddha said that all sentient beings have the Buddha nature. Is not a dog a sentient being?' The Master replied: 'Nothing.'

A clumsy reply to an Old Confucian Scholar on Takeshima, who criticised me for not getting any rest

I am a descendant of the Im family of Seoju,
My family was poor and there was nowhere to abide.
As there was no one to depend on I fled the world,
With my foolish ideas, I lay with the clouds and pines,
Living in the mountains and rivers in my dharma robes,
Facing the dangers of the world with my three-foot staff.
This is my 'empty gate,' my allotted task,
No need to run in all directions because of devilish obstructions.

在竹島 有一儒老 譏山僧 不得停息 以拙謝之
西州受命任家裔 庭戶堆零苟不容 無賴生成逃聖世 有懷愚拙臥雲松 山河去住
七斤衲 宇宙安危三尺笻 是我空門本分事 有何魔障走西東

Thoughts on Watching Chrysanthemums in Bloom at the Inn on Tsushima[523]

The leaves whistle as they fall on the sandy shore,
North of the sea, autumn clouds fill the sky.
Now we are past Jungyang,[524] yet I cannot return,
Nor can the yellow blossoms cure the sadness of the guest from afar.

The wayfarer's confused mind is like tangled hemp;
At sunset he vainly watches the crows fly north.

523 An island between Pusan and Fukuoka on the Korea Strait. In the Joseon Dynasty, all travellers between the two countries usually stopped at this island on their journey.

524 Jungyang ('double *yang*'), festival of the ninth day of the ninth lunar month. Nine being a *yang* number, this moment of maximum *yang*, marking an imminent gradual return of *yin*, is both an auspicious and a dangerous time.

Who said that monks have no mind to look back?
In my dream, my spirit fords the waves of the Han River.

Waking from my dream, the screen hides the shades of night,
The sky is clear and cloudless, the blue sea stretches afar.
The door is closed and insects flit across the waning moon,
With nowhere to send clothes,[525] a bright frost is falling.

在馬島館 庭菊大發 感懷
蕭蕭落葉下汀洲 天末歸雲海北秋 節過重陽不歸去 黃花空遣遠人愁 旅遊心緖亂如麻 落日空瞻北去鴉 誰道山僧無顧念 夢魂頻度漢江波 錦屛回夢夜蒼蒼 雲盡天晴碧海長 門掩候蟲殘月曙 寄衣無處有淸霜

New Year's Eve in Hompō-ji[526]

With the world this old man of pines and clouds
Does not agree in attire and thought.
This night the year is done,
When shall I return to my country so far away?
My robe is wet with foreign rain,
Yet I worry lest the temple gate be closed.
Sat and burned incense, but could not sleep,
At daybreak the snow is softly falling.

在本法寺 除夜
四海松雲老 行裝與志違 一年今夜盡 萬里幾時歸 衣濕蠻河雨 愁關古寺扉 焚香坐不寐 曉雪又霏霏

525 The clothes would be useful to keep warm, but where can they be sent?

526 A monastery where the Master stopped when he was in Japan as an envoy. There is a monastery of this name in Kyōto.

XIV

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF MASTER CHEONGMAE (1548–1623)

青梅集

XIV. Collected Writings of Master Cheongmae (1548–1623) 青梅集

Striking Sound of Bamboo and Master Xiangyan[527]

Dragon-like, the old tree bringing me joy,
My skull becomes bright as knowledge turns the darkness.
With a crashing sound the void is smashed to bits,
On the endless moonlit waters, a single boat let loose.

香嚴擊竹
龍吟枯木猶生喜 髑髏生光識轉幽 磊落一聲空粉碎 月波千里放孤舟

HA!

At the deafening chilly sound the bright sun turns to dusk,
And the sharp point of a needle ridicules the sun and moon.
Smiling, I picked a flower and my household was in mourning,
Then I grasped the void and sundered it in two.

喝
磊落寒聲白日昏 針鋒頭上弄乾坤 拈花微笑家初喪 更把虛空作兩分

The Light that Could Not Penetrate

The sun rises on the snowy peak, but its still not light,
The moon on the maple tree is not yet full.
There is no doubt about the truth attained through the mind,
Far off, the monastery bell is heard by the traveller in his boat.

527 See note 393, above.

光不透脫
日上雪峯光却薄 月依風樹影難全 以心解道分明在 遠寺鍾聲到客船

Dismissing Books

The essence of scholarship is to cultivate the Way,
The essence of the Way is to bring life to the full.
When life is full in the land of bliss,
What use to read a thousand sutras?

置卷
學本爲修道 道本爲全生 全生安樂國 何必轉千經

Show It to the Man Who Seeks the Dharma

There are countless fish in the sea,
And there is another sea in each of the fish.
The sea has no discrimination,
And so is any of the Buddha-dharma.

示求法人
一海衆魚游 各有一大海 海無分別心 諸佛法如是

To Those Who Seek the Dharma in the Wrong Place

The poor sentient beings!
They long for the treasures of other people
Not knowing how precious are themselves.
So is the cultivation of the Buddha-dharma.

求他作

可惜世間人 不知自身貴 羨他豪富人 求佛法如是

To the Most Venerable Uicheon

Studying the sutras is not the true way to awakening,
And keeping silence is also vain efforts.
The autumnal sky is clear as the sea,
And only a moon is hung in the empty sky.

贈義天禪子
看經非實悟 守默也徒勞 秋天淡如海 須是月輪孤

When I Was on the Road

When I was on the road at night, bright was the moon,
And yellow flowers were busy blooming,
The West wind also seemed to have a lot to do,
Such as blowing the dead leaves to drop them by the creek.

途中
明月途中夜 黃花客裏秋 西風亦多事 吹葉落溪頭

What Is the Right Way to Know?

If you think you know by what you think you know,
It is like grabbing empty space with your hands.
Knowledge is something that you already know;
Not knowing is the knowledge of knowing.

看到知知篇
若以知知知 如以手掬空 知但自知己 無知更知知

To the Seon Master Daegyu

Being of the same nature, the dharma embraces everything,
Having no distinctions, the dharma leaves out nothing.
Even shouting at the top of your voice, there is no response,
But beside you the wind is blowing through the pines.

贈大圭禪僧

同一性故法慷取 絶異相故法無舍 盡力高聲喚不應 傍邊自有松風和

Spring Day

My fellow monk has gone out to beg for food,
The kitchen boy is brewing pine needle tea.
Going out, its a surprise that spring is gone,
The wind is hitting the peach trees till the blossoms fall.

春日

友也江村乞食去 知厨童子煮松茶 出門驚見春歸盡 風打桃源欲落花

The Old Fisherman

Well he knows how the sea wind raises the waves,
He gathers in the nets and hangs them from the cliff.
All day he curls up and sleeps a deep sleep,
And knows not the egret in flight has brushed his aged face.

漁翁

深知風海起波瀾 收却絲綸掛石端 盡日曲肱閑睡熟 不知飛鷺拂衰顔

Coming Down the Mountain

When I entered the mountain, the leaves were still in bud,
Now my eyes are full of scarlet trees;
Without my knowing, spring has turned to fall.
Things are divided into present and past;
Do not sleep under the same tree twice,[528]
So my Buddha once cautioned me.
A lone crane looked after the monastery,
Now it flies away out of the valley.

出山

來時葉未開 滿眼皆紅樹 不知春復秋 物有成今古 樹下不再宿 吾佛曾垂戒 守菴孤鶴 在 迢然出洞府

Condolence for the World

A wild man came in from outside
He says that our world is in trouble.
The spirit of massacre has overran the village,
Those dead from hunger fill the fields.
Armed strife increases day by day,
Even kindred have no compassion.
Corvée duties are heavier year by year,
Wive and children flee in all directions.

悼世

野人自外來 道我世煩劇 癘氣捲閭閻 餓莩滿阡陌 干戈日益尋 骨肉不相惜 賦役歲益迫 妻兒走南北

528 I.e. if you sleep under the same tree twice, familiarity will cause you to become attached to it.

XV

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF SOYODANG (1562–1649)

逍遙堂集

XV. Collected Writings of Soyodang (1562–1649) 逍遙堂集

Enlightenment

This shelter the world comes in false form,
Shame that so many lives take bodily shape.
The sound of jade dust[529] brought my eyes alive,
Deep in the night the moon shines on the sacred tower.

悟道
蘧廬天地假形來 慚愧多生托累胎 玉塵一聲改活眼 夜深明月照靈臺

The Incense Pavilion of Yeongoksa[530]

Like a tall bamboo the fine monastery is built,
Auspicious mists and clouds fill its stone niches.
Incense smoke and golden altars where devotion's done,
When body and mind are extinguished, no poverty can survive.

The myriad sutras are like the finger that points,
Because of the finger, we can see the moon in the sky.
Not to worry when the moon sets that the finger is forgot,
If I feel hungry, I eat; if I feel fatigued, I sleep.

題燕谷寺香閣
一竿脩竹建精藍 瑞氣祥雲擁石龕 香火金壇修敬盡 身心寂滅豈萌貪 百千經卷

529 Falling petals.

530 Yeongoksa (Swallow Valley Monastery) was first established by Patriarch Yeongi during the Silla Dynasty, and was famous from late Silla to the early Goryeo Dynasty as a centre of meditation practice. It was burned down during the Japanese invasion of the peninsula (1692–1698), and was rebuilt by Master Taeneun (1562–1649), the author of this verse.

如標指 因指當觀月在天 月落忘指無一事 飢來喫飯困來眠

Feelings When Ill

With my sickness I have been sitting for years,
Afraid of the cold, even to go for a walk.
The boy told me that spring was fully bright,
Startled I rose and saw the mountains green with leaves.

病裡書懷

抱疾經年長打坐 惻寒惟恐出門遊 兒童忽報春光盡 驚起看山綠葉稠

Going to the Suburbs in the Cool of the Day

From city or river, whence comes this autumn breeze?
Fireflies flow like water, dotting the evening air.
This coolness suits making a verse on the moon,
All of a sudden, the poetic sentiment fills the pavilion.

新凉入郊墟

江城何處起秋風 螢火如流點暮空 政好乘凉吟夜月 浩然詩思滿樓中

Thoughts on Dwelling in the Mountain

Those residents of the capital who so easily grow fat,
So busy; when could they find a half day of leisure?
So many wonderful sceneries in the mountain,
For a hundred years told for this old monk to see.

The red dust of the city streets is a foot or more in depth,
How many officials have swum or sunk therein?

Who would know that this one white piece of cloud
Heaven bestowed on a poor monk, was worth a hundred gold?

山中咏懷
洛陽城裡輕肥客 役役何曾半日閒 惆悵山中多少景 百年分付老僧看 紫陌紅塵尺許深 幾多游宦客浮沈 誰知一片白雲壑 天付貧僧直萬金

Exhilaration in the Mountain

Those in pursuit of wealth have many troubles,
How many heroes will be free of the world?
Would you know? one old man is out of the dusty net
And lies where the pine breezes cool his bones.

Alone I sleep deep, alone I dawdle,
Half my life in a world of white clouds.
At night, I'm startled out of my timeless dream,
To moonlight and murmur of cool pines by my bed.

山中漫興
一裹逐物多煩惱 幾介男兒脫世間 誰知野老出塵網 高卧松風徹骨寒 我獨昏昏我獨閑 半生身世白雲間 夜來驚破游仙夢 明月松聲一枕寒

For Elder Eun

For ninety years, not stirring, what have you done?
You have made a dharma ground for the clay ox.
Last night at midnight, when you cast off your body,
A great cry like thunder spread in all directions.

示誾長老
九旬禁足何成事 弄得泥牛建法場 三更昨夜翻身去 哮吼雷聲遍十方

To the Dharma Instructor Sangjun

Patriarch Ma showed the Way with a great shout,
The Buddha showed his intent by holding a lotus flower.
Three days of deafness is not a matter of great importance,
He comes with the world, the sun and the moon in his hand.

At Linji, Master Deshan's shout
Could not help but frighten boys and men.
People of the whole world sleep soundly;
Why then insist on rushing with the unruly winds?

賽尚俊法師
馬祖全提一喝來 大雄擔荷大機來 耳聾三日無多子 掌握乾坤日月來 臨濟德山
屎床兒 令人未免一場愁 四海生靈盡安枕 何須强作亂風流

To Seon Practitioner Hakju

The clay ox got a horn on its back before the whip was raised,
Transformed its body to tread on the blue pond mist.
With a great roar to frighten heaven and earth
It has captured the lightning to pierce its nostrils.

示學珠禪子
背角泥牛不擧鞭 翻身踏破碧潭烟 一聲哮吼驚天地 掣電之機鼻孔穿

To Dharma Instructor Gyeu

In the heat, the red lotus sheds its old garments,
The woodcutter boy picks a basketful to bring home.
Who dares respond to the old and soundless melody?
By the river, a stone woman smiles gently.

Outside every house is the way to the capital,
In every place within the caves are lion cubs.
Since I broke the mirror I have no cares,
Just sounds of birds on the flower branch.

示繼雨法師

火裡紅蓮落故衣 木童收拾滿筐歸 古曲無音誰敢和 溪邊石女笑微微 家家門外長安路 處處窟中獅子兒 打破鏡來無一事 數聲啼鳥上花枝

The One Roll Sutra

The four seasons of cold and heat go and come again,
What man is there to know the sutra in his mind?
A solitary old monk, holding a seal with no words,[531]
Spent his life sitting and watching in the shade of the pines.

咏一卷經

四序炎涼去復來 誰人知得自心經 老僧獨把無文印 坐看松陰過一生

To Great Teacher Yeol

As shooting-star or rocket so sharp and lofty,
Like rocks splitting or avalanche so noble your spirit.
For people, life or death is like a royal sabre,
Your stern dignity pervades the five oceans.

Empty space is rent by the shadow of the iron rod,
Startling the clay ox out east of the sea.
Coral and bright moon coolly reflect each other,
Ancient and modern, heaven and earth, all in a smile.

531 The ultimate truth is beyond expression.

贈悅闍梨

飛星爆竹機鋒峻 裂石崩崖氣像高 對人殺活如王劍 凜凜威風滿五湖 金鎚影裡裂虛空 驚得泥牛過海東 珊瑚明月冷相照 今古乾坤一笑中

For Dharma Instructor Cheonhae

True and ordinary both shine in our eyes,
But no-one knows the lotus in the fire.
The old monk is accustomed to the skilful blade,[532]
The moonlit pear blossom hears the nightjar sing.

By the stream, willows burst their golden buds,
The yard is fragrant with snow-white pear.
If you want to know meditation outside the frame,
It is revealed in the every blade of the grass.

Waking from a dream of divine roaming in the pure land,
The chant of the old tree-dragon arouses my feelings.
Those feelings come from no friend of mine,
Sound of rain on the green lotus leaves in the pond.

贈天海法師

眞俗雙明在眼前 無人知道火中蓮 老僧慣得甞游刃 夜月梨花聽杜鵑 前溪柳色黃金嫩 後苑梨花白雪香 欲知格外傳禪妙 百草頭頭不覆藏 神游刧外夢初醒 枯木龍吟起予情 有情不是余朋友 池上綠荷風雨聲

Patriarch Ma's Ha!

532 The allusion is to the master butcher in *Zhuangzi*, whose blade was still sharp after many years of use, because of his comprehensive knowledge of the anatomy of the ox.

The uninscribed seal is free of category,
A clap of thunder that frightens heaven and earth.
The lightning flash and spark are beyond description,
Startled, Master Hwangbo fell and bit his tongue.

馬祖喝

無文印字脫規模 霹靂一聲天地驚 電光石火何擬議 黃蘗翻身吐舌驚

On Hearing the Bell

So clear in the ear, yet who is there to listen?
With no sound or smell, its difficult to perceive.
Taking in or letting go, just as you please,
Ever following both commoners and sages.

It shines, but is not subject to causes and conditions,
Wholly vacant and gnostic, it adapts to a myriad circumstances.
Adapts to a myriad circumstances, penetrates all transformations,
But most people are in the dark, and return to their own confusion.

聞鍾有感

耳裡明明聽者誰 無聲無臭卒難知 收來放去任舒卷 在凡在聖長相隨 昭然不藉緣生底 寥廓虛靈應萬機 應萬機兮具通變 人多昏惑自迷歸

Song of Non-birth[533]

Attained enlightenment early by verifying true and false
And taking both heaven and earth into my breast.

533 I.e. not to be reborn in the world of six modes of existence and so escape the endless cycle of death and re-birth.

Transforming my body and reaching out to the vast cosmos,
I lie and listen to the sound of the stream in the moonlit night.

詠無生
了俗明眞早脫中 雙收天地納匈中 翻身撒手三千外 臥聽溪聲夜月中

Sentiment

We sit and walk together, but the world does not know it,
Face to face, how many people will recognize it?
Looking up or down, you will see and hear it clearly,
What need is there to ask about another's catch?[534]

詠懷
共坐同行世莫知 幾人當面便逢伊 俯仰視聽曾不昧 何須向外問渠歸

In Response to Teacher Sali

If hungry, there's pine pollen; if thirsty, the spring.
When fresh, take a stroll, when tired, then sleep.
Stamp on the demons in the den of life and death,
And ride about in front of and behind the mountain.

Deep in the night a myriad streams make music,
Their crystal clear resonance awakens meditation.

534 The phrase comes from a poem by the Song poet Hua Yue 華嶽 (active early 13th century), in which two boys with nets ask a hungry cormorant about the best place to catch fish.

The bamboo breeze, the pinetop moon are friends of the mind,
Who dares step out from the top of the pole?[535]

次而善闍梨韻
飢則松花渴則泉 健兮閑步困兮眠 踏殺天魔生死窟 騰騰山后與山前 半夜瑤琴萬壑泉 玲瓏清韻攪禪眠 竹風松月爲心友 濶步竿頭孰敢前

A Person of No Rank[536]

Ancient master who has fully understood the void,
Beyond time and space, the single true person.
Through ceaseless change of seas, mountains, wind and clouds
So humble, so august, the ageless one.

無位人
虛徹靈通舊主人 古今天地一眞人 多經海岳風雲變 落落巍巍不老人

Untitled

Crystal moon before and behind the mountain,
In cool breezes from beyond the sea.
Whom shall I ask about the true face of our self-nature?
Then there are the geese dotting the sky.

535 The famous catchword, 'A step forward from the top of a hundred-foot pole' really means is not to abide in attaining enlightenment. That is another form of indolence and attachment. One must proceed beyond even the ideas of enlightenment and Nirvana, and devote oneself to the deliverance of sentient beings in the market place.

536 A true person of no title, beyond the category of the saint and above the Bodhisattva or even the Buddhahood, the stage that no name can be given just like the great empty space and our original-face.

The flowers laugh at the rain on the steps,
The pine trees sing in the breeze past the rail.
What need to exhaust cunning signs?
These things are complete understanding.

With snow-white hair and spring wind face
He roams the mountains and the market place.
The infinite manifestations of sound and light,
All places of themselves are empty and void.

The moonlit waves reflect the cliff,
The stand of pines make pure music.
If these you cannot understand,
You are still thinking of the old woman.[537]

Steep, steep the mountain; cool, cool the water;
Shhh, shhh the breeze; far, far the flowers;
Our lives are no more than this,
Why then scurry hurry for worldly things?

Sitting in a flash of lightning
For men can mean death or life.
With a club that has neither head nor tail,
Smash the bones of empty space.

Going into the woods, he does not touch the grass,
Fording the waters, why should he raise a wave?
Even though it has no great skill,

537 I.e. you still have attachment, referring to the story of a monk and his pupil who came to a river where an old woman was unable to cross. The monk carried her across. Much later that day, the pupil was still thinking of this apparent infringement of monastic vows, while his master had put it out of his mind.

A wooden horse can cross the Yellow River.

The mountain moon throws white on the window,
The sound of the creek comes into the yard.
If you ask the meaning of nine years of silence,[538]
From these it is that you must understand.

Why should the Way not unite with man?
It is man who has no mind to unite with the Way.
If you ask the meaning of this,
One ages, the other is ageless.

The affairs of the world are birds in the air,
This floating life is but foam on the water.
Below heaven there are not many lands,
The mountain monk just has his staff.

無題

月皛山前後 風清海外中 問誰眞面目 更有點天鴻 花笑階前雨 松鳴檻外風 何須窮妙旨 這箇是圓通 雪髮春風面 逍遙山市中 無窮聲與色 觸處自空空 月波飜石壁 松籟送清音 於斯若不會 孤負老婆心 山矗矗水冷 風習習花冥 活計只如此 何用區區順 閃電光中坐 對人能殺活 無頭無尾棒 打破虛空骨 入林不動草 涉水豈揚波 雖然非好手 木馬渡黃河 山月投窓白 溪聲入戶鳴 欲知九年默 須向此中明 道豈不合人 人無心合道 欲識箇中意 一老一不老 世事空中鳥 浮生水上漚 天下無多地 山僧一杖頭

Death Bed Verse

If enlightenment is not enlightenment,
How can Nirvana be one's old home?

538 Bodhidharma practised for nine years in the cave facing the wall when he came to China.

The hair-blowing sword[539] is blindingly bright,
Mere speech and words offend its sharpness.

臨終偈

解脫非解脫 涅槃豈故鄉 吹毛光爍爍 口舌犯鋒鋩

539 The sword is so sharp that if a hair simply falls on its edge, it is immediately cut in half.

XVI

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF PYEONYANGDANG (1581–1644)

鞭羊堂集

XVI. Collected Writings of Pyeongyangdang (1581–1644) 鞭羊堂集

An Incidental Verse in the Mountain

All my life I have loved the great bell,
Until I am old, I have lain under the clouds and pines.
Many fellow practitioners debate the sutras,
Men talk; but the moon's on the mountain top.

山中偶吟
平生愛梵鍾 垂老臥雲松 論經多法侶 人語月中峯

A Verse for Hermit Gyemyeong

In an old monastery on a deserted mountain,
A monk sleeps alone in the lofty pavilion.
Night falls and the autumn rain is chill,
Leaves fall and the whole yard is soaked.

偶吟一絶贈戒明山人
古寺空山中 高樓人獨宿 夜來秋雨寒 落葉滿庭濕

Saying Farewell to Master Cheoneun

This illusory body has no place to rest,
So roam around like the autumn clouds.
Sleep awhile on Pongnae's peak,[540]

540 The highest peak of the Diamond Mountain.

Follow the winds to Stone Gate.[541]

贈別天隱師
幻身無着處 放浪若秋雲 暫宿蓬萊頂 隨風向石門

To Yun Sunim

After roaming hundreds of towns,
The fragrant peak is hung with idle clouds.
Sitting alone deep into the night,
Before me the moonlit peaks are frosty.

示允師
百城遊方畢 香岳伴雲閑 獨坐向深夜 前峰月色寒

Responding to Donglim's verse[542]

The clouds are racing, the sky does not move,
The boat sails on, and the bank stays still.
Originally there was no single thing,
So whence arose joy and grief?

次東林韻
雲走天無動 舟行岸不移 本是無一物 何處起歡悲

---

541 Stone Gate, in Shandong, where the famous Tang poets Li Bai and Du Fu, then aged 45 and 34 respectively, parted in 745, Du Fu to return to Chang'an, and Li Bai to embark on ten years of wandering. They never met again (Guo Moruo, *Li Bai yu Du Fu*, Beijing: Renminwenxue, 1971, p.263).

542 Donglim Hyewon is a disciple of Byeoam Gakseong and the second generation of the Great Master Buhyu Seonsu.

An Incidental Verse

In the clouds, a thousand mountain ranges,
Beyond the rail, a single sound of streams.
If there were not weeks of non-stop rain,
How would we know the clearing sky?

偶吟一絶
雲邊千疊嶂 檻外一聲川 若不連旬雨 那知霽後天

Thoughts at Censer Peak[543]

The earth is resplendent in verdant fields,
High as the sky, Mount Taebaek in autumn.[544]
Jogye's well cultivated virtue
Flourishes in this small room.
After the fall, the thousand trees are bare,
Where clouds are born, just one wisp floats.
With his flying staff he can part tigers,[545]
And turning around, be slow and far.

香爐咏懷
地勝青丘野 天高太白秋 曹溪全德業 小室盛風流 木落千林瘦 雲生一片浮 錫飛能解虎 回首謾悠悠

543 There is a Hyangnobong (Censer Peak) in the Diamond Mountain, and another on Mt Jogye in Jeolla Province.

544 Mt Taebaek (Supreme White) is part of the south-eastern range of mountains, near the east coast, between Gyonggi Province and Jeolla Province.

545 There is a story about monk Seunjo, who separated two fighting tigers by brandishing his staff.

Strolling on Mt Soyo

At evening walking in Soyo vales,
Strange sights of like and unlike.
The earth is tilted, and heaven seems small,
The distant river winds out of sight.
Below the cliff, a path through dense bamboo,
Light clouds as the peaks clear after rain.
Aloud I seek in vain to chant my exhilaration
And grasp the brush: but words are hard to fashion.

遊逍遙山

晩陟逍遙洞 奇觀自異同 地偏天若少 川遠曲迷重 亂竹岩前徑 輕霞霽後峰 高吟徒遣興 揮筆句難工

Dwelling in the Mountain

Since I moved to Tongseongsa
Fine things happened every day.
I made a garden, transplanted tea bushes,
Opened the gate and watched the distant peaks.
At the bright window, I read the sutras,
On my night couch, I practised meditation.
Out in the world, people are too busy
To know this otherworldly calm.

山居

自栖通性後 幽事日相干 造圃移芳茗 開亭望遠山 晴窓看貝葉 夜榻究禪關 世上繁華子 安知物外閑

Reply to Cheoneung Sunim

Who is there to remember this humble person?
It reminds me of the Jogye Order.
At the year's end, the lamp is almost out,
And the waning moon is sinking fast.
Phoenix fledglings nest on the tree of enlightenment,
A fine steed feeds on the steps of meditation.
How sorry I am to be so full of ills,
Vainly I labour to turn my head westward.

次處能韻

何人記賤子 令我憶曹溪 歲暮燈將滅 更殘月欲低 鳳雛巢覺樹 驥子食禪階 自恨供多病 徒勞回首西

Farewell to Master Beobryeon

Though ill, I strive to chant a clumsy verse,
Beobryeong is returning to his old monastery.
The years pass and men must part,
But cares and sickness know no leavetaking.
The snowy path stretches to the end of the sky,
Perilous the plank way round the lone peak.
But the road is not a myriad miles,
You will have time to see the flowers fall.

贈別法蓮師

力疾吟踈句 蓮師故寺歸 歲兼人有別 愁與病無辭 雪逕連天遠 孤峯度棧危 此行非萬里 應見落花時

Thoughts of Autumn

Frost falls on the thousand peaks, grass and trees are sad,
In the world, what place is not anxious.

But you know your body may be old, your mind is not,
Throughout time and space, it is one autumn for the moon.

秋意
霜落千峯草木愁 世間何處不悠悠 君知身老非心老 萬古乾坤月一秋

Retire to Seclusion Leaving the World Behind

All places in the green mountains are Vaisali,[546]
Yet many practitioners of today ask about the Way.
I will not blink when thunder shakes the three thousand worlds,
But I do fear lest Vimalakirti should examine me.[547]

舍衆遁世
青山何處有毘耶 近日禪流問道多 不辭雷震三千界 恐被維摩點檢過

The Flowers in the Garden

After the rain, the flowers in the garden bloomed all night,
Pure fragrance spreads through the window in the new dawn.
There must be some reason the flowers smile to people,
But a cloisterful of Seon monks just let the spring go by.

庭花
雨後庭花連夜發 清香散入曉窓新 花應有意向人笑 滿院禪僧空度春

546 At the time of Buddha Shakyamuni, this was the capital city of a tribe that was not friendly with the neighbouring tribe of Magadha. Buddha discoursed in this region quite often, converting many eminent followers such as Vimalakirti and Amrapali.

547 Famously, Vimalakirti, a layman with great knowledge of Buddhism, engaged in debate with Manjushri, the Bodhisattva of wisdom.

To Sanggyun Sunim

In old age my skill with words is not what it used to be,
These years, I have no strength to greet those who come.
A pure fragrance spreads on the cool morning breeze,
Outside my window, so many mountain flowers in bloom.

贈尙均
機用詞章老欲衰 近年無力接方來 淸香散入曉風冷 窓外山花數朶開

Revealing My Plan for Life to Seolcheong Sunim

Pursuing fashion and avoiding the whip's shadow,
Who could truly become a dragon bone?
Hand grasping the green jade club,
I will smash the demons' cave.
With brocaded scales the fish will pierce the net,
The scarlet phoenix will split the iron chain.
Deep, deep in the sea they swim,
High, high on the peak they stand.
Calling against the wind and rain,
Crying out loud beyond the sky.
The clouds atop Black Mountain Rock,
The moon above Island Prospect Arbour,
Will return at dawn to White Egret Isle,
And then at eve sleep in Yellow Ox Gorge.[548]
Already numinous, yet not significant,
Buddha and the patriarchs, who are they?
No clouds are seen in the evening sky,

---

[548] Yellow Ox Gorge (Huangniuxia), near Yichang in Hubei province, is one of the Nine Gorges on the Yangzi River.

The far mountains are an endless blue.
A light rain falls before the hills,
Green the water in the autumn pools.
Break the sword forest[549] with a shout of Ha!
Extinguish the fiery cauldrons with a blow.[550]
Then cool rain will fall on the burning house,[551]
And a bright candle will shine in the dark street.
I want to ask the meditation practitioners
If they know anything about these truths.
It is mid spring, yet the breeze feels chilly,
I face the snows on the thousand peaks.

衲僧活計示說清

追風忌鞭影 誰是眞龍骨 手把碧玉槌 打破精靈窟 錦鱗須透網 丹鳳鐵鎖裂 深深海底行 高高峰頂立 風前嘯兩嘯 天外喝一喝 烏石嶺頭雲 望洲亭前月 朝歸白鷺洲 暮宿黃牛峽 已靈猶不重 佛祖是何物 暮天雲未合 遠山無限碧 踈雨過前山 野塘秋水綠 劒樹喝使摧 鑊湯吹敎滅 火宅淸凉雨 昏衢光明燭 爲報淸禪人 還知此消息 仲春風色寒 尙對千岩雪

549 One of the hells is a forest of swords.

550 The boiling pots in hell.

551 In Chapter 3 of the *Lotus Sutra*, the parable of the burning house is told as a metaphor for the human condition. People in the world are unaware of the dangers they are in, just as the children playing in the house are unaware that it is on fire.

XVII

COLLECTED POEMS OF GREAT MASTER CHWIMI (1590–1668)

翠微大師詩集

XVII. Collected Poems of Great Master Chwimi (1590–1668) 翠微大師詩集

A Chance Verse in the Mountain

In the mountains, evening clouds are gathering,
In the valleys, the wind is getting up.
With delight I nod my head,
There are wonders in these abstruse forms.

山中偶吟
山靄夕將收 溪風颯欲起 怡然自點頭 玅在難形裡

Dwelling in the Mountain

Even if the mountain does not invite me, I will stay;
Though I do not know what the mountain is.
When mountain and I both forget,
Then there will be time to spare.

山居
山非招我住 我亦不知山 山我相忘處 方爲別有閑

Against Argument

All of us have an illusory body,
All born in an illusory world.
So being illusions in an illusion,
Why argue about illusory things?

警相諍
彼此將幻身 俱生於幻世 如何幻幻中 復與爭幻事

At Baegunam on Diamond Mountain

There is a jade cliff below Nine Springs Peak,
Where a monk has built a small hermitage.
Where will this merit of an evening go?
Hung on a branch, his robe is damp with mountain mist.

金剛山白雲庵有感

九井峰前玉作巖 道人曾搆數間庵 功成一夕歸何處 掛樹袈裟自濕嵐

Facing the Wall

You do not have to run east and west to find the truth,
Facing the wall to contemplate the mind is the patriarch's style.
When you laugh out loud, and others do not understand,
What need to seek some other master?

面壁

叅玄不用問西東 面壁觀心是祖風 自笑一聲人不會 何須更覓主人公

Farewell to Master Chukgong

Locked the patriarch's brushwood gate for the last time,
Lost my dhyana concentration at the moment of parting.
Tomorrow morning no one will be with me under the trees,
Softly falls the autumn rain, and covers the mountain with leaves.

送竺空師

常掩巖扉究祖關 禪心忽變別離間 明朝林下無相伴 秋雨蕭蕭葉滿山

Flowers by the Stream

Ever changing, people's feelings are inconstant,
But the flowers by the stream as always are fragrant and lush.
Nature never indulges in personal preferences;
With spring in mind, how could it take a different red?

澗花
長短人情自不同 澗花依舊綴芳叢 乾坤已着無私力 春意寧敎取次紅

For Elder Taekhaeng

The patriarchal mind shines clearly in the hundred plants.
Why bother to find words to express it?
Most dear to me are the geese at eve on the river,
When a bit of moonlight clothes the autumn splendour.

贈擇行上人
祖意明明百草頭 何須更向口皮求 最憐征鴈江天夕 一片蟾光表裡秋

Waking from Sleep

The slanting sun makes shadows in the eaves beside the stream,
I roll up the blinds and the gentle breeze sweeps the dust away.
The flowers are falling outside the window and no one's around,
The spring song of woodland birds brings me out of my dream.

睡起
日斜簷影轉溪濱簾捲微風自掃塵 窓外落花人寂寂 夢回林鳥一聲春

Autumn Night

The great bell is silent, deep in the night,

Falling leaves rustle like rain in the wind.
Waking I open the window, its too clear to sleep,
Up in the sky the autumn moon is bright and full.

秋夜

寂無鐘梵夜三更 落葉隨風作雨聲 驚起拓牕淸不寐 滿空秋月正分明

Returning Home

As age comes, thoughts of home suddenly fill my head,
Warm days floating cups of spring wine down the Han River.
Everywhere, things are blossoming, like a dream,
Meeting people, chatting and laughing, mostly not true.

At the gate, willows and locusts are all in bloom,
In the garden the pear trees have just set fruit.
Looking back, everything is just as I have always liked,
And behind the walls the triangular peaks are up there with the clouds.

回鄕

老來鄕國忽關神 日暖浮杯漢水春 到處物華渾是夢 見人談笑半非眞 門前槐柳飄花盡 圃後梨海結子新 回首可憐如舊識 背城三角卓雲濱

XVIII

COLLECTED POEMS OF HEOBAEKDANG (1593–1661)

虛白堂詩集

XVIII. Collected Poems of Heobaekdang (1593–1661) 虛白堂詩集

Dwelling in the Mountain

Mountains, rivers, heaven and earth, the moon,
This and that: all these have no concern for each other.
There is a news of coming spring,
Willow catkins scattered everywhere.

山居
山河天地月 彼此兩無心 又得春消息 楊花到處陰

Responding to the Verse of Official Jeong

Sitting, I am cut off from common people and sages,
The fog of ignorance is also brushed quite away.
The radiant mind cuts through the vital point,
Not a grain is left in the whole universe.

次鄭同知韵
坐斷凡聖情 迷雲且掃滅 心光透徹明 沙界摠無物

Climbing to Buljeongdae[552]

A man free as the clouds and water
Grasped his staff and climbed the tall terrace.
Before his eyes there was no single thing,
And the vast sea was smaller than a teacup.

552 It is located on Diamond Mountain, and literally means Buddha Summit Platform.

登佛頂臺
雲水飄然衲 扶筇上高臺 眼前無一物 滄海小於杯

Shown to the Inspector[553] while Sitting Together at Sanyeong Pavilion

Outside the pavilion, after the downpour, the sound
Of the swollen creek cleanses the mind of the traveller.
We talked of mysteries and shared a laugh,
The mountain moon shone on the maple grove.

共坐山影樓示巡使
樓外霪溪水 聲聲洗客心 談玄開一笑 山月照楓林

Bulyeong Terrace[554]

A myriad miles of late autumn radiance,
And leaves falling on a thousand mountains.
In this emptiness there is no single thing,
Just watch the clouds go by in the evening sky.

佛影臺
萬里秋光晩 千山葉正飛 虛閑無一物 看盡暮雲歸

To Leum Sunim

553 The title of a temporary military post, especially in wartime, appointed by the Joseon court.

554 Bulyeong (Buddha's Shadow), a hermitage at Bohyeonsa on Mt Myohyang. It's scenery was so beautiful that it was designated as one of the eight outstanding views of Myohyang. The rising moon is especially beautiful.

We meet in a place where no word is spoken,
The mountain birds have ceased their cries.
If you can, once more reveal the secret,
Or you will regret it ever after[555].

示凜師

相見無言處 山禽已了啼 若能重漏洩 他日恨噬臍

Death-Bed Verse

At the end of the kalpa, when the Three Worlds are burnt,
The numinous mind will shine through the ages.
Then the clay ox will plough by moonlight,
And the wooden horse will seize the scenery.

臨終偈

刧盡燒三界 靈心萬古明 泥牛耕月色 木馬掣風光

Reminiscence of a Thousand Pagodas[556]

Of human-kind this is the true Buddha-realm,
The thousandfold pagoda forest reaches to the clouds.
When birds sing and flowers bloom, who will respond?
Wind and pines make music and need someone to hear.

千佛千塔懷古

此是人間眞佛國 千重鴈塔卓雲林 啼鳥開花誰與和 松風蕭瑟乏知音

---

555 The original text means that even if one tries to bite one's own navel, the mouth can never reach it, which implies any effort that is impossible to attain its end.

556 It probably indicates Unjusa in Hwasun County, South Jeolla Province. Many of its thousand pagodas were either stolen or destroyed, and not many of them are preserved. Other noticeable features are the structures of pagoda and the Buddha images.

Picking Chestnuts

With no way to stop the loud cry of my hungry stomach,
Went out to pick chestnuts, which led me into the clouds.
In the setting sun the mountains are like red brocade,
Drip, drip the autumn rain, the sound of falling leaves.

拾栗

不忍飢腸似電鳴 經行拾栗入雲扃 夕陽山色如紅錦 秋雨霏霏落葉聲

For Hangjun Sunim at his Request for a Verse

Reduce the myriad doubts and see one single doubt,
As doubts come and doubts go, see your self doubt.
Strike the earth and startle heaven as you hit them all,
And the great manifold cosmos you will see before your eyes.

行俊求語

萬疑都就一疑看 疑去疑來疑自看 動地驚天俱打了 大千沙界眼前看

Waiting for a Friend

Climbed the pavilion to anxiously wait for my friend,
But outside the cloister there was no sound of his staff.
When shall we sit face to face by the window of the meditation hall,
All night to trim the lamp-wick and sound our deep feelings?

待友

登樓悵望故人形 軒外無聞杖策聲 何日禪窓親覿面 終霄剪燭洩深情

Scarlet Chrysamthemum

In a thousand woods the yellow leaves fall in the frosty wind,
The scarlet chrysanthemum alone endures the cold.
Whether home or country prosper or fall, it does not care,
Faces break into a smile as it brings solace to all.

紅菊

千林黃葉霜風落 唯有菊紅獨耐寒 家國興亡都不管 破顏開笑向人閑

A Verse for a Thought

My long stay at Fragrant Peak brought many joys,
After the move to Diamond Mountain, joys are even more.
Joys come and joys go, but they are not worldly joys,
Sharing the joys of non-birth, that is the joy of joys.

咏懷

久住香爐樂自多 金剛移入樂尤多 樂來樂去非塵樂 共樂無生樂亦多

Illusory Knowledge

Illusions come and illusions go: all is delusion,
Who knows that the illusory method has no root?
Even if you know that everything is delusion,
Only by extinguishing that knowledge can you enter Nirvana.

幻智

幻去幻來俱是幻 誰知幻法本無根 縱然識得皆爲幻 滅智方登涅槃門

A Warning to the World

Worldly distinctions are but bits of straw,

This floating human life flows like a stream.
If you do not study hard in this life,
You will never know how to become free.

警世
世上功名如草芥 人間浮命似溪流 今生若不須懃做 未識將何得自由

Song of Living in the Mountain

The stony path is steep and dangerous too,
Cut off from the world, few people visit.
Under the moon the fragrant cassia hangs in the yard,
Beyond the clouds the geese return, flying at the end of the sky.
Ssh, ssh the autumn breeze invades the untidy house,
Sss, sss the maple leaves rustle my patchwork robe.
Now I bid farewell to the red and dusty world,
And make a vow with clear mind to deliver all beings.

山居吟
石逕嵯峨行且危 人寰逈絕徃來稀 月中香桂庭前落 雲外歸鴻天際飛 瑟瑟秋風侵踈屋 蕭蕭楓葉撲班衣 而今永別紅塵世 願作明心救庶期

XIX

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF BAEKGOK (?–1680)

白谷集

XIX. Collected Writings of Baekgok (?–1680) 白谷集

Feelings of Exhilaration

The floating clouds go all day,
Going and going, back to the north.
Of any age he was a distinguished man,
But gain and loss are mostly wrong.
From right and wrong what can be gained
When one has chased all those floating clouds?
Floating clouds leave no original trace
But I and the clouds support each other.
In my hands nothing but a peach or bamboo branch,
On my body a garb made of vines.
Of my early mind I am fairly confident,
But alas! I am against the times.

感興
浮雲終日行 行行向北歸 萬古英俊人 得失多是非 是非竟何有 盡逐浮雲飛 浮雲本無跡 我與雲相依 手中桃竹枝 身上薜蘿衣 夙心多自負 空嗟與時違

Staying with Farmers

At sunset. down the mountain, birds in rapid flight,
Thinking of home, this traveller could not return.
As it grew darker in the woods, cicadas were crying,
No one of whom to ask the way, I stood there alone.
Following the bank I came upon a two-house hamlet
Wreathed with bean flowers, quite covering the gate.
The old owner was fast asleep, I could not wake him,
In angry tones he shouted, seeming quite enraged.
An old woman scolded, the dog bit my clothes,

I wanted to give up and go, but had no way to turn.
With lowered face, I just got shelter under the eaves,
A biting wind and heavy frost, such a cold night it was.
Past midnight, some child began a non-stop howl,
A fierce tiger heard it and was peering through the fence.
In all my life I was never in such a fix as this,
Not until daybreak
Could I take my staff and hurry off, without a parting word.

宿田家

落日下山鳥飛急 望鄉客子歸不及 前林漸黑草蟲喧 問路無人時獨立 隨岸忽到兩家村 豆花深處初掩門 主翁堅臥呼不應 怒聲呦呦還見憎 老嫗出叱犬噬衣 雖欲奮去終何歸 低顏僅得弊簷下 風勁霜嚴徹寒夜 夜深嬰兒啼不絶 猛虎聞之覘蘺穴 平生見困莫甚此 直待天明 扶錫促行不告別

A Brief Song

Is there anyone who knows about a brief song?
No matter whether men are happy or sorrowful.
Pounding a tub at the funeral was Zhuangzi's way,[557]
Gaojianli forgot life and death when he struck the lute.[558]
Even though this body is bound between heaven and earth,
Nevertheless I must raise a strong and piercing wind.
There is no truth either in sorrow or pleasure,
No difference between the floating clouds and water,

---

557 Huizi visited Zhuangzi when his wife died and found him pounding on a tub and singing. Huizi said that it might be alright not to weep, but singing was overdoing it. Zhuangzi countered that his wife's death was part of the natural order of things, just like the seasons, and if he were to weep it would show that he didn't understand the nature of fate.

558 He was an accomplished musician who, like his master Jing Ke, attempted and failed to assassinate Qin Shihuangdi, the First Emperor, in his case by striking him with his lute.

And the joys of a brief song are inexhaustible.

短歌行

短歌一曲誰能知 不管人間歡與悲 鼓盆送死莊子休 擊筑忘生高漸離 縛束形骸天地中 終須凜凜生長風 由來哀樂竟非眞 大抵浮雲流水同 短歌之興何無窮

Pear Blossom

All the trees have become the first snow,
Falling from the branches and chasing the wind.
Here and there up and down the valley,
Random dots settling east and west.
Its a pity that the beehives will be useless:
Who will care that the butterflies have no way to go
When the spring flowers are ended,
And the mountain moon is slowly setting?

梨花

滿樹初成雪 辭枝便逐風 亂鋪溪上下 殘點屋西東 自惜蜂房廢 誰憐蝶路窮 一春花事盡 山月謾朦朧

Coming out of the Mountain

Step by step I came out of the monastery,
Birds were singing and the flowers had fallen.
On the foggy beach the way was hard to find,
Rain was falling on the thousand upstanding peaks.

The willow trees on the banks were so very green,
And the peach trees by the creek were reddening every one.
Tapping my staff I returned alone,
The mountain birds were talking the spring breeze.

出山
步步出山門 鳥啼花落後 烟沙去路迷 獨立千峯雨 岸柳條條綠 溪桃樹樹紅 鳴筇獨歸路 山鳥語春風

Imsu Pavilion

At Insu Pavilion[559] I sat by the water
On Mt Seoun[560] I watched the clouds return.
The water is clear and the clouds are white by nature,
Like me, they have no right and no wrong either.

臨水臺
臨水臺前臨水坐 棲雲山上望雲歸 水自澄清雲自白 與吾無是亦無非

559 Insu Terrace (or Pavilion): literally 'terrace overlooking the water.'

560 Seoun: literally 'the mountain where the clouds abide.'

XX

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF CHIMGWAENG (1616–1684)

枕肱集

XX. Collected Writings of Chimgwaeng (1616–1684) 枕肱集

For the Monk Jam

That one precious candle[561] from the West;[562]
Why must you strive so hard to find it?
Late at night after the mountain rain,
The cool moon rose on the Eastern Peak.

呈岑道人
西來一寶燭 何必苦推尋 夜深山雨後 凉月上東岑

Farewell to a Friend

A myriad rivers, a thousand mountains are the way
Sadly you are going alone.
Yet whether you go or stay,
We are all but phantoms in a dream.

送友人
萬水千山路 悽然獨去身 無論去與住 俱是夢中人

A Hermit's Incidental Verse

Do not mock me that my state is low,
I still have a small knife at my waist.

561 Buddha's teaching.

562 India, the birthplace of Buddhism.

My spirit knows no limit in the world,
And every place is home to me.

幽居偶吟
莫笑生涯薄 腰懸一小刀 騰騰天地內 處處盡吾家

Visiting Seonamsa[563] with a Friend

On a clear autumn night at the lonely monastery,
Face to face when the moon was bright,
Here with boundless exhilaration
We sat reciting the poems of the ancients.

與故人遊仙巖寺
秋晴孤寺夜 相對月明時 此中無限興 坐咏古人詩

Listening to the Chimes on a Clear Night

The sound of the chimes woke me up from my dream,
Hastily rising, the moon hung bright through the pines.
How can I be inspired like Tao and Xie[564]
To pour out in writing the feelings they arouse?

清夜聞磬
一聲清磬夢初醒 驚起松窓月掛明 安得思如陶謝手 令渠寫我此中情

563 Seonamsa: literally 'Monastery of the Immortals' Cliff.' There is a pavilion of this name in Jogyesa in South Jeolla Province.

564 Tao Yuanming (Tao Qian, 365–427) and Xie Lingyun (385–433), both celebrated Chinese poets.

To a Travelling Monk

You now have journeyed till forty years of age,
Gorging yourself with all the wisdom of the south.
Why bother seeking fine teachings from the West?
Shorn of clouds the autumn sky, the hook-like moon.

贈行脚僧

爾也年逾四十籌 飽叅知識遍南州 西來妙旨何煩問 雲盡秋空月似鈎

At Osan Retreat[565]

The lofty mountains and the cliffs stretch into the clouds,
A transcendent citadel of sun and moon outside the world
Where a monk is meditating in a quiet stone cave
Heedless of the riotous autumn colours on the peaks.

題鰲山庵

山高岩逈接雲端 世外仙都日月閑 石室蕭然僧入定 不關秋色亂層巒

On the Way Back Home

Home is as distant as the edge of heaven,
So remote that its a seven-day journey.
The leaves of paulownia are falling in the wind,
Bright are the chrysanthemums in the dew.

---

565 It is located on the summit of Mt O (530m above sea level), about two kilometres south of Gurye Township in Hadong County, South Jeolla Province. It is believed to have first established in 544 by Patriarch Yeongi. It is now known as Saseongsa. Its scenery is excellent with the great views open to all directions.

In the lonesome third month of autumn,
Light is the tapping of my staff.
Know that the mountain crane where I live
Waits for me and cries beneath the moon.

歸家時途中作
家在天涯遠 迢迢七日程 隨風桐葉落 和露菊花明 蕭索三秋晚 飄然一錫輕 應知故山鶴 待我月中鳴

Song of Hyangnoam[566]

The myriad troubles of our life are so many broken pots,
I dwell aloft, high in the green mountains.
In this clear-minded patriarchal realm, the mind is monkeying around.
In our Order where ideas should rest, ideas are racing like horses.
With my three-foot bamboo staff I can reach the sun and moon,
With my seven-pounds patched robe, I embrace the great fish and the roc.[567]
Wealth and fame are no more than floating clouds,
I intend to be just one monk in the meditating forest.

香爐庵吟
萬事平生已墮甑 兀然高臥碧山層 澄心祖域心猿亂 息意宗乘意馬騰 三尺竹筇挑日月 七斤麻衲抱鵾鵬 功名富貴浮雲耳 擬作禪林本分僧

566 There are two monasteries called Hyangnosa: one on Hyangnobong (Censer Peak) in the Diamond Mountain, the other on Mt Jogye in South Jeolla Province. Master Chimwaeng spent most of his life on Mt Jogye, so this poem probably refers to the latter.

567 The great fish and the roc (the *peng*, an enormous bird), both from the opening passage of the *Zhuangzi*, imply a cosmic scale.

XXI

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF WOLBONG (1624–?)

月峯集

XXI. Collected Writings of Wolbong (1624–?) 月峯集

To O Sunim

The clear moonlit creek is wrapped in mist,
The windblown falling leaves are tinged with red.
With such clear beauty of sight and sound,
What more can be said about true emptiness?

示悟師
月下淸溪咽 風前落葉紅 分明聲色裡 何更說眞空

In Search of a Master

Looked in the Triple World,[568] and found nowhere to abide;
Looked around Ten Directions,[569] and found nothing there.
The green mountains and the dusty city,
Where is the place I am looking for?

訪主人公
三際尋無住 十方覓沒鄕 靑山與紫陌 何處是渠場

Seclusion from the World

Long have I lived in the mists and clouds,
Eating herbs, with slight taste of the world.

[568] Three different times: The past, present, and future.

[569] Ten directions or quarters of the world: It means all directions of the world--four directions of east, west, south, and north; four corners; and upward and downward directions.

In my cold bed, I know the moist fog,
The yard, I know, is slippery with moss.
The alpine moon shines white on the house,
The mountain creek sings right into my home.
Living in seclusion will bring no honours,
But all I wanted was to hide my name.

幽居
久住烟霞裡 噉蔬世味輕 床寒知霧濕 庭滑認苔生 峰月臨軒白 山泉入戶鳴 幽居雖不貴 只欲便韜名

Sitting Alone in a Thatched Hut, Banishing All Thoughts

If you want to be part of the subtle True Way,
You must first empty all your causes and conditions.
Go deep into the green mountains,
Sit upright in the rock cave.
Take a walk in the mist and clouds;
Abide and depart along with the deer.
Worldly concerns must all be forgot,
Subtle principles must be studied in detail.
With body at ease, lean on the bamboo chair,
Hang your spirit in the vast arch of the sky.
Send your gaze on the lofty and level platform,
Bring your thoughts to pace the easern stream.
Among the cliffs, the flowers shine,
Beyond the woods, the grass is lush.
After many days, you will shed your dusty roots,
After many years, the Way will taste sweet.
Outside the blinds, observe the alpine moon,
Lean on the rail, and listen to the breezy pines.

Should you reach the place where the sheep were lost[570],
Your live eye will see them each and every one[571].

獨坐茅庵萬慮空

欲叅眞妙道 先自萬緣空 深入青山裡 端居石室中 經行雲霧共 去住鹿麋同 世慮都忘却玄微仔細窮 身閑憑竹搨 氣宇掛淸穹 睰至遊臺畔 思來步澗東 巖間花灼灼 林外草蒙蒙 日久根塵歇 年多道味融 隔簾看岫月 倚檻聽松風 若到亡羊處 頭頭活眼通

Sighing about the Vanity of the World

In my heart there is a thought,
But expressing it in verse for you is hard.
Master if you ask: what is it?
The wind is shaking the chimes at the corner of the Dharma Hall.

Grasping the brush, reciting verse, that is not my way,
Idly dozing by the window, this is my meditation.
Do you really know the meaning of the truth from the West?
The wind carries the sound of the stream to the moonlit balustrade.

What kind of truth have you been trying to find all day?
It is like trying to find the ox when riding on it.
How absurd are those who practise these days!
When will you cease seeking to attain enlightenment by means of the mind?

570 Set out to find the lost sheep, but could not find the sheep due to too many crossroads. What it means is that too many conflicting views and doctrines only confuse the issue in the way of finding the truth.

571 The discerning living eyes that can distinguish the truth of things.

With strange words and odd talk they claim to have knowledge,
Having seen much and heard a lot, they pretend to be sages.
Even if well versed in the sutras and able to compose fine verse,
If they do not know the mind, everything will come to nought.

歎世浮譽

也吾胷中有一句 爲君題詠最難形 吾師若問甚麽語 向道風搖殿角鈴 揮筆吟詩非我事 倚窓閑睡是吾禪 西來面目君知未 風送溪聲月檻邊 終朝竟夜窮何道 恰似騎牛更覔牛 可笑如今叅學輩 將心待悟幾時休 奇談恠語稱知識 愽覽多聞擬聖流 雖善經書詩賦筆 未明心地盡虛頭

An Insight into the Mind

In an instant I master the meaning of all the sutras,
With a thought I illumine the mind of the myriad Buddhas.
This is how I forget the cares of the world,
Lying high up in the white clouds and looking only into the mind.

自心觀

片時歷歷千經義 一念昭昭億佛心 從此頓忘塵世慮 白雲高臥但觀心

XXII

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF BAEKAM (1631–1700)

栢庵集

XXII. Collected Writings of Baekam (1631–1700) 栢庵集

Farewell to Elder Hakcheon

Don't say that there are meetings and partings,
Or that this body has no coming and going.
For who knows, in the great Way,
Heaven and earth are just floating dust.

別學天上人
莫謂有離合 此身無去來 誰知大道上 天地一浮埃

Sitting Alone on an Autumn Night

This autumn night, alone I sit on my stone couch.
The dew is cold, the insects cry aloud.
Yet all round is quiet and no one's about,
Only the moon comes into the empty eaves.

秋夜獨坐
秋夜坐石牀露冷虫暄急 四壁悄無人 虚簷明月入

Entering the Mountain

Walking on and on, crossing the stony creek,
The narrow path led through sparse bamboo.
I did not notice my dharma robe getting wet,
A crane was shaking drops of dew from the pines.

入山
行行過石溪 細徑通踈竹 不覺濕禪衣 鶴搖松露滴

The Room of Elder Hwi

The monastery is over the clear stream,
The mists rise among the green trees.
The recluse is quiet, with nothing to do
All day he faces the blue mountains.

題暉上人房
寺在淸溪上 烟生碧樹間 幽人寂無事 終日對靑山

After Spring Rain

The distant crags are shrouded in light rain,
Soft breezes drawn through high windows.
Took a nap and then leaned back,
Ending my dream in birdsong.

春晴
遠峀收微雨 高窓引細風 小眠仍隱几 殘夢鳥聲中

In Reply to Am Sunim's Verse

On the green trees, the cicadas sing stridently,
On the blue mountains, a light evening rain.
A sage with deep and placid mind,
Lay reading on the bamboo couch.

With old age and constant sickness,
With close friends fewer day by day.
To whom to speak of leisurely feelings?
Felled a tree, and wrote on the white wood.

The green peaks are covered with thin clouds,
And rain is falling on the dark bamboos.
With infinitely clear and deep thought,
Aloud and alone, I read my book.

次庵師韵

碧樹蟬鳴急 青山暮雨踈 道人幽寂意 竹榻臥看書 衰老仍多病 親知日漸踈 閑懷誰與說 斫樹白而書 碧岑雲淡淡 蒼竹雨踈踈 無限清幽思 高聲一讀書

Spring Evening on the Road

Falling flowers in hundreds and thousands,
Weeping willow's long and short strands.
How sad for the lone wayfarer at the end of the sky,
Faced with these, he cannot help but feel faint at heart.

途中春暮

落花千片萬片 垂柳長條短條 怊悵天涯獨客 不堪對此魂消

A Chance Thought

Peacefully I dwell in the grand monastery of unobstructed enlightenment,
But far from sages, away from the people, with whom shall I practise?
Alone I walk, alone I lie, and still alone I sit,
When night falls, and I face the moon, that makes three.[572]

偶吟

安居圓覺大伽藍 絕聖離凡孰共叅 獨臥獨行仍獨坐 夜來惟對月成三

[572] 'Three' – the moon, the man, and his shadow. The expression is from the verse, 'Having a Drink Alone Under the Moon 月下獨酌,' by Li Bai 李白.

To Eosan[573] Chaeyeong after hearing *beompae*[574]

Still night on the bare mountain, the enlightened mind is bright,
A myriad sounds all drowned in the one bright moon.
Numberless in the world are the unenlightened generations,
Who has hears the sound of steps in the void beyond the sky?

夜聞梵音贈彩英魚山
空山靜夜道心清 萬籟俱沉一月明 無限世間昏睡輩 孰聆天外步虛聲

The Fisherman

My brace of fish exchanged for wine at the sandy ferry point,
Back to lie in my small boat, get drunk, and sing out loud.
Maple leaves and banner reeds are tinted with autumnal age,
Cold rain on the river soaks my fisherman's cape of straw.

漁父
穿魚換酒渡頭沙 歸臥扁舟醉放歌 楓葉荻花秋色老 一江寒雨滿漁蓑

Spring Send-off

The elegance of peach and plum is a real dream,
The valley orioles go from tree to tree with their sweet song.
The sages never regret the passing of spring,
They do love the long days of meditation at the window.

送春

573 Eosan: the singer of *beompae* 梵唄, see next note.

574 *Beompae*: Buddhist ritual song praising the merits of Buddha. Beom 梵 refers to Brahma, and *pae* 唄 means a song.

桃李風流夢一場 谷鶯迁木弄清商 道人不惜春歸去 只愛禪窓白日長

Thoughts in Illness

For ten days I have been ill, lying on the bamboo bed,
In the dog-days of summer, I endured the long hot days.
How can I get the true medicine of original emptiness,
So as to forget both body and mind at one time?

病中吟
經旬病臥竹方牀 辱暑熏蒸苦日長 安得本空眞妙藥 將身與病一時忘

Releasing a Butterfly Caught in the Net

Busy, busy you were fluttering back and forth,
Now caught in the net, your wings are broken.
I warn you from now on from such frivolity,
Love of beauty will end up a trap to ruin yourself.

放觸蛛網蝶
忙忙飛去又飛回 誤觸蛛絲粉翅摧 戒爾從今其輕薄 由來好色喪身媒

An Exultation of Spring

Just after after a light rain in the third month,
Peach blossom surpassing brocade, willows like a thread.
All spring long, such glad news,
Were there no shy birds, to whom should I talk?

春興
細雨初晴三月時 桃花勝錦柳如絲 一春無限好消息 不有幽禽說向誰

A Condolence for the Dead

The bright sun sets in the West, the waters flow East,
Our life floats just like the empty evening mist.
Who can tell that in the vast heaven and earth,
Departing and abiding are nothing but a dream?

挽人

白日西傾逝水東 浮生定似夕煙空 誰知大造茫茫內 去住元來一夢中

XXIII

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF GREAT MASTER WOLJEODANG (1638–1715)

月渚堂大師集

XXIII. Collected Writings of Great Master Woljeodang (1638–1715) 月渚堂大師集

Night Thoughts in a Rustic Studio

Lay alone leisurely in the grass hut at night
When the bright moon was hung in the window.
Suddenly my dream of returning to the mountain was broken,
A cock was crowing in the chill dawn air.

村齋夜吟
半囱明月夜 孤卧草堂閒 忽破歸山夢 雞鳴曉氣寒

Random Thought

Through the ages, for all the nights and days,
Heaven and earth are nothing but an empty house.
By the bright light of the sun and the moon
I am glancing over the Universal Eyes Sutra.

偶吟
古今幾晝夜 天地一虛廳 日月燈明下 流觀普眼經

Lodging my Thoughts

As a hundred year guest of the universe,
As a thousand league monk of the pillow,
Mountains in the sky, rivers on the earth
Over them all I roam at will.

寓意
宇內百年客 枕邊千里僧 天山與地水 隨意任騰騰

The Monastery in Spring

The sun and the moon illuminate the integrity of heaven,
And the mountains and the rivers adorn the abode of the King.
The golden wheel[575] will last forevermore,
And the four quarters of the sea[576] are but a cart load of books.

空門建陽
日月光天德 山河壯帝居 金輪萬萬歲 四海一車書

Spring Snow

Year on year, in the third month, flowers fill the mountain,
Scarlet and white, scarlet and white, a host of colour.
So why is it that today, unlike in former times,
Snow covers the thousand peaks and myriad valleys?

春雪
三月年年花滿山 紅紅白白間斑斑 如何此日非前日 雪滿千峯萬壑間

People misappropriate titles, steal images, and indulge in profit and greed: these bad practices have become a habit. Because there is no way to stop the poison emitted from furious eyes, order has become chaos. Deciding to return to the mountain, this poem makes my intention clear.

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575 In Indian cosmology, the lowest region is empty space; and above empty space is called the wind wheel; above the wind wheel is the water wheel; above the water wheel is the golden wheel, where mountains, rivers, and islands exist just like the earth where human beings live.

576 The four quarters of the sea: In Buddhism, it means the four quarters of the sea that surround Mt Sumeru.

When the same road has different tracks, one gets confused,
Who will provide the deer cart[577] to lead people on the way?
The world is split like monkeys tearing up clothes.
Our bodies float or fall like a bird on its perch.
The words of Yao[578] will not be heard in Jie's court.[579]
Neither will the sutras be expounded in the demon's den.
The phoenix has never been a companion of the cock
When it soars into space through deepest clouds.

Famous monasteries have ever been the abode of phoenix and dragon,
But the land of dharma has become a waste of birds and mice.
The crane has flown away on its vast journey,
All year the fish stay put and enjoy themselves.
Who is that beckoning under the sandalwood tree?
Yet they still hesitate to leave the den of jackals and tigers.
Where in the deep mountains is there an abode far from the world?
As the autumn winds blow, I trudge with my staff.

有濫號竊形 汩於利欲 至於獷俗成習 瞋目發毒 揚揚難禁 竟至亂倫故 思歸言志

同途異轍固紛如 引導何人設鹿車 舉世乖張猿裂服 一身飄落鳥栖蘆 桀庭決不陳堯語 魔穴猶難闡佛書 鸞鳳本非雞伴侶 五雲深處欲凌虛 名藍自是鳳龍居 法地今成鳥鼠墟 萬里飄颻天外鶴 一年栖止樂中魚 栴檀樹下誰揮擢 豺虎羣中尚趦趄 何處深山離世地 秋風遠去錫飛徐

577 The deer cart refers to the parable in the Lotus Sutra. The house was on fire, but the children were still playing in the burning house, not knowing that it was on fire. Their father induced them to come out of the house by offering them three carts drawn by goat, deer and ox, according to their individual characters. When they came out, he rewarded them all with ox carts, the best of the three.

578 Emperor Yao 堯: legendary emperor of China who, with his successor, Shun 舜, was a paragon of good government.

579 King Jie 桀: A tyrant of the legendary Xia 夏 Dynasty, notorious for his brutality.

Death-Bed Verse

The floating clouds themselves have ever been empty,
And what is originally empty is the great void of space.
The clouds gather and dissolve in the void,
Gathering and dissolving into the emptiness whence they came.

臨終偈

浮雲自體本來空 本來空是太虛空 太虛空中雲起滅 起滅無從本來空

XXIV

COLLECTED POEMS OF SEOLAM (CHUBUNG, 1651–1706)

雪巖亂藁

XXIV. Collected Poems of Seolam (Chubung, 1651–1706) 雪巖亂藁

The Deep Valley

The clear brook sings through rocky teeth,
The autumnal sun shines on the eyebrows of the mountain.
Walking in the deep valleys is hard going,
Anxious, I put my trust in my rustic staff.

深谷
清泉鳴石齒 秋日照山眉 谷邃行難遍 愁倚一藤枝

To a Visiting Monk

My sleeves are full of the long wind,
Beside my staff is the crescent moon.
The broken clouds afford no place to stay,
What place do you call home?

贈客僧
袖裏長風滿 笻邊片月斜 斷雲無住著 何處是君家

An Autumnal Incident in the Fields

In the open fields, the grain is already ripe,
After the frost, the wind blows it down.
The millet seeds are like golden sand,
And look! A flock of birds are pecking away!

田中秋事
荒田穀已熟 霜後風前落 粟粒似金沙 忍看群鳥啄

The Old Monastery

The mountain monastery is so still,
The valley clouds come and go at will.
And in the cloister too there are
Snow flakes dotting the green moss.

古寺
嶽寺甚岑寂 溪雲閑去來 庭中復何有 片雪點蒼苔

Walking in the Rain

The slanting wind blows against my face,
The fine rain drenches my clothes.
My staff knocks the dew from the trees
As I return alone to the mountain.

雨中行
斜風時撲面 細雨又沾衣 杖拂垂林露 山中獨自歸

A Monk Contemplating Emptiness

In the depths of the cliffs I lodge my lofty feelings,
Pines and clouds my siblings, the crane my elder brother.
Why should the hidden leopard fear if the fog is thick?
The coiled dragon has ever loved the clear pond.
With mind at ease I always contemplate the wall,
My eyes face the thousand mountains, leaning on the rail.
With no worries, I am unaware of the changing seasons,
Knowing just the frost fall and the sound of the bell.

觀空僧

岑崟幽邃寄高情 弟是松雲鶴是兄 隱豹豈曾嫌霧重 盤龍元自喜潭淸 心閑一境長觀壁 目對千山獨倚欞 機息不知寒暑變 也知霜降驗鍾鳴

Spring Exhilaration

Below the cliff, the water in the beck is the greenest hue,
After the rain the pear blossom is white as snow.
Every single thing has its own wide way,
And there is no need for wasteful tongues.

春日感興
巖前澗水碧於藍 雨後梨花白如雪 物物自開大施門 也知不費孃生舌

Listening to the Brook

The brook by nature has a talkative tongue,
All eighty thousand sutras pour from it.
What a laugh that Shakyamuni from the West
Vainly toiled for forty-nine years to expound them!

聞溪
溪聲自是廣長舌 八萬眞經俱漏洩 可笑西天老釋迦 徒勞四十九年說

Living in the Mountain

Like the autumn moon and flowers in spring, this body is old,
Home has no walls, but he is not poor.
Living at leisure in the wilds is so exhilarating,
Though worldly people regard him with unseeing eyes.

山居

秋月春花老此身 家無四壁不知貧 閑居寥落生高興 白眼看他世上人

A Sentiment

The years go by and one needs must get old,
Old friends have dropped away; not many are left.
No visitors can be seen at the gate,
Only the blossoms of the wild pear trees.

感懷
歲歲無如老去何 故人零落已無多 門前不見歸軒至 惟見棠梨一樹花

Chance Thoughts on Copying the Sutras

The world is as vast as the great manifold cosmos,
The jade lamp brightens the night as we meditate.
Copying sutras is not to obtain the goose,[580]
Merely a practice offered to the Buddha.

The spring gushing out of the rock has a dreamy clarity,
The mote in the eye is light as a hair.
In the mountain lodge it is a still and moonless night,
Beneath the eaves a few stars shine on the painted pillars.

寫經次偶吟
世界茫茫隔大千 玉燈清夜得參禪 寫經豈爲求鵝去 但以修行薦佛前 石竇鳴泉入夢清 眼前塵累一毫輕 山樓靜夜昏無月 簷角疎星耀彩楹

580 There is a story that the eminent calligrapher Wang Xizhi copied the *Daodejing* for a Daoist in exchange for a goose.

Chant of Feelings

Twenty years since I forgot my body in search of the truth,
Just one morning for merit to penetrate the void.
In empty space, the flames burn the triple world,
In the vast ocean, the mists have dried up the nine springs.
Atop the shadeless tree, the blossoms shine,
Budless, the fruits are ripe on the bough.
Now I know not to seek the Hwandan herb,[581]
This toilsome life itself brings great enlightenment.

詠懷

鑚極忘形二十年 一朝功透入寥天 虛空發焰燒三界 劫海生烟涸九泉 無影樹頭花爛熳 不萌枝上果團圓 自知休覓還丹草 卽此勞生大覺仙

After Rain

It looks fine after the evening rain,
The exhilaration arouses the poetic mood.
The handsome sun shines through the bushes,
Sweet water springs at the foot of the rock.
The trees are wet with the recent rain,
The moon prevents the clouds' return.
Should the right words be slow to come,
Its enough to watch the distant mountains.

雨後

晩晴宜眺望 淸興屬詩魂 麗日通林罅 香泉出石根 林藏初霽雨 月送欲歸雲 搜句遲來得 遠山縱目看

581 Hwandan, literally: 'back to cinnabar' the herb conferring immortality.

Joys of the Reclusive Life

The forested valleys are far from the mundane world,
At the open window in broad day, a monk is napping.
All around, none but tigers and leopards stir,
For countless years, his only provisions are pickles and salt.
In the house by the perilous peak, clouds spring from his desk,
The cascade is by the eaves, snows blow through the blinds.
With so many worldly concerns all gone for ever,
These days in his moonlike mind, a box of fragrance opens.

幽居雜興

道林林壑遠於闍 白日晴窓但黑甛 左右導從唯虎豹 百年家活卽虀鹽 危峯逼戶雲生榻 飛瀑臨軒雪入簾 多少世間機永息 近來心月政開匳

Joy and Excitement

Beyond things there are many empty lands,
Within a pot there is a precious village.[582]
Get a verse from a monk and shed the world,
It will refine your bones and not harm the spirit.
The valley moon is idly inching into the room,
Scattering flowers from heaven on the couch.
Softly recite the long night through,
And come to know amazing joy.

漫興

物外多空地 壺中有寶坊 得僧詩脫俗 鍊骨氣無傷 壑月閑窺室 天花亂撲床 微吟終永夕 尤覺興還長

582 There is a Chinese legend called Heaven in a Pot (壺天 or 壺中天) about an old man who finds another world in a bottle.

The Woodcutter

All his life he leaves his tracks on the rocks,
All year long he is sharpening his axe.
In the proud world things are hard and anxious,
But his song of peace is cloud-stopping.
Deep in rocks and woods he has no cares,
On perilous mountain paths his step is sure.
Without karma, hard even for an emperor to meet,
So how was it that Wangzhi let the handle of his axe decay?[583]

樵夫
一生蹤跡寄巖阿 斤斧生涯日月磨 傲世心關辛苦事 遏雲聲唱太平歌 石林深處無心去 山路險邊信脚過 天子無緣難見面 爲何王質爛其柯

583 A tale from the Eastern Jin (317–419) tells that there was a woodcutter called Wang Zhi (王質) who met some immortals playing *weiqi* (Japanese: *go*). He became absorbed in watching them, but when he came to, he found the handle of his axe had rotted.

XXV

COLLECTED POEMS OF CHOUI (UISUN, 1786–1866)

艸衣詩藁

XXV. Collected Poems of Choui (Uisun, 1786–1866) 艸衣詩藁

Dedication to Old Scholar Tak[584]

Those who are wealthy offer money,
Those who are wise offer words.
Now that I am leaving, I have
No banner from afar to present.
First I pay you my humble reverence,
And ask to set it before your desk.

When the true tradition has long ceased to be,
False traditions will flourish there.
The streets are full of self-styled scholars,
But even in a thousand miles there is no sage.
In our villages it is really sad,
No better than among barbarians.

I was born in such a time
With an unintelligent lesser capability,
And there was no one to ask about
The way to practise one's belief.
I have called upon all the eminent scholars,
But they were nothing but shells.
In the south I spent many years in vain,
Confronting the obstacles of the green mountains.

584 Tak: a pen name of Dasan Jeong Yakyong (1762–1836), a realistic and practical Joseon Neo-Confucian reformer. The author sent his poem to his teacher when he was twenty-four and learning Confucianism and poetry from him. Dasan was then forty-eight years old.

How can you say you have exhausted every creek of the sea?
Heaven conferred the neighborhood that Mencius' mother sought.[585]
Your virtuous deeds are the crown of the nation,
In style and talent you are quite brilliant.
At ease, you never lose your righteousness,
In action, you always keep your wisdom.
Above all, you never pretended to be mature,
And you always met people with an open mind.
You always prized the chance of a meeting,
But if there was no meeting, you never complained.
Your magnitude is too great for a small vessel to contain,
And even in adversity you were ever gentle.

It was to attain the truth
That I came from afar and tried so hard.
Now that I am about to leave your side,
I raise my sleeves and ask for your instruction.
If I offer these words to convey my thanks,
They shall be graven in my heart and written on my belt.

奉呈籜翁先生

富送人以財 仁送人以言 今將辭夫子 可無攸贈旃 先敬舒陋腹 請陳隱几前 眞風遠告逝 大僞斯興焉 閭巷滿章甫 千里無一賢 州里旣悠悠 蠻貊理固然 我生當此時 質亦非堪姸 所以行己道 將向問無緣 歷訪芝蘭室 竟是鮑魚廛 南遊窮百城 九違青山春 豈謂窮海曲 天降孟母隣 德業冠邦國 文質兩彬彬 燕居恒抱義 經行必戴仁 旣滿如不盈 常以虛受人 君子貴遇時 不遇亦不嚬 道大本不容 流落且誾誾 我爲求此道 遠來致恂恂 且將違座側 摳衣請諄諄 儻贈謝車言 鏤肝復書紳

585 Mencius' mother moved house a number of times to find an ideal neighbourhood for the education of her son.

Strolling by the Brook

Resting by the brook when picking herbs,
And water was flowing limpid and clear.
The new vines are washed clean by the rain,
The ancient rocks by the clouds are fine.
Tender leaves unfold gracefully,
Delicate flowers delight before they fade.
The emerald cliffs are like an embroidered screen,
The green moss serves as patterned cushions.
What more should one ask than these?
Stroking my chin and musing, I forgot to go home.
Now in the cool mountain the sun is setting,
Behind the trees the mist is rising.

溪行

採蔌休溪畔 溪流清且漣 新藤經雨淨 古石依雲娟 嫩葉憐方展 蕤花欣未蔫 青巖當繡屏 碧蘚代紋筵 人生亦何求 支頤澹忘還 滄涼山日暮 林末起暝煙

Climbing to Hanbyeok Dang[586] on the way to capital for the first time in 1815--

In my farmer's clothes I came to the water lodge,
They say that once it was a royal town.
The valley is quiet with distant birdsong,
The clear stream reflects the trees.
The swift West wind is pressing the late evening day,
The rains drench the early autumn scene.

[586] Hanbyeok Dang: a building constructed in the early Joseon Dynasty, located in Jeonju City, North Jeolla Province.

How beautiful is our country!
I climbed the lofty tower to compose this verse.

登寒碧堂
乙亥 初入京都之行- 田衣當水榭 云是故王州 谷靜禽聲遠 溪澄樹影幽 迅商催晩日 積雨洗新秋 信美皆吾土 登臨寧賦樓

Yunpilam[587]

The path ends at the steep green cliff,
The fine monastery is beautified by the emerald mists.
Only from the reflections can I see how clear the water is,
Only where the mountain has no cloud is the sky visible.
No matter if it block the sun, just let the verdure be,
Pity to sweep the broken flowers that spring has dropped.
On the road ahead there are no side paths,
I have no need to seek west or east for other people.

潤筆菴
削立蒼崖路欲窮 精藍蕭灑翠微中 水因照影方知淨 山到無雲始見空 礙日何妨剗茂綠 惜春不遣掃殘紅 前程但得無岐派 不向人尋西復東

Lines composed in reply to an old-style five-syllable verse sent by Manso[588], together with a seven-syllable verse

587 Yunpil'am: a subsidiary hermitage of Yongmunsa located on Yongmun Mountain in Yangpyeong County, Gyeonggi Province. It was established by Myodeuk in the middle period of the Goryeo Dynasty, but was burned down during the Korean War. Now only the site remains.

588 His real name is Yi Hui (李曦).

In the sheltered valley the clouds just break
Above the cold cliff, the bright moon is rising.
Sat quietly facing the bright moon
And various thoughts rise and fall.
The lasting truth abides where there are
No more rise and falls of thought.
If there then arise another true thought,
That will still not be Choui's way[589].
I am asking old Manso,
Am I right or not in this?
When hawks soar and fish jump,[590]
Are they not to do with me?
If things are understood thus,
The two saints[591] would surely approve.

My hut has but one room, half filled with cloud,
Of the two visiting friends, one is the moon.
The cloud my neighbour, the moon my friend,
At times a fresh breeze breaks the silence.
Its lone brightness shines, though it has no form,
All my life this has been my support.
Utterly pure, the eyes of the clear mind,
Completely bare, its body has no clothes.
Neither inside nor out, nor in the middle is it to be found;
What is it then that is majestic and has no form?
Its upper and lower parts I have already shown,
Every single thing has its inborn nature,

589 The author.

590 The imagery comes from the Book of Odes, (III, i, ode 5), 'Up to heaven flies the hawk; Fishes spring in the deep.' (*Thesaurus Linguae Sericae*, tls.uni-hd.de, accessed 30 March 2012).

591 The Buddha and Confucius.

If you can recognize suchness of myself,
Then for you nothing and everything will be possible.[592]

晩蘇以五古一首見贈 次韻奉呈 幷衍爲七言一首 以寄二首
幽谷雲初開 寒巖上明月 靜對明月坐 細想猶起滅 起滅滅盡處 始與眞常依 若復起眞想 是亦非艸衣 爲問晩蘇老 此事爲然麼 鳶魚能飛躍 豈不以其我 如此和會得 二聖垂印可 一間茅屋半間雲 二友相尋一是月 雲隣相將月友居 清風時來扣寂滅 歷歷孤明勿形段 生來與伊爲所依 清灑灑空心中眼 赤條條落體上衣 內外中間覓總無 無中大有是甚麼 分手上下曾指出 物物上具獨尊我 若人理會遮般我 許君無可無不可

Returning Home

It has been forty years since I left home,
Unbeknown to me, I have a headful of snow.
New weeds have covered the site, where is my home?
The old tombs are rank with moss and unsafe to step,
If the mind is dead, whence can lamentation arise,
When blood dries up, and tears cannot flow?
With just my staff I shall go back to follow the clouds,
Enough to be ashamed of one's first home.

歸故鄕
遠別鄕關四十秋 歸來不覺雪盈頭 新基艸沒家安在 古墓苔荒履跡愁 心死恨從何處起 血乾淚亦不能流 孤筇更欲隨雲去 已矣人生愧首邱

592 The source for this expression is the Confucian *Analects*, Chapter XVIII, 8/2. It means that one should be flexible in judging things without a foregone conclusion.

XXVI

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF GYEONGHEO (1849–1912)

鏡虛集

XXVI. Collected Writings of Gyeongheo (1849–1912)[593] 鏡虛集

A Verse Composed Aloud on the Way from Beomeosa to Haeinsa

Danger comes to the world with shallow knowledge and high fame,
I know not where to hide this body of mine.
Of course, there are fishing village and taverns,
Yet I fear that in seeking to hide I'd be even more revealed.

自梵魚寺向海印寺道中口號
識淺名高世危亂 不知何處可藏身 漁村酒肆豈無處 但恐匿名名益新

For Yeongwonsa on Mt Jiri

If it is not a thing, it is already a thing that is not a thing,
Then what is the use of recounting names and things?
Used to seeing the range of peaks wreathed in mists,
Headless, the gibbon climbs the branches upside down.[594]

題智異山靈源寺
不是物兮早騈拇 許多名相復何爲 慣看疊嶂煙蘿裏 無首猢猻倒上枝

En route to Gapsan, through Adeukpo pass in Gangye

Why do people value gold so highly and try to hoard it so?
What is precious is the life of leisure and purity beyond things.

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593 Patriarch of Bomosa from 1894; organized the Suseonsa (修禪社, Bureau for printing the Tripitaka) in Haeinsa.

594 The gibbon climbing a tree with its tail uppermost is one enigmatic definition of Chan (Seon), in *Da Ming Gaosengzhuan* 大明高僧傳 (T 2062.50.0930a13–14).

Watching the pines and cypresses deep in a thousand valleys,
I see the misty clouds spreading up thousands of feet high.
Wonderful flowers in the unchanging lush spring,
Exotic birds exchanging ancient song.
How can those who have grown white in the dusty world
Come to repose mind and body in this quietude?

入甲山路踰江界牙得浦嶺
人間何貴積南金 好是清閑物外襟 細看松栢深千谷 漸上煙霞亘萬尋 奇花不變青春色 怪鳥相傳太古音 垂白長爲塵臼客 那能捿此靜身心

Setting down my feelings

It is not right to tarry beside the walls,
Absorbed in endless reveries about one's hometown.
It is hard to practise with a sickly body,
And it is not easy to gain skill in writing.
High in the sky, the clouds break and mountains shine,
Deep in the valley, the wind soughs as the leaves fall.
So without returning, one can still return
And see pine and chrysanthemum fill the yard with freshness.

Keeping company with merchants and taverners
Is the best way to lead a hidden life.
Ere sunset the lithe leopard comes down the mountain,
Late in the fall the geese fly back in the chill wind.
Not to covet gold and jade is man's true treasure;
Forget even the mist and clouds beyond the world,
Attaining the clear mind of enlightenment is purely
The result of once seeing past the subtle barrier.[595]

595 The gate of entering the dharma.

書懷

邊城留滯誤經營 鄉思千般詎盡名 病衰難却苔岑契 文術誰求草芥輕 半天雲盡層峯色 邃壑風生落木聲 自是不歸歸便得 好看松菊滿園清 酒婆商老與之班 韜晦元來好圓圜 未暮火行山豹下 深秋風搏塞雁還 不貪金玉人間寶 亦忘煙霞物外閑 超脫無疑心自得 只緣曩日窺玄關

Sitting at Ducheopsa in Huicheon

When I sang out loud the song of non-birth,
Countless universes turned to brilliant golden waves.
Although its said that the Great Way is not far from men,
Nevertheless, the fleeting world is but a dream.
Daily the mountain radiance reaches my clear seat,
The far-off village is shaded by forest and hill.
All things have their own true face,
Why then distinguish male and female, Buddha and Mara?

坐熙川頭疊寺

唱出无生一曲歌 大千沙界湧金波 雖云大道不人遠 其奈浮生如夢何 永日山光清入座 遙村林影亂連坡 拈來物物皆眞面 何必雌黃辨佛魔

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In Memoriam
The Most Venerable Kasan Jikwan (1932–2012)

The heart and soul of this monumental publication project from its conception to its completion was the late Most Venerable Kasan Jikwan, Daejongsa, the 32nd President of the Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism. Throughout his illustrious career as a scholar-monk, his cherished wish was to aid the study of Korean Buddhism overseas and to enable its legacy, which reaches back some seventeen hundred years, to become a part of the common cultural heritage of humankind. After years of prayer and planning, Ven. Kasan Jikwan was able to bring this vision to life by procuring a major grant from the Korean government. He launched the publication project shortly after taking office as president of the Jogye Order. After presiding over the publication of the complete vernacular Korean edition, Ven. Kasan Jikwan entered nirvāṇa as the English version of *The Collected Works of Korean Buddhism* was in final manuscript stage. With the publication of the English version, we bring this project to completion and commemorate the teacher whose great passion for propagation conceived it, and whose loving and selfless devotion gave it form.

Ven. Kasan Jikwan was founder of the Kasan Institute of Buddhist Culture, President of the Jogye Order of Korean Buddhism, and President of the Compilation Committee of Korean Buddhist Thought. A graduate of Haeinsa Saṅgha College, he received his doctorate in philosophy from Dongguk University in 1976. He led Haeinsa as the monastery's head lecturer and abbot, and Dongguk University as Professor and the 11th President. After assuming the title of *Daejongsa*, the highest monastic rank within the Jogye Order, he became the 32nd President of the Jogye Order.

The leading scholar-monk of his generation, Ven. Kasan Jikwan published over a hundred articles and books, ranging from commentaries on Buddhist classics to comparative analyses of northern and southern *Vinayas*. A pioneer in the field of metal and stone inscriptions, he published *A Critical Edition of Translated and Annotated Epitaphs of Eminent Monk*s and also composed over fifty commemorative stele inscriptions and epitaphs. He compiled the Kasan Encyclopaedia of Buddhism, thirteen volumes of which have so far been published. He was the recipient of the Silver Crown Medal of Honor, the Manhae Prize for Scholarship, and the Gold Crown Medal of Honor for Outstanding Achievement in Culture, which was awarded posthumously.

On January 2, 2012, Jikwan Sunim severed all ties to this world and entered quiescence

at Gyeongguk Temple in Jeongneung-dong, Seongbuk-gu, Seoul. He left behind these words as he departed from this world: “With this ephemeral body of flesh, I made a lotus blossom bloom in this Sahā world. With this phantom, hollow body, I reveal the dharma body in the calm quiescence of nirvāṇa.” Jikwan Sunim’s life spanned eighty years, sixty-six of which he spent in the Buddhist monastic order.

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